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TO
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

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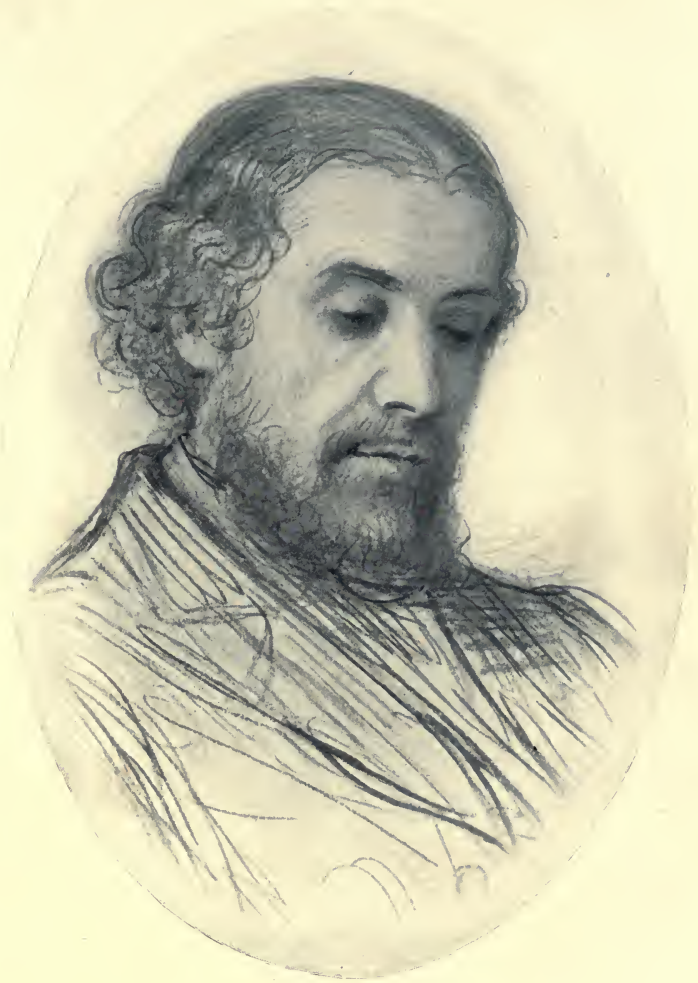
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WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

From a pencil sketch by H. A., Nov. 1874

LETTERS
TO
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

EDITED BY
H. ALLINGHAM
AND
E. BAUMER WILLIAMS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
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PREFACE

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM had a wide circle of friends, as will be remembered by readers of his *Diary* : and it has been thought that a collection of their letters to him would be of interest to many.

During the greater part of the time covered by these letters, Allingham was living in Ireland : and news from, and of, his friends in London was eagerly welcomed by him.

It is much to be wished that there were at hand more of Allingham's own letters ; but, excepting in three notable cases—in the correspondence with Leigh Hunt, with Emerson, and with Arthur Hughes—very few of his replies have been obtained.

The first intention was to arrange the letters in groups ; but the number of the writers, the absence in many cases of any connection between them beyond their common friendship with Allingham, and the length of time often covered by the letters of one person, made this impracticable ; and it has seemed the simplest plan to place the writers alphabetically, without attempting to link them together.

The book opens with the correspondence just mentioned—of Leigh Hunt, Emerson, and Hughes, with Allingham—placed in order of date under Allingham's name.

Very little has been omitted, certainly nothing of importance.

Permission to print the letters has been given by all the writers or their representatives, excepting in one or two cases where no ownership could be traced.

I wish to express my warm thanks to my co-editor, Mrs. Baumer Williams, and to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Mr. Arthur Hughes, Mr. William Rossetti, Dr. Norman Moore, and Mr. Hugh Allingham, as well as other kind friends, for their help to me in editing these letters; also to Mr. Alfred Paterson for his very careful Index.

All responsibility in the publication rests with myself alone.

HELEN ALLINGHAM.

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ALLINGHAM AND LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT was the first literary man with whom Allingham became acquainted. Allingham had been taken from school at the age of fourteen : with a thirst for knowledge, but with no competent advisers, and no education but what he could get from books bought with his scanty earnings and read after office hours,—he must, indeed, have felt it to be a red-letter day when he first came into touch with this writer of note. Allingham was under nineteen when the correspondence began : he did not meet Hunt until 1847, when he was twenty-three and Hunt sixty-three. His introduction to several of the great men of the time was due to this kind friend.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON, *February 24, 1843.*

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your modest and interesting letter, and hasten to tell you that your verses have given me great pleasure. . . . You have begun your poetical studies in the best manner possible,—by looking about for yourself, and not repeating merely the thoughts and feelings of others, though occasionally you remind me of my dear friend Keats.

I like your river heard murmuring through rain, and all your church picture—full of truth. Go on so, and you may give the world another true full-grown poet, being unquestionably one already as far as you have gone ; only I venture to tell you this, upon the assumption, that like all persons of the soundest imagination you have the rational faculty in propor-

2 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

tion, and though not to be expected to be *fond* of any kind of unintellectual labour, yet know the value of it as the only thing in which you can be certain to found the enjoyment of the rest.

You are very considerate in saying you will look only for short answers to your letters. I dare not promise you as long ones even as this, forced as I am daily to labour myself, too often on subjects which I would gladly exchange for others; but I shall be always glad to hear from you with that understanding, especially if you tell me that you think as I do on this point.

So God bless you, my good lad, and make you a comfort to your friends and an honour to your country.—Your sincere friend, LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON, *July 15* [1843].

MY DEAR SIR,—Pray never be under the least uneasiness, or fear of misconception, should circumstances compel me into a longer interval of silence than I wish. My *inclination* lives pretty much in the way you supposed in your last letter but one, and occasionally my leisure contrives to live so too; but when I tell you that (having been ruined by my old Reform battles, and the bankruptcies of other people) I *literally* gain my bread by my pen, not having a sixpence in the world otherwise, and that, in spite of my animal spirits, I frequently suffer from sharp incursions of illness, as well as more or less from one constant weakness (originating in the mystery called a liver), you will understand how occupation and ailment both will sometimes deprive me of the pleasure of chatting with you as I desire. I am obliged to own nevertheless, that I could at all events write you the “two or three lines” you speak of. I am never, at

my worst moments, prostrated enough not to be able to do that, after an hour or two's rest ; and during my better invalidisms I must plead guilty to whole days of bilious lethargy, which on such occasions I ought to contradict. Instead of my pardoning *you* therefore, you must pardon me. I had not the slightest idea of your being "too familiar," &c. On the contrary, I always recognise you for what you are,—a youth manifestly of very extraordinary promise and no mean performance, prompted by his not being very well understood by those about him to pour himself forth to one whom he thinks (and not unjustly, I hope) no ill-natured or unappreciating man at a distance. Pray continue to do so, whenever you feel impelled ; and I will promise, in future, to remove all chance of uneasiness from your mind, on *every* score, by writing no more than the "two or three lines," should I be in circumstances unfavourable at the moment for greater length.

The manuscript enclosed in your last letter but one (though there were some touching movements of lovingness in it) did not seem to me so *entirely* good, as some of your previous effusions. Your power did not strike me as being quite so much at home, or unforced, in the world of fancy, as when you were in home itself, or feeling the strong flesh-and-blood world about you ; though I should say nevertheless, that your imagination is greater too than your fancy—which is a distinction that any poet would very gladly put up with ! Your Irish song I like much, and quite agree with you as to the spirit in which national poetry ought to be written. But surely there *has* been some very genuine native Irish poetry, if not of a tender, yet at least of a ferocious sort ? I allude to some verses of it I once saw in the *Dublin University Magazine*. If my memory does not greatly deceive me, there were things in it as fine as in Homer, or in any other of the greatest impulsive poets that ever

4 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

wrote. All your last letter (as indeed all your letters are) was both interesting and entertaining; only you must take up no more of their paper with apologies. This scrawl is surely a bad answer to it, but an hepatical head-ache must be my excuse. Next time, if my health does not happen to be better, I will send you the "three lines" written in a more considerate hand. But I always hope the best, and shall invariably be glad to hear from you; being indeed, with great respect for your understanding, and sympathy with your feelings,—Your very sincere friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON, *September 27* [1844].

MY DEAR SIR,—You must forgive this long silence of mine,—long indeed though it be,—for I have had the longest and severest illness which even *I* have had for many years, and it has been with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to keep unbroken the series of articles in *Ainsworth*, trifling as they are. Lately too, I have had to complete a book which I began last year. I had for the first time in my life, with other amenities, a *hooping* cough; which appeared a very sad way of beginning one's second childhood. The hooping was light and did not remain long; but the cough abides, and I cannot conceal from myself that I am of late a good deal the worse for wear. However, my spirits survive, and my habits are not intemperate; I mean to have a sprightly fight still with decay, and try if I cannot spin out what Plato in the insolence of his elegant Greek constitution called a long illness,—meaning what is generally called a good, reasonable period of life. You may judge from all this how truly I sympathise with your Sonnet on the "Funeral," which indeed I admire.

But still I object to calling Death a "Tyrant,"—being as he is, I doubt not, a very good fellow, if we knew all ; especially as without Death, we should have no new *lives*, but should all have been our ancestors ! I should have sent the "Funeral" to Mr. Ainsworth, but I spared his good nature, for he would have liked it and wished to insert it, and I know he is *beset* with such heaps of aristocratic verse-writing friends, fair and brown, with whose effusions he is distracted, that he would bring loads of responsibilities on his head for the preference of the insertion.

I am glad you abuse Moxon's edition of my verses, considering *why* you do so. He has since published another, and should you ever meet with that, I hope you will tear it to pieces. But indeed I always long to make my editions just half or a fourth part of what they are, to give myself a better chance of life. I should like to be a thin, very thin little book, which people would carry in their pockets, like Gray or Collins. The most flattering of my dreams is, that by and by perhaps somebody may pare me down to this.

I am sorry I cannot find you the information you desired about the *Confessions* of the *Opium Eater*. Were they not in *Blackwood* ? At all events, they were published separately as a book. Oh, stay—I have Longman's *Catalogue of London Books* in the house—*ecce liber*.

"*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, 5s.—Taylor." Taylor is the London University Bookseller, and lives somewhere near ditto ; but further I know not.

God bless you, my dear Sir, and believe me always, whether I am *speechless* or not,—Very heartily yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

W. Allingham, Junr., Esqre.

6 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

DONEGAL, 10th February 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—This will probably reach you like a true love-letter (as it is) on Valentine's Day—I wish to Heaven that I could get something to *do* for you!—that your son would come to Ireland and sprain his ankle on one of these black hills.

I hope you have better weather than we—soft, wet, dirty snow like clotted rain; no day, properly speaking; sun rises late, doesn't clean himself, and soon goes to bed again sottishly. The fire is the only thing now, and a handsome turf-fire is much pleasanter than a coal one—but fuel as well as food is much harder to the poor in this unfortunate time than usual. Tomorrow I must leave the fire and go down as best I may twenty miles through a savage white wilderness to the black sea on the northern coast of my district, to a shipwreck. I would like this if my health were good, but—. I write to you as to no other being, except perhaps *one*.

[*The rest missing.*]

In June of this year, 1847, Allingham was in London, and became personally acquainted with Leigh Hunt (see *William Allingham, a Diary*, p. 35).

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

DONEGAL, IRELAND, 11th of June 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—Pray do send me one line to say that you are reasonably well and happy. I wrote to the only other person, almost, I know in London to ask about you, but he could not, or did not tell me anything.

I am not sure even of where you now live: which

is uncomfortable—for when thinking of another, one likes to think of him as *in some place*—if one cannot, the picture wants background.

I thought I should be in London this month : but have been disappointed—and a great disappointment it is, of its kind.

Were I to go, I should hope to see you, at least once.

I was amused by seeing lately in an Irish paper a reference to your old imprisonment, in connexion with the recent sentence on John Mitchel !

How thin-skinned that curious animal, “The Government,” was in your time : *now*, nothing less than prod of actual pike can rouse it. For myself, on these matters I take no side ; though I willingly would, if I could find sufficient *hold* to take it by. My Thought sent out upon the stormy sea of Politics always returns, like Noah’s bird, finding “no rest for the sole of her foot”—or bringing back, if anything, an olive branch. War is awful doctrine even on the plainest of texts, and as to there being any credit (as Mark Tapley would say) in the practical part—surely the lust of fighting, the Cock and Bull instinct, is one of the most general of human passions. Once set men a-going and cowardice is the very rare exception ; why then such brag about animal bravery ?

Talking of war—I perceive that King Charles Albert has brought into the Newspapers a place only known to me before as the chief scene of Browning’s poem of *Sordello*—The Castle of Goito, on, or near, the Mincio.

One feels it something like a gross *plagiarism*, when the occasions of Time again make use of names that seemed withdrawn into the Eternity of imagination.

As to *Sordello* however, I must further tell you to prevent mistake that I find it nothing but a piece of rich confusion ; confusing one most confoundedly.

8 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

I wonder whether he (Browning) and his wife are still in Italy. I saw that they were at Florence some months ago.

Browning seems more of an Italian than an Englishman, which I think a pity—though there is certainly a luxury in using the Southern *names* even. This brings me by a short cut to the Opera. Have you yet heard Mad^{lle} Lind? From the accounts, they appear to have got a *genius* at the other house too—Mad^{me} Pauline Viardot, for this is more than Grisi or any of the other rivals seemed to me to reach to—they were *short of it*.

It is now a long time since I have communicated with you—yet it seems to me that I am writing full *more* confidently than I used. Is it that it has sometimes occurred to me of late that this is not a world where *anybody* can afford to be indifferent to real regard in *anybody*? (I wonder whether this piece of philosophy is modest or impudent!—*impudently modest*, I think.)

If not convenient to write a line, pray do send a loose newspaper by way of signal.

What keeps me in heart about you is observing that you are going on collecting your scattered flowers into bouquets. News of you even through the advertising columns is a great pleasure.

I can fancy you, if we were talking, raising a friendly cavil as to what I meant by saying “even”—but you know I mean well both ways—and am, every way, most sincerely yours,

W. ALLINGHAM, JR.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON, June 22 [1848].

MY DEAR SIR,—Pardon this sorry answer to your pleasant and pregnant letter, and all my late epistolary

incompetences ; for I have been, and am still, in so inefficient a state of health, that it is with the greatest difficulty I can work out my literary engagements. I hope I see land before long, but I am still toiling among the breakers.

As to seeing Jenny Lind, or doing anything else but fight badly with lethargy, I have not been out of an evening for these five months. I rejoice however, by the tone of your own letter, to think you yourself are going on bravely, and am ever, dear Sir,—With truest kind wishes, very heartily yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]¹

BALLYSHANNON, 10 November 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have seen with great delight the announcement of your weekly journal. I shall never forget to be grateful to your old one. Just when I began to have a vague tho' deep feeling for Poetry, with no one to talk to about it, I happened on a volume of your *London Journal*.

It was as if there had come to Robinson Crusoe, instead of Man Friday, a beautiful girl speaking his own tongue.

[*The rest missing.*]

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON, November 22 [1850].

MY DEAR WILLIAM ALLINGHAM,—(For I think we know and regard one another by this time sufficiently to drop the "Sir"; and by and by, I hope, we will drop all addressing whatsoever inside our letters, like two friends talking who are sure of one

¹ This letter has already been printed in *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, edited by his eldest son.

another's affection,—an admirable ancient custom still observed in some countries, and which I have long wished to see introduced into this. Suppose we begin directly ; that is to say, after you have given me one “dear Leigh Hunt” to encourage me.)

Your “delight” in the new announcement [*Leigh Hunt's Journal*] was delightfully welcome. It gave me no little additional hope ; and I trust we shall all do something with our new channel of power. I should have thanked you immediately both for your congratulations and your poem, which of course is also welcome, but I wanted to say what I could not say till now ; nor indeed can I say even that as precisely as I wish, till I have another talk with my fellows in the *Journal*. Thus much however forthwith, that you must be paid for your verses, and will (that is a *sine-qua-non*), and that I want you very much to try your hand at some prose tales,—also, of course, to be paid for. Poetry includes prose ; and you have only to lay the higher and more emotional part of your music aside on such occasions, and be more *ob* than *subjective*. Do you feel inclined to this ? And do you think you could send me a specimen before the month is out,—a short one, complete in itself, so as to be insertable all at once ? Say a page, or two pages, or three ? Afterwards you could write tales less short, “to be continued.” We are about the size of *Household Words*, and I could ensure you (however inadequate to my wishes) a guinea a page to begin with. By and by, you should prosper better with our prosperity. Poetry, when good (and we mean to have no other, whatever its degree), ought to be paid more ; but it is a puzzle to know what to do with it in that matter at first, on account of quantity ; for if a good sonnet is precious, what ought not a good ode to be, and yet how can our funds do them equal justice ? I am afraid we must positively pay less, comparatively speaking, in proportion to the length ; which is as if

we were to give less for a statue than a bust. I suppose we must make a compromise with the old shabbiness, and though we pay the poet in part, let him take out the rest in glory. The best way will be, I think, to encourage short rather than long poems ; so if you have a mind to exercise the poet's customary generosity, and encourage us that way, send us, pray, a few sonnets or other *poemetts*. You will find a notice of your volume in our first number ; but that need not delay anything you may write for us, as we openly profess the sincerest dealing in critical notices, and I shall take the opportunity of valuing myself (openly) on your Dedication. So pray try the Tale for me if you can, and believe me,—ever affectionately yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—Carlyle is hearty for us, and will glorify our first number with a contribution ; and I do not despair of one from Tennyson.—I am better. Tell me that you are so. We prefer stories founded on facts, if to be had.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

BALLYSHANNON, 29 November [1850].

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT,—I can accept the honourable and every way delightful familiarity which you admit me to the more easily because in my idea of you, present or absent, old age is purely an accidental attribute, like a gray coat worn instead of a black one—would that you could change it as readily !

I really did not know what to say about the tale-writing till I had tried it, and now that I have tried it, in the short form that you desired, I am quite in doubt as to the result.

I have been, almost always, an impatient reader of prose, conjuring out, as it were, the meaning, without

attending to the construction, and other circumstances have helped to make me an awkward proser, but I am not too old to mend, and mean to try.

I suppose it takes more genius to write Poetry, but it certainly takes more stupidity to write Prose. There must go lump to the leaven.

What a great thing it will be if you induce Carlyle to scatter along your pages some of those "living flowers that skirt" what might seem "the eternal frost" of the Latterday Pamphleteer. I trust he is no wise ashamed of the days when he told us in English about the "Golden Pot" and the "Adventures of Attila, the Army Chaplain."

[*The rest missing.*]

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1850.]

Forgive with all your heart my not writing sooner ; for my heart has been with you ; though, for the very whirl and tempest of a First Number, I have not written. Your story is excellent ; I could only have wished something more said by the poor old woman, when she sees the petrified immortal boy¹ ; and very likely you would have said more, had I not driven you so hard—vainly, as it turned out, though you did all that was asked. There is time still if you chuse to add anything to that passage ; for the story cannot go in till the week after next ; but don't do it if you don't feel inclined.

I have directed them to send the First Number to Ballyshannon. When you see it, don't look merely at the extract from your book,—but to the introductory notice of the extracts in general. Our plan

¹ Doubtless the story, afterwards treated by Tennyson in his poem "To-morrow," of the old woman's recognition of her young lover, buried many years before in the bog.

respecting new books has been altered to what you find it, but you will see that I have contrived to do you justice in return for the mystified ignorance of the press in general, which seldom seems to know what to do with a genius till somebody sets them going.

I quite understand what you mean about payment. You mean "treat me just according as circumstances permit you, and make it comfortable." It will be so, but I trust my associates will do you justice. So, more when the story and verses are published, which you know, is the treasurer's time. Meanwhile, pray write more of both if you are not disinclined. And so God bless you.

L. H.

(The *Journal* is going off admirably.)

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

BALLYSHANNON, 4 January 1851.

A Happy New Year!—Your Town, and Talk of the Week (in the *Journal*) are delightful, and the choice bits from your reading just what they ought to be.

Allow me to draw your attention, if you have not seen it, to a Review of Poets in the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, where in some remarks on my volume your name is introduced.

The writer, Samuel Ferguson, speaks warmly of you there, as he has often done to me in private, and for this and other reasons I like him well. He is now working hard as a barrister, having married some two years ago a gentle amiable woman, who sings sweetly too. I always go to her house with pleasure when I visit Dublin.

[*The rest missing.*]

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

BALLYSHANNON, 11th of May 1851.

It has reached me from good authority, my dear Leigh Hunt, that your *Journal* has ceased. I need not say how much I regret this, both for your sake and my own ; it was almost the only periodical I cared to read, and quite the only one in which I could hope to *be* read in a form I was just meditating, namely a series of *Conversations*.

I think I am not fitted, at best, to be of much use to a magazine. I have strong repugnance to writing *for* a periodical. . . It was as I suspect (and this is not the least part of the disappointment) your heterodoxy that ruined you. Dickens's lively practicality, with enough "progress" to flatter with the feeling of being liberal, without alarming, suits a large class.

Eliza-Cookery and other commonplace is swallowed by a somewhat lower grade,—then there are the pachyderms who require the seven mortal sins to tickle them ; yet after all I wonder there was not a regiment of *Indicator* and old *London Journal* readers and lovers of Keats, Shelley and yourself, sufficient to agglomerate a weekly mountain of three-halfpences.

In this poor unliterary place there were four regular subscribers.

I shall be glad of an assurance under your hand that you bear the misfortune cheerily, and that your health generally is good.

I was glad to see your name in the list of Lady John Russell's guests the other night.

I assure you seriously that we don't think people of seventy old, here—not necessarily. Some people of forty are as old as the hills.

I hope to add one to the crowd in London for a short time, probably in June, and to see you. Your

portrait,¹ as I write, hangs on the wall behind me. (Excuse my sitting with my back to you for the moment.)—Goodnight affectionately,

W. ALLINGHAM.

The *Journal* here spoken of was a revival of the well-remembered *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, published many years before. A proposal for its reappearance in 1849 was acceded to by Hunt, and it was again started; but the smallness of the capital considered adequate for its establishment and support was the cause of its non-success.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *June 14th* [1851].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Good is the Ballyshannon handwriting in London.

I grieve to say, that half my next week was gone before I got your note; for I am engaged out here in the neighbourhood on Monday; must be very busy on Tuesday; and must be again out on Wednesday;—but on Thursday, please the Gods, a chop and a pudding will thankfully await you; and the rest of the day we will talk, as the saying is, “of all things in the universe, and a few besides.”—Ever affectionately yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

BALLYSHANNON, *27 October* 1852.

Your friend W. A. sent Heywood's *Hierarchy* to you some days ago.

I did not fail to catch your sparkles of poetry amid the utilitarianism of *Household Words*, like Poly-crates's ring in the boiled codfish. No one admires and enjoys Dickens more than I do, but I don't be-

¹ In Mrs. Allingham's possession.

lieve he cares a rush for Poetry in the stricter sense. Scarce a day but I sigh over the untimely end of your last *Journal*—a threefold sigh, as editor's friend, reader and writer.

As you know everything about London streets you have heard of "Dirty" Dick who some half a century ago kept the "Dirty Warehouse" in Leadenhall Street. Do you know whereabouts in the street his house was? I send you a ballad I have made about him.¹

We have fine October weather now. I hope you have no worse and are in a condition to enjoy it.

[*The rest missing.*]

In February 1854 Allingham left the Customs and came to London to take up literature as a profession; but, after several months' trial, he made up his mind to "return to quiet exile," as he expressed it in a letter to his sister. He accepted a post in the Customs at New Ross, Ireland.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

NEW ROSS, IRELAND, 25 July 1854.

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT,—I am again living and moving with official harness on my back—which, if galling at times, is good defence against some bitter shafts, and therefore to be worn, with a kind of ungrateful gratitude.

This is a small ugly town, with a pretty country round it of green hills and groves, with mountains in the distance which are not very big, yet able to look blue when they please. Two good-sized rivers, Barrow and Nore (pronounced Nyore), unite a mile above the town, that place being therefore called the *Parting* of the waters, and flow past the quay of the New Ross in a deep muddy stream, about equal to the Thames above London. A dozen miles or so

¹ "The Dirty Old Man," given on page 140 of Allingham's *Flower Pieces*.

down, the Suir (an anti-poetic name) comes into partnership, after passing the pork-butcher city of Waterford, and the *tria juncta* run out to the sea on a rather dull and barren coast—from which we are here distant twenty-five miles ; yet the salt pulse beats in our languid channels and drenches the battalions of reeds and the stooping boughs of elm and alder, recording itself—in mud ! Justice, to the Mud, however, makes it fitting to state that it has *no smell* (and therefore the comparison with Thames is an inodorous one). (Yet would I could live nigh the Thames instead !—just out of nose-range.)

Your note to Mr. Williams procured me a civil reception at Smith and Elder's, but they have since—"referring to a conversation with our Mr. Smith"—civilly declined to publish my poems, and I have agreed with Routledge and Co. There is, after all, nothing beyond vague rumour against *their* stability, and they can *ensure* a larger circulation than perhaps any other publisher.

I ventured to mention to them your intended volume of Narrative Poems (you remember asking me would they be good people to do it ?), and they have written to say that if you would favour them with the means of calculating what sort of a volume it would make, they "could no doubt come to terms." Of a neat four-shilling volume, with some woodcuts probably, they could sell a large edition—paying you for it good and lawful moneys, *in advance*.

I was sorry to leave London without another visit to Hammersmith. You will never mulct me of my *your* volume ?

Pray give three kisses for me to the little Maid Marian. If she were a tall Maid Marian, one must not send such a message—which is a shame.

Kindest regards to Miss Julia and the rest and to you, my dear Leigh Hunt, from yours ever,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[LEIGH HUNT *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *August* 12 [1854].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have been so ailing and languid since I saw you, in consequence doubtless of the extraordinary changes of the weather ("languid" is a vile effeminate-sounding word, but I cannot find a better to express my condition), that I have been writing more slowly, and by still smaller driblets, than usual ; and so, till I had finished my work for the printer, I took the liberty (not without many grudges at myself nevertheless for so doing) of making your letter wait. Luckily, it could do that very well, and you too ; yet still I felt that you would not be sorry to hear from me, and so I did my driblets with a bad conscience.

Your account of the localities round about you was just one of the things which I like to have from a friend ; and you write such things so well, that they are interesting of themselves. I wish the time were arrived (for I suppose it will) when steam-carriage crossed the globe in every conceivable direction, so that you could run over here from Ireland and back again in *no* time, and enrich my days with such unwonted alternations of light and earnest talk as you helped me to last month. I need them at times very much : and I verily believe they would help to extend my days.

Many thanks for the "liberty" which you were so kind as to take for me with Routledge. I should confer with him, were it only to show him my sense of the value in which I hold your friendship ; but I shall also do it on my own account in the course of a few days. I am only considering what sort of book it might be best to propose,—the narratives aforesaid, or something that should enlarge or include them.

Meantime I have received the books which I think I told you I was to select out of Bohn's publications to the amount of ten pounds, as part of the payment for a selection from Beaumont and Fletcher. They include all Plato's works, most of the old English Chronicle Histories, and a comprehensive set of modern physics and metaphysics,—chemistries, cosmologies, and natural histories. I wish you were here to enjoy with me the cutting them open (if you find as I do, a kind of spirituo-sensual pleasure in that sort of slivering)—expressing our epicurean satisfaction at bits, as we proceeded. Julia and Jacintha,¹ who as all womanhood are bound to be, especially singing womanhood, are great admirers of your *Day and Night Songs*, thank you for remembering them, and beg their kindest remembrances in return. As to Maid Marian, she is such a right Maid Marian already, and promises to understand a Robin Hood so well, that when I gave her your three kisses, and asked her what I should *say* in return, she pondered a little, and then answered, "A lock of my hair." A very substantial way of speaking, this, eh? I must add however, as some downfall to your triumph, and vindication of the young lady's character that, as if she understood our laughter, she added, "And I should like to give a lock to my *grandmother*."

Your copy of my book was waiting for you, when we missed you. Can I send it anywhere, *i.e.* to any maker-up of some parcel you may be looking for? Pray write me a line in answer to this question, if it be only to enable me to be quicker in acknowledging a letter from you; for I am indeed most heartily yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

(The lock of hair comes herewith.)

¹ Daughters of Leigh Hunt.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* LEIGH HUNT.]NEW ROSS, 8 *January* 1855.

I heartily wish you a Happy New Year, my dear Leigh Hunt!—and under cover of this greeting strive, but in vain, to hide my blushes for the long omission to thank you for a letter (dated I fear to recall exactly when) the source of much and frequent pleasure to me. It is not enough to say that one thinks oftener than ever of a friend who is his creditor in this way—though it would be very true. The exact fact is that I began a little poem about “Marian’s Hair,” but got into a tangle,—a pretty thing to play with, in the original, but very troublesome when you are idealizing it in rhyme,—so, as my fashion is, I laid it aside till it should choose to “come right,” by and by; but after several trials it didn’t come right yet, and then—and then I was already a delinquent—and I went to Killarney, and home to Ballyshannon, and returned here, and then it was Christmas, and now it is the New Year—and I am a wretch, and pray a hundred million of pardons! Believe me when I say that a letter from you always makes a little jubilee for me, and one that does not die out in the hour either, and write me a kind, pleasant account of your health, spirits, thoughts and intentions.

I trust the winter has used you well thus far? Here we have had, for the most part, mild—unnaturally mild weather. I remember with pleasure your telling me that you are a good sleeper. A full and punctual tide of Sleep is probably the greatest single physical blessing a man can have in his constitution, and it is especially valuable to one of active brain.

At Killarney—it was our first visit—my brother and I had a very wet day for the boating part of our tour, the whole sky of the lakes being for a time

turned into one immeasurable cascade. But we had a single glorious glimpse that repaid for all. Under the "Eagle's Rock" we rested on our oars to hear the multitudinous echoes which marvellously changed our solitary bugle into a band of music. Then the rain ceased, the clouds divided, a miracle of golden effulgency poured across the high, bare summits behind the dewy-foliaged cliff and down the intermediate glen, while on the other hand over a low green shore rose a lofty wall of wrinkled crag severe and sad in the light, against a gloomy sky, into which mounted the coloured semicircle of an enormous double rainbow, complete at every point. As the bugle hushed and the echoes ran to silence, and the oars dipped again, so the yellow light faded, the arch grew dim, the whole sky darkened, and rain recommenced to fall.

Next day, gloomy though not raining, we walked quite round the lakes—some twenty-seven miles—and through a dark glen of solemn precipices. Third day, we cut a slice off the middle of it, literally *viridi sub arbuto*, with its strawberry like fruit, of last year's germination, hanging amidst the little waxen cups of the present. The red-deer, which are here in great numbers, perfectly wild, were "belling" on every side (it is like a bull's roar, but shorter) among the thick woods by the water's edge. On account of the multitude of evergreens, chiefly arbutus and holly, the variety of autumnal colours was less than I had expected. We were there in October. Another time, I should choose summer. Till that choice arrives, eternal clouds must brood and march over *my* Killarney; pierced with a sunburst and a rainbow, and swept off for one blue hour—just one—on the Turk Lake.

Have you done anything about your meditated volume with Routledge? He is under articles to bring me out in a new and handsome shape, with woodcuts by no mean artists—Millais being one, and Rossetti another—but these illustrations have caused

much delay. The foundation of their work on my behalf is friendship, but I insisted upon the superstructure being cemented with Routledge's gold.

Perhaps you will remember my telling you of a collection intended to be of the best English Lyrics¹ (with a somewhat wide interpretation) which I have made, though not quite completed, and shall probably offer to Routledge? It could not fail to be a delicious little volume. Permit me now to request the favour of your permission to include in it "The Song and Chorus of the Flowers" and "The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte." Whether it were best to enrich this volume with such short poems as "The Angel in the House," or reserve them for another volume, to consist of "Short Poems," is still a question with me. I wish I were beside you now, to venture (as I could there best) on an objection or so, touching what I have long loved so much—the aforesaid "Songs of the Flowers." Are you in superexcellent good humour? Then listen—I don't like the last line of the song of the Roses, "*Joy-abundant* woman"—it leaves the thought of womanhood too corporeal. The singers must have been Roses of the Shah's pleasure garden! This, if suggested in speaking of woman, ought at least not to be the general and unmodified impression left on the reader. I asseverate that you would make the poem twenty carats finer by changing that one compound word for something *less* Irish and *more* nice—for we talk about "an armful of joy," you know, which is the precise intention. Do change it! Well—the last verse of the Poppies' Song, *in toto*, I never could quite take up with. What is the "too much gladness"?—the Pleasures of Opium-eating? Those two lines would be quite clear in a Song of the Grape; but you'd surely be a Teetotaller against Black-Drop, unless one was sick, wouldn't you? Moreover the

¹ The collection afterwards took form as *Nightingale Valley* (Bell & Daldy, 1862).

milky-heartedness which the Poppy brags of has an air of subtlety, rather than innocence about it—a serpent deceit. There are milky poisons; and we know that before mortals taste this flower-blood, it will coagulate and darken into a kind of devil's treacle or water of Styx. A frightful witchlike transformation! Would not a verse referring *unambiguously* to the soothing of anguished bodies and perturbed brains, and how the broken miracle of Sleep is thus mended (as it were) by another natural miracle,—be better? And won't you, in any case, forgive my freedom of suggestion with regard to poems long ago stereotyped in countless memories? I am naturally very censorious,—and my only plea is, a great readiness to learn *my own* faults and shortcomings.

Speaking of Lyrics, do you know a little one by Lord Thurlow beginning "May, queen of blossoms," and very pretty? I wonder if there is anything else of his as good.

There is a pretty custom hereabouts, which I never saw in the north of Ireland, of giving a Daisy on New Year's morning. In lieu of a daisy I send you what is rarer (though far from as rare as it used to be, when it gave the certain power of *seeing Fairies*)—a Four-leaved Shamrock. Lover has a song about it. I shouldn't wonder if the dormant privilege were revived, for the nonce, in your favour, who have ever been so loyal to King Oberon. Will "Maid Marian" (alas! alas! I fear I am out of her memory) receive from me the enclosed little hair-chain (*horse-hair* unfortunately) made by an Irish country-girl among bogs and heather? May I thank her for her own hair, and tell her I like it very much? May I send her a kiss, or several?

I have given a copy of your Poems to my brother for a New Year's Gift. Have I forfeited the copy you intended for me? If indeed there be relenting in

your bosom you will perhaps have it sent for me to Mr. Petheram, Bookseller, 94 High Holborn. Apropos of the tress of golden-brown,—I saw in the “varieties” of two Irish papers lately, your beautiful remark about a lock of hair as a memorial,—one of the many sentences (let me say it) in your writings that preserve a thought of universal interest and pathos in language of rare felicity, and are therefore imperishable gifts to the world.

It is 12 o'clock, or 100 o'clock counting by the length of this letter.

Do write to me soon. I desire to offer my best wishes for the New Year to Miss Julia and the others of your family—and wishing for myself another walk with you in the Green or elsewhere,—I remain, my dear Leigh Hunt, ever yours affectionately,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[LEIGH HUNT *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *February 20th* [1855].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,

.

With the exception of two evenings, and a hobble or two latterly downstairs for a book which the servant could not find, I have not been out of my bed-room for nearly two months. I have a beard commensurate, and have been a bundle of clothes sitting by the fire, and writing with gloves on by reason of chapped hands ; for east winds and this pertinacious snow seem to pursue my West Indian blood in every way they can contrive, even into the semi-tropical region of a barricaded and fire-warmed chamber. But I am writing about myself, while saying I cannot answer your letter.—Sickness is a sort of shabbiness and rascality.

Let me add nevertheless, for your friendly sake, as

well as for myself, that my bronchitis is gone, my cough nearly so, and the inflammation, quite, in my leg, leaving sundry hard lumps, which do not however threaten to hinder me from walking.

You describe better than any letter-writer I have had since the time of Shelley, and I dare not say you were surpassed even by him. But though grateful for every sentence, I must not enter into particulars, otherwise I must take another sheet, and also bid the press wait more than it does already; for I have settled matters with Routledge, am correcting proofs of the "Stories in Verse," and am tormented horribly with so doing, wishing I could alter a hundred things in my earlier verses, and unable to let some pass as they are. This reminds me that I give up "joy-abundant woman" with all my heart, though I *did* intend to speak sensuously on the occasion, as befits one part of one's natural religion, and I need not tell you a very proper part too. Nor do roses suggest spiritual so much as sensuous ideas. Still, out with the words by all means. I am ready, and happy, to give you up this and twenty other readings if you like, knowing that you will not wish me to substitute anything untrue, and glad to shew how glad I am to please you. The "too much gladness" in the Poppy song perhaps you will not equally object to, on explanation. It means,—that is to say, the whole moral of the thing means,—that poppies are intended to do us good in sickness &c. provided we do not abuse the good, and take opium purely to put ourselves in such a state of ultra and delirious satisfaction as Nature has ordained not to be proper or ultimately happy for us. This, I say, is "presuming" upon "the Goods the Gods provide us." That is all, and I think you will agree with it. Only, if it is obscure, it must certainly be mended.

I need not add how pleased and proud I shall be at seeing my verses in your collection. But lyrics,

I conceive, should be strictly lyrics, and therefore not include the "Angel in the House." Not being willing however to lose the room it would have taken up, might I impudently suggest the insertion, in its place, of the Rondeau, "Jenny kissed me"? It was written on a real occasion (as all my verses indeed that imply it, have been) and has been quoted right and left. But don't do me the disservice of stating any objection to the insertion, if you have it. I am so ready to accord with you, that I am inclined to agree with it beforehand though I don't know what it may be.

I am glad indeed to hear of the new volume and of your artists. Routledge, you will see, has given me a picture or two also,—by Corbould. He can draw well, and sometimes shews a real delicacy of apprehension in his figures and manner, yet provokingly and unaccountably wants expression in his faces.

I do not remember the lyric you mention in Lord Thurlow, but can easily conceive it to be excellent. I have seen nothing but extracts from him, but have always wished, from those, to possess him entire, albeit he has a provoking and—what shall I call it?—uncouth sort of want of judgment, which I suppose is what has kept him in oblivion; for I believe not one in a thousand, even of the most curious readers of poetry, knows anything about him.—He was a *Præ-Shakspearite* poet, doing everything he could in the manner of Spenser.

Four-leaved Trefoil (you will pardon me this, as you are of Saxon stock) is a truly Irish production. I see the "pert fairies" calling it forth, by way of banter. However, though I love them, I do not join in the banter myself, *banterically*, but thank you very seriously for sending it me; hope I shall have something to say about it; and meantime shall frame and hang it up, that I may always have the fairies in sight.

Not only one copy of my poems, but two, shall be sent you *viâ Petheram*, in order that you may see how thankful I am for your letter and all which it contains ; how full of mutual remorse on the subject of delays ; and how glad that you should make another present of one of the volumes to anybody whom you value. I will take that opportunity of offering something in lieu of "joy abundant." The enclosed letter to me from my son-in-law, Mr. Cheltnam, will tell you all about "Maid Marian." You will see by it that he is engraving Corbould's designs. Thanks, thanks, for *what* you say about the other "lock of hair," &c. How I wish that you were here to walk with me again on the Green and talk twenty letters at a time. Why can't it be ? quoth dear Allingham's affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

P.S.—I got into the two sheets, you see, after all ! I shall be glad of *one word*, in order to be certain that this letter has reached you.

The little Rondeau "Jenny kissed me," referred to in the foregoing letter, is so short that it may find a place here, if only for the sake of putting on record the "real occasion" spoken of by Hunt in his allusion to it, which may not be generally known.

The "Jenny" in question was Mrs. Carlyle, whose warmth of greeting on the unexpected appearance of Leigh Hunt in their circle, after a rather longer absence than usual, elicited from the poet the following lines, which, scribbled on the back of an envelope, were handed to the lady on the spur of the moment :—

Jenny kissed me when we met
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list—put that in !
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
 Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
 Say I'm growing old—but add :
 Jenny kissed me !

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* LEIGH HUNT.]NEW ROSS, 23 *February* 1855.

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT,—Your letter came last night, with—like all its brothers—sunlight for the time-being, and moonlight for an indefinite extent of time-future. We have been all snow and Influenza here,—throats in flannel, eyes in water, voices inaudible, a high-road has meant a wavy succession of deep snow-drifts intersected by a winding and laborious track ; a white sheet over every field, and bolsters and pillows on hedge and wall. Very sleepy too are these beds of the Frost-Witch, and one hears now and again of some poor fellow found there who could never be wakened.

We have a river here—the Barrow—(about as broad as the Thames at Fulham), crossed by an old wooden bridge, on which the floating ice has made many brisk attacks. It was curious and exciting to stand there, under a dim starlight, watch the great whitish slabs and fields (for some were very large) glide silently near, and feel them crash against the old props, making the entire bridge tremble, and grinding their way under or else packing across an opening. I had skating too, on a little fish-pond a mile from the town, with trees about it, and a mountain in the distance—a pyramid of snow. Ragamuffins made slides and scimmages in the centre of the pond ; we, figuring on a smooth corner, descend among them now and again, like the Gods at Troy, and, like the Gods on those occasions, sometimes catch a fall or two.

But to-day the thaw is certain. I have been at our ice and found it half under water ; and over the fields, green banks and brown furrows peering out everywhere ; mild wind from the south, and joyful twittering of such small birds as have survived the snow.

Thanks for the news of Maid Marian—and how well her father writes! I venture to retain the note. It is pleasant to hear of your new volume being so forward. I have just received the first proofs of mine: the MS. has been nearly five months in Routledge's hands, but the delay was not his fault but that of the artists—though they are my friends. There will be little new matter. I mean it to be the shape in which my early verses are to last—as long as they can—and when it is published, hope to attempt something new.

Have you ever read Lord Berners's Translation of Froissart? I wish Bohn would reprint it in his Historical Library.

As to my projected Book of Select Lyrics, I have things to say and questions to ask when you shall be somewhat more at leisure. Your willingness I never doubt. Thanks for the great good-nature with which you treat my remarks on the—on *your*, Roses and Poppies; and welcome to the Rondeau!—no doubt the prettiest of its kind in the world. It was not in my list before because that list is waiting, incomplete, in dependence on a plan not yet rigidly fixed. It is a very likely thing that you should know of some excellent stray lyrics not known to most people or to me?

Good-night! my dear Leigh Hunt—write again when it comes pleasantly to you, and tell me you are out-of-doors again, and enjoying another Spring with that heart and imagination which have forgotten to grow old.—Your affectionate friend,

W. ALLINGHAM.

P.S.—Pray did you ever hear the “Indian Air” of Shelley's lines—“I arise from dreams of thee”?—or do you think there was veritably such a tune?

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[Postmark *March 2, 1855.*]

Have been hoping to send you the "Indian air," which no doubt exists, but find I am not likely to get it till next week, so must not delay acknowledging receipt of letter.

When I get it, shall write more at large.

You see I am acting upon the system which I spoke of in my last, and which I think is a good one; namely, writing brief acknowledgments of letters, as harbingers of answers at greater length. Steam and penny postages are fine things. I feel as if I were only in the next room to you, saying "Coming directly."

That discussion of lyrics will be very pleasant. I have books, &c., at your service.—Affettuosissimamente,
L. H.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *May 2nd* [1855].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have been keeping these three books and my letter, to send them all at once, out of one of those foolish inconsequential notions which people get into their heads sometimes, namely, that in doing one thing, it is necessary to do another. I ought to have sent the little volumes to your bookseller, without making them wait for the bigger; and the bigger might have been sent, without waiting for latest news about the Indian Air. However, without more ado, here they are; and I will not waste space, as well as further time, by saying any more on that point. The finality, at present, about the Indian Air is this; that I am to have it "before long," from the lady herself, who furnished Shelley with it; so let us

hope, that the long will be as short as we can both desire.

When you set about your Lyrical Book, you must see the collection of "Songs from the Dramatists," which forms one of the volumes of the new edition of the "English Poets." I have it at your service, on demand; and need not add, that I will supply you with as many other helps in my power as you may wish.

Half of my new volume, now that it is out, I do not like, especially the Story of Rimini, whether in its new or rather new-old, or its lately abridged shape. I am afraid, or hope, or what should I say?—that I have out-grown the sort of poetry in it altogether (if poetry it *can* be called), and that I had not courage enough to tell myself so: though you will see I could not help letting a bit of that gentle cat out of the bag at page 36. And I shan't mince the matter in my *Autobiography*, which you must know, I am continuing up to the present time; and which will contain some other curious matter; not forgetting the name of a certain poet at New Ross. But I bespeak your regard for some of the smallest pieces and for the Translations; neither shall I cease to think that there are too veritable little bits of corners of poetry in me in two different quarters of my otherwise prosaical self; to wit, in my heart and in my animal spirits. In the former indeed I believe my own countrymen recognise it. In the latter I must come for corroborators to my livelier cousins of Ireland. The "Story of Rimini" is not absolutely *destitute* of either: there are lines in it here and there which I would willingly see in any poem which I am capable of writing, and whole paragraphs which have "air" and *sostenuto*; but the general treatment displeases me as conventional, not rich and aromatic, and as tending to prose.

"Hero and Leander" is a little better, because perhaps it is shorter, and the "Gentle Armour" better

I have yet to go through the volume, but, besides favourites of longer standing, have read again "Kilspindie," and don't know where I could find a modern ballad more worthy of those ancient times when fine poetry of that sort grew wild, as it were, among the woods and hills.

Talking of Chaucer—would you believe it?—I am now reading him almost for the first time! I had never read the story of "Death and the Riotours" till your last volume sent me to it—nor the "Horse of Brass"—nor the "Floure and the Leafe" till a month ago. Now I am quaffing deep delightful draughts from the well, so often carelessly passed by. Altogether I feel myself growing into a capability of enjoying poetry much more fully than ever before, by virtue of a deeper and clearer insight into all life, and expect (which is a secondary thing) to produce something that shall at least be very superior to the first crop. My mind is certainly of very slow, but hitherto of continual growth. So there is egotism enough to keep you in countenance—or put you out of it!

Which will write first, after this note? you or yours ever,
W. ALLINGHAM.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *May 16th* [1855].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I resort to this half-sheet of note-paper, partly on the undilatory principle, and partly in order to secure myself against temptation of writing too much, being very busy upon matters less tempting.

I envy you your first acquaintance with Chaucer. It is as if you had never beheld the sun rise before, or found yourself in any great company of your fellow creatures, out of the pale of Shakspeare. Chaucer is all earnestness, and sympathy, and morning freshness,

and faith ; aye, faith even when he banters ; for he finds everything human worth making an impression on him, whatever it be, and receives it so deeply, that he transfers it with like force to the reader. He laughs and weeps like an unspoilt child, and yet has all the knowledge of a man. As to his Tale of the Rioters, I was in doubt whether in your enumeration of the points requisite to its completeness as a story, you were not pleasantly mystifying me, till I considered that having had Chaucer in your hand before the arrival of my book, you would naturally turn to him first on any mention of the story ; otherwise you will find that our wits have been happily jumping together ; for in my version of the story I have anticipated all which you desire. It was the best excuse I could think of for warranting myself to repeat the story at all ; and indeed I had wondered how he could have missed them. Death in the shape of the old man knocking at his mother's gate, the ground, is one of the grandest things in the guise of feebleness, that were ever conceived. I long to see your book, and hope to be able to do it some good.—Your affectionate,

L. H.

P.S.—I have not yet made any marks in the book of lyrics ; but it is always at your service, if you wish to have it.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* LEIGH HUNT.]

LANE, BALLYSHANNON, 29 *June* 1855.

I would have written to you before but for the confusions attendant on a removal of my whole little camp (a "fitting") from New Ross to this my old quarters and native place.

At Ross (where by the way many letters used first to go to the Man of Ross's town in Herefordshire) I knew nobody but some children, clean and dirty.

Here everybody is glad to see me and I am glad to see everybody ; besides which there is the agreeable Ocean (as a Frenchman might say) within three miles, which outvalues all the inland beauties of Ross. I have got here by exchanging on equal terms with another officer of the Customs.

We have a sultry, sulky kind of summer with heavy crops.

[*The rest missing.*]

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY, 1856.

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT,—I have long been wishing to write to you, and now, "the better day the better deed," I hope. Have Winter and Spring used you well? Very dry they have been with us—the loughs are shrunk, the pools and runnels vanished, the heathy bogs (of which we have wide spaces) more traversable than usual. These afford good lessons of patience,—when, aiming at some dark lake, seen from an upland, and after much and tedious walking you meet a zigzag swamp which with flat sneer orders you a mile round. Ugly these brown wastes are, and sometimes dreadful, especially at nightfall,—but the lonely lough, the poor resigned cottage with its patch of field, the wide sky, blue crests of far away mountains, mingle a melancholy pleasure with the walk, and when evening restores your little town, room, faces, books,—all looks lively and comfortable. Then, falling asleep (in due time and place), your imagination's wings (an enormous featherbed of its own!) waft you smoothly over wide wild expanses and beyond "the wall of the world's end." I generally bring dinner in a bag and stay out until dusk, on my excursions.

I often think with affectionate wonder, my dear Leigh Hunt, of the patience—nay, that's a foolish

word—of the warm hospitable kindness and sympathy which you have poured out on such a crowd of correspondents and visitors, many of them so dull, or (like my old self, as I now see) so *green* and wearisome. This uncommon and generous virtue shone warmly on me, and I assure you I shall never be done loving you for it.

I have hopes of paying a visit to London in May or June, and hope, too, that you will be able and willing to let me see you often. When leaving London in '54, I was at the last obliged to go suddenly, and was thus robbed of a visit to Hammer-smith—to *you*—planned for the very next day. Munro, a sculptor, Hughes, a painter, good youths both—and myself, were to have invaded you, walked with you in the sun, and sat with you in the shade, for the portion of a June day. May we come this year? O I hope so! And will you show us *Endymion* in Keats' handwriting? That, I remember, was one of our foretasted luxuries—and foregone.

And for yourself, hoping and indeed expecting to see you more and know you better (old as you think yourself) during many and many a long year to come—for surely we have not exhausted our relationship (which is the main thing) and shall hardly be disguised beyond knowing?—Believe me, ever yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

LANE, BALLYSHANNON,
IRELAND.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to LEIGH HUNT.]

16 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND,
Monday, June 23 [1856].

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT,—Mr. Maurice writes to say his house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, is let. Perhaps one of the three others he mentions might have the luck to suit you. I wish I could act as

your House Agent—and specially I wish I could pass another happy afternoon with you,—but (*but* is such a cruel word to turn over with!) I must set my face towards the Atlantic water, and that to-morrow. Should I stay till Wednesday 'twill be from the crowd of little businesses left till the last of my time.

Pray try to come and live in town. I am almost sure you could get a fitting house, in Bloomsbury say. There are many, many good and pleasant men and women, young men and maidens, to love and cherish your society.—God bless you ever, my dear friend,
 says yours, W. ALLINGHAM.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *June 23* [1856].

God bless you, my dear Allingham. I have this instant received your letter, and write this in hopes my thanks for it will catch you before you go. I wish with all my heart I were living where you say, and you near me, to comfort my decline of life, which sadly wants companionship, and does not at present know where to get it. But at the close of the year, or thereabouts, I hope to get into a house a little nearer the land of the living; and then perhaps some of the pleasant people you speak of, may be within call. Young people make me live over again.

I regret on these accounts, more than you possibly can, the not having another "happy afternoon" with you. I wished also to say more of that not happy matter we spoke of; item, of some other griefs, to which you know how to give balm; and of your latest book, the markings in which you would not have misjudged (I offered to F., by the way, to criticise it for *The Examiner*, but he was bent on doing it himself); in short of those hundred things, ninety of which are always found to have been squeezed out

of their turn by the pressure and fullness of the first ten.

So come to me, pray, again as soon as you can ; for good as letters are, particularly such as those you treat me with, conversations must needs contain hundreds of them in one, as far as variety of subject is concerned. I was the better for your company all the next day, but awoke to a desolate morning the day after.

Should I live as long, and certain Anglo-Americanisms prosper, I hope to visit *you* when you come to London next time. I have seen little of you according to ordinary computation ; yet now I seem to have known you long ; so little is there in time itself, and so much according to what is put into it.

But I must stop here, or I shall lose the chance of your getting this by the first post, and you may possibly be off by the second.—Your truly affectionate,

LEIGH HUNT.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* LEIGH HUNT.]

16 BUCKINGHAM STREET, ADELPHI,
25 *June* [1856].

What a touching note, my dear Leigh Hunt, is this you have written me. You really *must* come to live in town and see people and shops and painters' studios, &c.

How came I to be still in London ? Why the Board of Customs have allowed me to stay a few days longer,—few and busy must they be,—I'll try to come out on Friday or Saturday at two.

My friend Gabriel Rossetti, the painter, has a warm regard for you and wishes much to see you. Perhaps he will come with me, if I come—if not, he hopes to be allowed an opportunity soon. He lives at 14 Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge, and I

am writing this note in his room. He tells me to say how delighted he should be if you were to pay him a visit and see his drawings. He is excellently acquainted too with the Italian Poets. Pray come and see him. The steamers leave one almost at his door.—Ever most warmly yours,

[*Signature missing.*]

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *June 26* [1856].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—It rejoices me to think that I may see you again before you go, and I shall look out accordingly, though you are able to give me but a chance. But I am one of those, who having been used to disappointments, still think hope is good, even for hope's sake.

But I dare not say that I could receive Mr. Rossetti *as well* as yourself this week; I mean, in company with yourself; for I want to talk with you alone; and if I once got you here, I could not let you quickly go; and how could I, in propriety, let *him* go without you?—otherwise I shall be very glad to see him any time he can find himself in this neighbourhood, especially if he would come and take a cup of tea with me some evening. But I dine so early, and other people dine so late, that I fear he would find this difficult. Being a poet however as well as painter, perhaps he could keep more pastoral hours some day, on purpose.

Dear Allingham, come again, if possible; and if you can dine with me, let me know that by a line, not forgetting that my dinner hour is any time from two to four that you like. If you cannot dine, write nothing, but drop in, as it suits you. I want to talk with you upon more things than one,—that poem on the Deity among them; which pray keep in mind.

40 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

I think you eminently qualified to do it justice both as poet and thinker.—Your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HAMMERSMITH, *July 4th* [1856].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—If you look at the fly-leaf, or *pseudo-flyleaf*, of the accompanying volume, you will see a reason, I think, why in common decency you cannot refuse to receive it.—Pray be certain that I do not, and shall not, want it. And if by any chance I should do so, I can easily get it at the Library; whereas books are not at your command in Ireland, and I suspect you will not find time to buy it before you return; and books, however cheap, cannot always be got in the course of five minutes.

I take the same opportunity of thrusting into your kindly pocket a volume of Procter's¹ *Songs*,—the largest edition. He gave it me the other day, bound as you see it, and I am sure will be heartily glad when I tell him to whom I have transferred it, especially as I shall tell him furthermore that he must give me another in its stead; which he will do *instantly*.

Thanks, dear Allingham, for one of the rarest and happiest evenings I had last night for many a year.

Your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

This is the last letter we have from Leigh Hunt, who died three years later, in 1859. Needless to say that Allingham held him always in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

¹ Perhaps better known by his pseudonym "Barry Cornwall."

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON

It was during the second visit of Emerson to England that Allingham, then twenty-three, ventured to write to him. They did not meet until twenty-five years later, as mentioned in the *Diary*.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to RALPH WALDO EMERSON.]

DONEGAL, IRELAND, 5th December 1847.

SIR,—I am much gratified by hearing from you, and still more by your allowing me to write again.

I fear England does not on the whole receive you fitly: though very many must feel earnestly the presence among them of a man able to drag Thoughts and Things once more into contact. *The Athenæum* weekly Review, the most influential one now, I believe in England, alludes to your arrival only in a disrespectful sentence. The Editor thereof is a shrewd, prosaic, calm, harsh, sensible, “insensible” man, who in his Review of your volume of Poems published by Chapman (in which, by the by, are several bad typographical errors) says; after praising the language; that in “The Problem”—the *why?* is exactly what we are at a loss to guess. Now this from one who *ex officio* is supposed to be acquainted with your writings, is rather humiliating to us all. And yet he is the best, certainly of all our weekly critics, and those who are not of his party are, nine tenths,—soft-headed, mawkish, mock-enthusiastic people.

Apropos of *The Athenæum* I remember being much amused some time ago by an Article on “Pippa passes,” a poem by Robert Browning—in which the

Reviewer by way of curt explanation says—"i.e. *passes before the reader*"—whereas the whole gist of the Poem (expressed in the title, and in itself striking) is that Pippa, a poor girl, by *passing* with a song in her mouth, certain people, at a crisis, influences unconsciously their whole future fortunes.

.

I hope sometime to set out my mind in a dress of printed leaves—like Hoffmann's *Witch*—my notion of style is to have as many choice extracts as your taste can give you out of the "Book of Nature" and as little "private interpretation" of the Texts as possible. In subject, I have more of a new thing than is common at present; and of the best sort in one way—being a subject I am *living in*. I mean to try something like Irish Idyls—but not to be efforts at Irishism, but at Nature with the (necessary) local colouring.

In Politics, I am uninterested: I feel as if they were important, but somebody else's business. In "Religion" I have disgust at Romanism, and contempt at Protestantism—as *isms*—and as I *am* interested here, I must speak. Yet I must not forget that it is (likely) impossible for the mass to do without a Form of belief—the strongest minds only can live in constant doubt. Show a perfect novelty to a man and he recognises—his ignorance: to a child, and he gives it an instant name out of his existing vocabulary.

I hope to be favoured with another note from you. May I ask if this be your first visit to England? and if you have ever been in Ireland?

I have been anxious to accept your permission to write to you—but unexpected circumstances have prevented my writing until this evening.

I am respectfully and sincerely yours,

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to RALPH WALDO EMERSON.]

DONEGAL, IRELAND, 11th of June 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I have been for some time hoping that I should be present at your London lectures ; but now, finding that I cannot go, wish to console myself by writing a few lines to you, to escape becoming too envious of those whose ears are privileged. You can hardly think what a pleasure it is to me to write : I live so solitary.

I actually cannot remember in the last eleven months to have spoken or listened with direct pleasure to any "articulate" man—"nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so."

I have been reading in the *Truth Seeker* magazine some extracts from Coleridge's "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit" which leave me still more dissatisfied and confused about the Author than I have been. I wish some fit person would bring all that is known of Coleridge's character (moral and intellectual) into the compass of a tolerable theory : enclose, as it were, with a sufficient ring-fence this *Common* where Doubts and Unconfidences and other vagrant beasts have now leave to stray unchecked.

The weight of Coleridge's name seems on the increase. Query.—Is he in some respects overrated considerably ? I suspect that a mixture of poetry and logical metaphysics is unwholesome.

But I must talk no more, as I wish to make the remaining open into a safety-valve to fizz off a little poetical steam through, lately generated ; there being no regular *steampipe*.¹

In seriousness, I hope that the consequences of being friendly with a few-friended person will not bore you too much.

¹ The poem is "The Pilot's Daughter" ; given in the Appendix, page 295.

44 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

As to reply, a loose newspaper through the Post would at any time content me well.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

LONDON, 24 *June* 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was very glad of your letter and verses, though they came at a moment so busy for me that they could only cheer me, but draw no reply. Henry Sutton too, of Nottingham, an excellent youth, wrote to me almost on the same day concerning something of yours which he had read in *Howitt*. And I shewed "The Pilot's Daughter" to Coventry Patmore and to Clough, a good Oxonian who came to see me, and they both liked it well.

The more lonely and barricaded round with walls of Fate you find yourself, the better omen for the future days so that only the passing days are made divine by obeying the oracle. Our enemies are our best friends, is an experience of all observant men. I should gladly have seen you with eyes, and in these days of travel and revolution, that may yet happen. But your way is onward and upward, and I confide that we shall meet *if that be best*, as the old saints believed. At present, I am preparing to leave England on Saturday fortnight, or at most three weeks, from Liverpool, and in to-day's distractions can only acknowledge your kindness by these hurried lines.—In constant hope and regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
14 *July* 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not had such a cordial holiday for a long time as the receipt of your book of *Poems* made for me, now more than a month ago.

I had been stung, every now and then, with compunctions for my letting drop the little correspondence with you, which made a joyful and affectionate episode, as I well remember, in my six months' residence in England three years ago. But I had submitted to my bad habit, which has left me, with yours, the correspondence of a little phalanx of benefactors, and I clung to my silence, and wondered what indemnity it would ever bring to compensate for such losses. But I am deeply gratified by the return of your friendly star on my horizon, and I, and all my friends here, have heartily enjoyed this new light. I have read all the poems with much interest. I found in them the old joy which makes us more debtors to Poetry than anything else in life. "The Pilot's Daughter," which was my first acquaintance, is still a superior poem in my eyes. "The Music Master" has merits which cannot belong to a short poem ; and "Our Mountain Range," and the "Burial Place," and the "Touchstone" are, for different reasons, prized. My friend W. E. Channing, a man who has more poetic genius than any one I know, though with some defects which have hitherto prevented him from writing a single good poem,—is charmed with the sea landscape that runs through them all, and he finds a volume of verses in one line, "When, like a mighty fire, the bar roars loud." And Mr. Thoreau also, a stoic among the muses, whose prose poem of *Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, I fear has never reached Ireland,—rejoices in many of these pieces. The book has already passed from hand to hand ; I read some of your pieces in our newspapers, and my copy departs this day to a valued friend at the foot of the Hoosac Mountains in this State. I am sorry I cannot manifest any gratitude beyond good reception. I am a tardy writer, and am now engaged in preparing with W. H. Channing (not W. E. C.) a volume of memorials of the life of Margaret Fuller, a remarkable woman, and

dearly valued friend of ours.—With thanks, and with hopes, your affectionate servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

William Allingham.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to RALPH WALDO EMERSON.]

BALLYSHANNON, IRELAND,
12th of October 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how glad I was to receive a letter from you, whom I think of so often. I believe frequently every day ; perhaps with the most personal warmth when looking from some bank or sand-hill out over the sea, where the first land is America.

Your friends too, whom you mention, are not strangers to me. *The Concord and Merrimack* is a favourite book with me (I see it on its shelf), and the author's *Life in the Woods* I have ordered, in vain. Perhaps Mr. Thoreau will, if it be convenient, send me this book ? It could come through John Chapman, Strand, London, at my charge. By the way, it is often hard to get American books, even in London.

I spent several weeks of the summer in that city and became acquainted with some of our eminent literary men. Tennyson, I found, with his wife, in a quiet old-fashioned mansion near Richmond (which he has since left to roam in France and Italy).

Carlyle's company I enjoy immensely, and his wife's too I like. Amidst his atmosphere, frowns and laughs, is the finest upland exercise, climbing rocks, and racing half-rolling down hillocks. Knowing him, too, his books have become twice as enjoyable ; one can see real fire spurting in every emphasis, and recognise undoubtingly the faintest sly twinkle of humour, will o' the wisps and volcanos together ! Yet his books also seem but pails of water from a river (I have got out of my element in the simile)—and I can say that of no one else that I have seen as yet.

Landor I was glad to find hale in look, voice, and mind. I believe him to be truly and rarely noble. I look forward to seeing him again, though, at his age, he remarked, a year is a long time to count upon.

I spent some days at University Hall with Clough, whom I had seen last year also ; but he is secret as an oyster : opens a little at certain times of the tide, but snaps to again in a jiffy if touched, and maybe bites your finger. He has Mr. Thoreau's book in his room and likes it. He corrected his copy of your *Poems* after my one, which was corrected after Sutton's.

Thackeray is the best social man-of-the-world I know, or can imagine almost. I could not before I met him have fancied it possible that I should ever recollect him with tenderness, as I sometimes do. His peculiar experience and insight are from and to artificial life, but they are far-reaching and sharp enough to cut through it here and there. He thought of visiting your country this year, but has, I hear, put it off till next.

Lest I may already have said too much, I will merely mention the names of Coventry Patmore, Henry Sutton, Thomas Woolner (the young sculptor) to add that these, with a host of other excellent acquaintances, have sprung (a friendly Cadmæan crop) out of the few written words which passed between you and me when you were in England. I sent you "The Pilot's Daughter" (whence it comes that I pleased myself with putting it in the front of my volume¹) which you showed to Patmore and to Clough. Sutton was also named by you, and to him, some months after, I was consequently impelled to write. He answered, and said he had been thinking of writing to *me*, and so we made (I trust) the commencement of a friendship. I visited him at Colchester, and he introduced me by letter to Patmore at the British Museum—and so it went on.

Sutton married last Christmas. I slept in his little

¹ *Poems*, Chapman and Hall, 1850.

house at Manchester on my return from London in July. His wife has a mild, good face—which I seemed almost to recollect, so familiar it came, though the reverse of common. I suppose it is a typical face. I was glad to find that Mr. Ireland,¹ one of Sutton's newspaper employers, valued him highly.

I can scarcely believe that my verses have pleased so well. If I hope to produce anything of excellence it is chiefly through capability in *form* and attention to it. You mustn't call me "little prig"² whilst I try to crack my nut! At the same time I firmly hold that the best of a poem (too) comes from beyond and above the writer's consciousness, and feel disgust at Frankensteinish researches into "the vital principles of Poetry." But this is a subject not to be opened at the foot of a letter.

Shall I again hear from you? I of course do not proffer to exchange correspondence with you, but pray you to consider sometimes, at a favourable moment, that you can confer important pleasure and benefit by sending a few lines over hither. I have no one to converse with here—which perhaps accounts for my writing chat.

I would like to know what is the best American literary Record or Review; and if you now contribute to any such. May it be hoped that your lectures on Domestic Life, and on England, shall shortly be printed?

I hear with interest of the *Memorials of Margaret Fuller*, whose name is an honoured and household one with me. I have her Essay on Women.

Believe me yours with warm respect and affection,
W. ALLINGHAM.

¹ Alexander Ireland, friend of Emerson, and business manager of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.

² From Emerson's poem, "The Mountain and the Squirrel."

ALLINGHAM AND ARTHUR HUGHES

Many of these letters relate to the publication of a volume of Allingham's poems, *Day and Night Songs*, which was to be illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and by two members of the Præ-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Rossetti and Millais.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

NEW ROSS, IRELAND, 11 July 1854.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—Don't suppose I haven't been thinking of writing to you ever since I came here.

Smith, Elder & Co.—“referring to a conversation with our Mr. Smith”—have politely but conclusively declined the proposal I was good enough to submit to them. I have therefore agreed with Routledge, and feel on the whole satisfied in doing so, for it will ensure a wider circulation than could otherwise be hoped for. Here follows a sketch of our high contract—An Edition of 2000 copies—to be published not later than 1st of October at R. & Co.'s risk and expense. They “will have the volume illustrated with not less than six full page woodcuts, and will pay the artist who draws them three guineas for every such design, on his giving in the block.” These were my words. Mr. Warne tells me in his letter that they wish to have eight such woodcuts.

I am to have half the profits (if any) coming out of the edition.

I hope you like this arrangement?—and that they have sent you the blocks. Another hope is, that they will have them nicely engraved—a duty which I have been constantly impressing upon them.

This is a pretty place, groves, hills and mountains, and a large river—but, (alas !) muddy—but (cheer up !) not stinking mud. For you must come and see it very soon, and learn to paddle a cot, which is a small flat-bottomed boat, sharp at both ends, looking on the water like a canoe, and paddled in a savage fashion with two things like wooden spades, giving you the great advantage of looking the way you are going. Moreover, you can propel with a solitary paddle (if you know how)—sitting aft (you know what aft is, you landlubber ?) and giving a peculiar twirl to each stroke. I mean to get a cot for myself, and go gliding of summer evenings by river-groves, and through tall rustling reeds, and up narrow winding brooks made navigable by the tide, and down the broad river (Barrow they call it) and under the wooden bridge, to tea, or strawberries—or raspberries are even better I think. Won't you come and have some ? And tell Munro he is to come—it's far before Scotland. I'm sure there is no such landlady there as mine—so extravagantly talkative, so absurdly assiduous, that 'twould be a sin to bring her in at the tail of a letter.

I hope Munro¹ isn't letting my head fall to pieces. Best regards to him and to all the friends,—from yours ever,

W. ALLINGHAM.

Write soon.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

6 UPPER BELGRAVE PLACE,
1st August 1854.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I daresay you are thinking I have taken my time in answering your letter, but I waited till I could hear from, or could call upon Rout-

¹ Alexander Munro, the sculptor, who was modelling a bust of Allingham,

ledge, and being out of town busy with "Orlando's"¹ background I could not do the latter until Saturday last, when they with much civility promised me the blocks immediately, and I have them now ready to pitch in at ; it seems they did not know that they had my address.

I am very much obliged to you for sticking out with them in my behalf as you have [done], and am rather ashamed at the small *palpable* progress I have made with the designs since you left, but have one or two very nice designs *designed*.

I almost enjoyed your cot paddling I think as much as yourself: it must be a delicious way of closing a day. I have been having country experiences lately too but not of that luxurious nature, painting wild roses into "Orlando" has been a kind of match against time with me, they passing away so soon, like all lovely things *under* the sun (eh?) and as sensitive as beautiful. The least hint of rain, just a dark cloud passing over, closes them up for the rest of the day perhaps.—One day a great bee exasperated me to a pitch of madness by persisting in attacking me, the perspiration drizzling down my face in three streams the while—and another I had to remain for three hours under a great beech with roots all unearthed, and years upon years of dead leaves under his shade, listening to the rain plashings.

[*Letter unfinished.*]

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

NEW ROSS, 15/16 August 1854.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—I send an instalment of the second series of *Day and Night Songs* to you *officially*, as my associate in the forthcoming volume—otherwise, you should never see a verse till all was settled and

¹ See Appendix, page 299.

arranged. Don't say it doesn't, for it does spoil the effect of any work of art to show it bit by bit and in progress. I was disgusted at having to show you "the Music Master" prematurely. You will never love my Muse so well after catching her in curl-papers—but it can't be helped.

Do you know, I have now a young Music Master, alive and noisy, lodging in the room below me—and he is organist of the Romish Chapel too. So while I am improving my "Music Master" upstairs, I hear the actual M.M. improving himself on the Piano below,—the actual sometimes coming into collision with the ideal and putting him to flight.

I don't think you will find anything very suggestive of illustration in the enclosed—but I want Routledge to admit a few small head and tail-pieces, to connect, as it were, the letterpress with the larger designs, and Mr. Warne (the light coloured man who seems to chiefly manage the business at Farringdon Street) does not dissent, but says they will wait till they look upon the other designs first.

Their great object seems to be to avoid the necessity of printing by hand instead of in an ordinary press. The eight designs will be printed separately from the letterpress. Whether a simple tail-piece, such as a bird or a flower (I like such in a book, myself) could or could not be printed in the ordinary way along with the letterpress, I don't know. When you are passing Farringdon Street you will perhaps have a word or two with Mr. Warne about it?—best, perhaps, after sending in some of the other designs.

Rossetti, I believe, thinks of honouring me with one. I think it was you first told me that he thought of it. I have sent him two little legendary things as perhaps likely to elicit something. Mark, I cannot arrange the new volume, nor, consequently, send the MS. to Routledge, till I know where the eight designs are to come in, as it wouldn't do to have all the plums

in one corner of the pudding ; so let me know your decision as to them, like a good fellow, as soon as you can.

It never struck me till this question of pictorial illustration came, how little dramatic action there is in my poetry—this I believe to be partly the result of an innate preference for the lyrical, but partly of accidental circumstances, for I much enjoy and value the dramatic element. The greatest difficulty in any art perhaps is, to present the dramatic thoroughly, without “o’erstepping the modesty of nature.” Because you see, you must at once satisfy the passionate sympathies and the critical judgment—which are much opposed in general.

MacCracken !—and he has been throwing cold water on her who had “too much.” *Did* he lose by the fair “Ophelia” ? I thought not. Who owns the picture now ? Cut MacC. by all means. Partly because he is a “frightful scoundrel,” but mainly because he hath little money. Perhaps the subject is too painful a one to jest upon. Who will *buy you*, when MacCrack is at an end ?

Do you intend “Orlando” for the Academy Exhibition next year ? This is a woodland country and I often see a treebole with moss and ivy that brings your picture and self into my head. Sycamores are already turning sere. But they are but shabby trees at any time—except just in early spring. I never saw an oak I cared for. The elm is rather fuzzy and ill-mannered-looking. I like ash and birch and chestnut and thorn—but beech best of all—it is so cheerful, unaffected and friendly.

I feel very glad that Munro has cast my head. I am going to write to him, when (voice drops to a whisper) I have or am about to have some tin in hand to reimburse, as agreed, for the expenses of said. What drains me is that I have just been paying £10 for Boyce’s “Landscape,” at the Portland Gallery. I

like it no less than ever, but would (under circumstances) sell it for same money. It is now, I believe, at Green's in Charles Street.

I would also sell, if I could, Millais' "Mountebank" (it is at Mr. Monckton Milnes').—Let me know if you should hear of anyone likely to buy.

Best regards to Munro.

Did he make a speech at Oldham? If so, let me have it. Or did he leave the bust to speak for itself? I suppose at the end of half a century or so he'll be coming over to Ballyshannon—Tell him to be sure and visit Lough Erne when he is in that neighbourhood.—Ever yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Friday [September 1854].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—*Don't suppose I could not give you heaps of satisfactory reasons for my long silence were it not that it would be boring you too much.* I think it therefore much more Christian in me to spare you and myself such recitals and to come at once to the matter of the illustrations as they stand.

The Routledges sent me six blocks, one of which Rossetti has for his design. I have given in and been paid for "Lady Alice" and "Oh were my love," and am now engaged on the two "Music Masters" and a subject I have drawn from "The Fairies" (generally approved of); that completes the blocks I have received so far. Sketches of all these I ought to have sent you, but I think I have designed them in the best way I am able and the time now is so short. These five subjects are all I know about at present, but please suppress your indignation until I can see Rossetti (whom I have been hunting up every day since getting your last, but have not succeeded in

hunting down yet, to know if he intends to design the children, or "the Maids of Elfin-mere," or both), and until I know, on giving in these blocks, I am at present doing what more the Routledges will have, for Mr. Warne is particularly careful of committing himself on that matter. The children design *must* be carried out I think, and I eagerly recommended some tail-pieces which, connecting the letter-press and page illustration, would improve the appearance of the book immensely I think, and I hope he will agree to it when I take in my next. Then I should like very much to make something to the "Lover and Birds"—a tail-piece for instance of the Lover on the ground and robin over his head would conclude it very prettily I think—and again "The Pilot's Daughter," but that seems so perfect already, somehow or other I cannot fancy a design of the figures would other than cumber it, and be a nuisance, and the person of the poet is a great difficulty to treat. I thought a tail-piece to that of simply stars and sea would be an appropriate finish—solemnly and tellingly done—in a circle. What do you think?

I hope you will attribute the lateness of the wood drawings to my intense anxiety to carry them out well, and in your next send me a very gracious forgiveness. I ought to have written to tell of the receipt of your poems at once; but I am able *now* to say that the admiration I felt on reading them at first has not all diminished, on the contrary rather increased, with my longer acquaintance; so now I know I am in your favor again, and being near post time will conclude. Pray write as soon as possible if you have any suggestions to make.

Doing a book I find rather an onerous matter; I shall write again as soon as I see either of the Rossettis and till then believe me, ever yours faithfully,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

I open my letter to say that Rossetti just sends me word but in great haste that he believes he shall stick to the "Maids of Elfin-Mere," but I expect from his letter he is somewhat uncertain. Goodbye—write soon.¹

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

NEW ROSS, 4 October 1854,
Wednesday.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—When your last note came I was in a state of disgust—not with you, but with my own poetical compositions, after poring over them so long. Routledge might have bought my copyright (which *will* be extremely valuable, of course) for half a crown and a glass of bitter ale. I recovered out of this condition and sent off the MS. of the new volume last week. It is arranged thus :

Day and Night Songs, 1st Series.

"The Music Master," a Love Story. (N.B. much improved.)

"An Autumn Evening."

Day and Night Songs, 2nd series.

.

I am greatly alive to the honour of appearing in such splendid fashion. I assure you sincerely that at the same time I feel ashamed of the somewhat sudden and premature glorification, and desire, with reference to the "artists," that their work for its own sake may be properly brought out, and stand on its own merits. I can't compete with Tennyson—but you and Rossetti can easily with Millais, who is to draw for Moxon's forthcoming edition.

I was at the sea on Sunday, where with sun and bright waves the "Goddess of Bathing" (see Clough's

¹ Rossetti did "stick" to the "Maids of Elfin-Mere," and his beautiful drawing is now the Frontispiece of Allingham's *Flower Pieces*.

"Bothie" for this new deity) wooed me into her chaste embrace—the first time for a century. How delightful it is! and how *good* one feels after it! How I hate these *inland* seaports! yet it is very pretty, here at Ross (the natives call it "Ross"—and so do officials, and half our letters in consequence go to the Man of Ross's town in Herefordshire)—it's pretty to see the masts of a large vessel winding among the green fields and groves, or the square sails of a fleet of gabbards or of "Carracauns," as they call the heavy boats that ply upon the river. The rowing of these (when they can't sail) is peculiar looking. Two men standing on a level with the gunwale sway the two immensely long and heavy oars. They lean on them and lift them, walk forward several steps, let the great blades sink into the water, then fling themselves backward almost horizontally, and slowly recoil, making the pull with their whole weight. I promised to send you a sketch of Ross and made one, but can't find it. Where are you now? I had a letter from Munro from Oxford.

To recur to the Great Bore—do look at the MS. if you have time, and let me know about the tail-pieces &c., and if you think they would come in well at *the end* of each division of the volume?

Are you in a cheerful temper—if so read another extract from Routledge's letter—"especially to spur him (Mr. Hughes understood) along a little quicker or it will be doomsday before the work gets out."

But I shan't spur you—nor you're not to kick Routledge neither. Only, don't be longer than you can help, as it would be a pity if the book were to miss the Christmas season.—Ever yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[ARTHUR HUGHES' to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Monday, November 27th, 1854.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Opening upon you after such an interval I hardly know how to begin, but here goes at the old story of illustrations. Upon a note from the Routledges I carried my last drawings in to them one day last week, being at that time waiting for Rossetti's drawing which is *still wanting*, but I am expecting to hear from him every post. He is now at Finchley painting, where I paid him a visit a fortnight since and found the drawing in the "Maids of Elfin-Mere" half done. The second time—for he made the maidens spinning left-handed first—and foolishly I think began it afresh in consequence, for none but old women I fancy, who could neither appreciate poem or drawing, would have recognised the mistake. I believe Rossetti's backwardness is very much owing to me, and daresay it would have been done before this, but from knowing how much behind I was with mine until very lately. I believe fully it is done by this, and will not let him rest until it is forthcoming.

I drew the tail-piece you suggested for the concluding verses (are they concluded?) and it came better than I expected at first. I made a round window, but was compelled to leave out the tendrils—but I believe you will like it still: I only hope you will like my drawings generally. I'm in a state of fear and trembling with regard to them.

When you feel inclined shall be glad to hear from you, and with remembrances from Munro, believe me,—Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

NEW ROSS, 4 January 1855.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—A Happy New Year to you ! You owe me a note, so I shan't oppress your conscience with more than a few lines now.

Routledge hasn't sent me a proof yet, nor told me a word for ever so long about my volume—about which I am beginning to be a little fidgetty, and to wish it off hands. I have written to-day to Rossetti and to Millais ; moreover to Mr. Warne, of Routledge and Co.,—asking how matters stand. Your doings on my behalf are, I doubt not, all done by this time.

I began the verses for the beginning and end of the volume, but on further consideration (it is a great secret in art never to hurry—don't you think so ? Gabriel does—) resolved that it would be better without them. But the designs can stand, all the same.

I was very glad to read yesterday—though it was but in *The Critic*—a civil enough notice of your "Rosamund." Were I in London, wouldn't I act as your *F.B.*, my boy ! (see *Newcomes*). Was it the small picture I saw you at work upon ? Is it sold ? I hope to see your "Orlando" in the R. Academy this year : Rossetti tells me you have improved it wonderfully.

The weather now is too mild and mawkish for the time o' year. Would there were a frost !

The accounts from the war¹ are dreadful. I published a war-ode in the beginning of last year, without due consideration ; of which I repented afterwards,—but before we came to blood,—and withdrew it from sale in the separate form ; putting also a short recantation into *The Critic*, the only paper open to it.

¹ With Russia.

'Tisn't that I say the war is wrong, but that I feel these affairs to be out of the reach of my judgment, and myself, very luckily, out of the necessity of judging.—
Excuse haste, and believe me, ever yours sincerely,

W. ALLINGHAM.

Pray present my best wishes for the New Year to Munro and to Miss Munro. Do you paint at Chatham Place at all?

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

LANE, BALLYSHANNON, 12th July 1855.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—I have had a letter to you in my ink-bottle any time these two months, but let it lie there during the dust and bother of a transmigration from New Ross to this my native place—which is not so pretty as *that*, but friendlier, and far nearer the sea, within three miles, that is. I had a superlative plunge at seven this morning. In bathing only can you carry the enthusiasm of your idea fully and immediately into execution by a literal swoop headforemost. I must write a poem on Bathing, an excellent subject, and may study for it here *ad infinitum*, for the people bathe in all places and manner of ways, without ceremony or bathing boxes. We have hot cloudy weather, broken now and again with thunder and sudden cataracts of rain which leave golden evenings after them and a fresher air.

About our volume—I think we look very well. Don't you? The every-day impressions of the woodcuts please me better than the *wirier* proofs, and I think yours are most of them perceptibly enhanced by the final touches. Most people agree with me in praising you most for "The Fairies" and for "Milly listening." Millais's design is very popular and deserves it—(though not very illustrative). Some

like Rossetti's best of all, which is encouraging for P.R.B. in as far as en- or dis-couragement can lie in the verdicts of a very petty jury. From my experience as to poems I incline to believe that any man who has *three* friends in all the world whose opinions are valuable on a work of art is a very lucky fellow. At the same time the mass of vulgar notions, even, is not to be wholly disregarded. The skill is to perceive in them the drop, if there, of genuine criticism and distil it out.

I am hoping to pay a ten days' visit to London very soon—arriving next week if I can.

Perhaps you still go to Chatham Place? If so, you can easily dive into Surrey Street, Strand, and find out for me is there still an Hotel as of old at *No. 30*, opposite Howard Street. Pray drop me a line with the result. Ask for a card. It is my old haunt, but the man is dead.

I hope none of you will be so barbarous as to be in the country when I go to Town.—Ever sincerely yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

6 UPPER BELGRAVE PLACE, *Thursday* [1855].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am at length able to send you the drawings you were good enough to covet, having got them at last out of the clutches of unsuccessful photography. Writing this under a visitation of fog such as you see nowhere but here I expect. You are free of such an atmosphere I trust. Your last letters at all events have breathed of the Sea pretty much—I should think your recreation *in* the water is over now. I suppose an extra long note is due from one who writes so seldom as I, but I have neither news nor thoughts worth supplying the want of news. You see I am still troubled with that un-

affected modesty which has always so stood in the way of my advancement.

Do you know D. G. R. and Munro are in Paris together, closing the Exhibition I suppose, tho' I rather expect the presence of Miss Siddal¹ in that Capital of pleasure was the stronger inducement for Rossetti's journey there. He has been making lots of lovely water-colors lately, most of them for Ruskin—which brings me to a matter of my own in connection with that Great Writer. You remember the picture of a girl you saw unfinished—and suggested my calling "Hide and Seek"—now completed and rejoicing in the more graceful title of "April Love."² Ruskin saw, went into enthusiastic admiration, and brought his Father to try and induce him to purchase it, but alas fate willed otherwise, altho' the old gentleman's enthusiasm equalled if not surpassed Ruskin Junior's, I believe—and now Goodbye, if you care to write on safe arrival of these invaluable works of Art—tell me all you think about *Maud*, because I like *Maud* very much and hear you do not.

Goodbye. Ever yours, ARTHUR HUGHES.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR HUGHES.]

LANE, BALLYSHANNON, 19 November 1855.

MY DEAR HUGHES,—Many thanks for the two designs, which, hung up in my room, shall often bring the Designer to recollection. One bad effect they have, depreciation of the woodcuts, to which they are wonderfully superior. I often think if I were a painter I would learn to etch, and to do it well. Most painters' etchings look like apprentice-work, and have a timid wiry unnatural look. I suppose this is partly from the nature of etching, but more might be done,

¹ Afterwards Mrs. D. G. Rossetti.

² "April Love." Bought by William Morris at the Royal Academy Exhibition.

and is, sometimes. Certainly, an inventive pictorial artist ought not to be content with painting a picture a year, for exhibition (or rejection) by the Royal Academy. There is a wider public nowadays than ever before, and the artist aforesaid should communicate in a swifter and more copious current his fine experiences; nor need he therefore neglect the more elaborate mode of expression, for the more a man does the more he can do. What is come of the circulating Portfolio? Is it becalmed in Blackfriars Bay, or the Port of Pimlico? Or has it made a successful voyage round the world of P.R.B.? The painter is happier than the poet in this, that the latter's work must be *completed*, as well as he is able, before it assumes its value, the former's may be perfect as an outline, a sketch, an etching, a finished picture—besides that if true to nature it always has a value in itself, irrespective of subject. (N.B. this paragraph and the preceding one should be transposed.)

Why then *didn't* Ruskin buy your Girl? Not to buy is preposterous in a rich enthusiastic man. Why not, on your part (since you are modest) propose to take his bill at four months? Tell me what you are doing. I see Munro's name in *The Athenæum* again, under the head of "Winter Exhibition." Judging by the description of the pictures there, I must have seen them all at least a dozen times already. In like manner one is perfectly acquainted, by second-sight or twenty-second sight, with three-fourths of next year's R.A. gallery.

Why should I write to you about *Maud*, Because you like it and I don't? Now that's the very reason in all the world for not saying a word about it. Where would be the use? Admiration of *Maud* is not a heresy, because Tennyson's hand is recognizable throughout, and may therefore be safely left to its own development, or decline, as the case may be.

Now if you were an enthusiast for Longwinded-

fellow's *Hiawatha*, I might try to preach to you—No ! I would in that case burn all your letters, send back the drawings by post, &c. &c.

I am lying in wait for Browning's *Men and Women*. *The Athenæum* I see has a *semi-sensible* and wholly idiotic notice of it, which I resolved not to read, but have read I believe.

I wish some one would tell me a little more news of my friends in London. What's become of Woolner ? has he given you all the slip again ? What an excellent and delicious poem that of Browning's ! The only quality Browning wants, to be perfect, is a little stupidity. He said to me at parting three years ago, "If I write a hundred books I will send them all to you"—I hope he won't forget. He was in London lately, I heard.

"The Sea ?" yes, the sea is cold and gusty now, and the River's banks brim with a cold flood. The leaves are fallen or rusty, the blackbirds pick haws in the hedge, the bare empty fields stretch gray into the early twilight and dim clouds stoop over the mountains. But rain and fog keep off, and would you were here to walk with me in these desolate fields !

Yours, my dear Hughes, W. ALLINGHAM.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

6 UPPER BELGRAVE PLACE, *November 24, 1856.*

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks for your letter, and the Bessie Parkes,¹ whose sketches fully justify the high opinion I had formed of her mental endowments from the admiration you told me my pictures had excited in her ; but joking aside—I do admire her sketches and begin to think between ourselves, that *ourselves excepted* the women of this generation are surpassing the men.

¹ Afterwards Madame Belloc.

I was with Rossetti on Saturday when I was induced by that insignificant and jealous rival to put my head inside a helmet weighing several pounds—upon the pretext of introducing it in a picture, but really in the mean hope of seriously damaging my brain, which however you see is unimpaired, probably on account of its powerful development.

Munro has been cutting all over Great Britain : he is settled at home again now—and sends his love. I am doing nothing worth telling you of—but will do myself the vain glory of sending you a puff in print with a hideous accompaniment just out—and so good-bye—hoping I may again hear from you soon, believe me very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BUCKLAND TERRACE,
MAIDSTONE, KENT, *December 5, 1859.*

“Now do write and cheer me up, I hear from nobody.” That I suppose, my dear, is the reason nobody hears from somebody ; howsumever my dear Allingham, I am very glad to hear from you if it is only the scratch of good wishes I get this time.

News, what news can I give you. Rossetti of course first, he’s doing an immense *tryptych* (is that spelt right ?) for Llandaff Cathedral¹—just beginning—it’s awfully jolly—and also a big “Jesus and Mary Magdalene”—also awfully jolly ; has actually tidied up his room and hung his drawings on the wall, which seems almost too good a joke, but truth is sometimes as strange as fiction, and so it *is*. His brother is less changed I think, pursues his serene and angel-like way as usual, dear old buffers—both. I don’t know nothink of nobody else.

¹ Rossetti’s *tryptych* is called “The Seed of David.”

The Hogarth has just issued cards to view things, but nothing much there ; a drawing of Rossetti's and sketches awfully good by Jones, that is all. Hunt hasn't finished his large picture yet I believe. The last time I saw him he had just returned from Alex Reed's from a boxing lesson. By the way before I forget, let me mention I didn't like "Sir Marmaduke Pole" at all. Before, it was something like "their priests" of Browning's, which it don't remind one of now, but still I don't think it is quite so readable as it was. I liked the "Æolian," that appeared just before I think, awfully tho', I think it the best of all perhaps. It seems to me you might make a very pretty book to that title, if you could make your harp at the "wind's sweet will" play a little more variously : the harps have all been rather alike so far, sad, sun-downy. "The wind doth blow as it lists all ways" and at all times, 'scuse me please Sir. I aint a doing nothink new much. I hope if you come over this summer you'll see some old friends that have been long in hand, finished : don't think you have seen my "King's Orchard," best thing I've done yet I believe ; that might easily be, eh ? very well then if you think so, same to you. If a great work called "Welcome Guest," penny a week, comes your way, in the Christmas supp. price "*tuppence*" you'll find a drawing by *us*. Very bad in consequence of the gent having had half his face taken off in the cutting, the farthest half if you look at it. Not that it is worth your looking after, if it had it on, howsumdever, as I said before.

Well there is a letter, and I shall cut it—you can't want more like *this* so good bye with all good wishes from me and mine.—Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BARMING ROAD, MAIDSTONE, KENT,
Sunday [February 1860].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Very many thanks for your book.¹ You have made a delicious collection tho' I wish you had put in the "Queen of the Forest"—by the way did you print that in *Fraser* once? and if you did as I think, will you be such an angel as to let me know what number I shall find it in. Why don't you write to a poor mortal sometimes—poor mortal would be so glad.

I was with Munro in London yesterday; he seems quite flourishing and with a beard that elicits admiration wherever he goes; he's doing lots of things for the Academy of course, tho' he *has* been half dead this winter with cold and cough. Miss Munro is jolly, too. On Friday I saw the Rossettis, Stephens, and all of your artistic friends I think, at the Hogarth, where Boyce has some marvellously lovely things: has made a great stride tho' his things were always remarkably good. Rossetti has lately painted a most beautiful head, a marigold background, such a superb thing, so awfully lovely. Boyce has bought it, and will I expect kiss the dear thing's lips away before you come over to see it. When are you coming out with a selection of your own? isn't it time? Very good opportunity since the Great Alfred has rather dulled the lustre of his glorious *Idylls (King's)* of late I think, in the Magazines, don't you? I wish he'd only publish books, tho' we ought to be glad I suppose to get him anyhow. Gabriel is certainly looking tremendously well, not to say fat. William as he used, but a marvellous swell in another sense. Stevens just as usual. Now do come over and be seen by me this summer, there's a temptation! and meanwhile

¹ *Nightingale Valley.*

68 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

do write directly to give me the information I asked in the beginning.—Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

My little wifey begs to thank you for her share of the book with the pretty name.

[ARTHUR HUGHES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Thursday Night, February 15, 1872.

[CROWN INN, EAST BURNHAM.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Here we are, the Missis, myself and Godfrey, all perfectly sober—having reached this early to-day and found the old trees as usual; weather dull but quite in keeping with our sobriety and theirs—very very delightful to all the senses, eyes and nose especially—all very solemn indeed now—but cheering up wonderfully when a glimpse of the sun lights upon the green moss and brown heather. I've carved and painted the bark of Rosalind's tree to-day and bethought me that you spoke of possibly going to-night (Friday)—to-morrow rather—to Stephens, and in that case and your opening this first I venture to beg you would describe slightly the scheme of my "As you like it," to him. He has asked me and I felt first awkward—fear of not getting done by the R.A. and my genius not being in the habit of condescending to deliver herself aptly in words—whereas yours!! but, etc.! I will say no more—wouldn't I be grateful, and now that's over, and if you did not go to Stephens' wouldn't it be nice to see you walk in here neither! We've wilets in the winder and outside the moist scents about would set you up for a month and break the heart of Rimmel and all that dwell in the house of Rimmel only possibly they haven't got any—and so meanwhile believe me.—Ever yours,

ARTHUR HUGHES.

We come home on Saturday.

Allingham had now come to live in London, and personal intercourse took the place of correspondence between the friends.

SIR ROBERT BALL, ASTRONOMER ROYAL

We give a short letter from Sir Robert Ball. He had seen Allingham in 1881 at the British Association meeting at York; and also when it was held in Cornwall, some years before.

[SIR ROBERT BALL *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE OBSERVATORY, DUNSINK,
COUNTY DUBLIN,
February 24, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter and for the very beautiful lines “In a Cottage Garden.”¹ The words will be extremely appropriate and I hope to close my lecture on Tuesday by quoting

“But, number every grain of sand
Wherever salt wave touches land;
Number in single drops the sea;
Number the leaves on every tree;
Number Earth’s living creatures, all
That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl;
Of sands, drops, leaves, and lives, the count
Add up into one vast amount;
And then, for every separate one
Of all those, let a flaming SUN
Whirl in the boundless skies, with each
Its massy planets, to outreach
All sight, all thought: for all we see,
Encircled with Infinity,
Is but an island.”

I thank you much for giving me such a beautiful thought expressed in such exquisite language.

It is very kind of you to say what you do with regard to my lectures and it cheered me to read your letter just before my lecture last Tuesday. When-

¹ The poem, “In a Garden,” is given in the Appendix, page 297.

ever I think of the subject I can see nothing but my own defects of which I am painfully conscious.

I gave your message of remembrance from York to Sir Samuel Ferguson, and if he were at hand I feel sure he would reciprocate your words. He is now our much esteemed President of the Royal Irish Academy. He possesses in an eminent degree the graces appropriate to such a dignity.

Sitting at the Council table it is a real pleasure to listen to the elegance with which he delivered himself on the various matters small and great which come up for discussion.

I remember well our trip to Eddystone. Has not a new one ¹ been since built in which a tragedy seems to have been barely avoided?—Yours very truly,

ROBERT BALL.

THE REV. WILLIAM BARNES

Allingham had a warm personal regard for William Barnes, whose poems in the Dorset dialect he was one of the first to appreciate.

On page 126 of the *Diary* there is mention of a visit with Barnes to Farringford; and later (page 156) Allingham and Tennyson call on Barnes at Came Rectory, near Dorchester.

[WILLIAM BARNES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DORCHESTER, DORSET,
7 August 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you heartily for your welcome and highly esteemed gift of a volume of your pure-thoughted and happily worded Poems which I shall keep with great care for the high pleasure which I shall always find in the reading of them, as well as

¹ Eddystone Lighthouse, as it now stands, was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh, May 1882.

for the gratifying assurance which they afford me that my own effusions have been felt worthy of some attention from a man of true genius.

The wisdom of the reflections of your poetry : the originality of its thoughts : and the happy fitness and purity of its language,—which as to these qualities pleases me beyond any English of modern writers—will make your book a lucky addition to my poetic library.

I cannot be otherwise than very proud of the honor you have done me in your “Poets and Flowers,” though I fear your kindness has placed [me] so high that I must with shame take a lower seat.

I shall be at any time happy to hear from you, and am—Dear sir, your thankful servant,

WILLIAM BARNES.

W. Allingham Esq.
(Ballyshannon).

[WILLIAM BARNES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DORCHESTER, 21st May 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I have let your last kind letter lie so long unanswered that it would hardly seem as if I had to thank you for so much pleasure as it afforded me.

I am truly proud of the good opinion you have of my rural ditties. I esteem highly the praise of a good poet who must therefore be a good judge of poetry ; and of good minds among the lower classes who rate poetry by its touching powers, without the prejudice of established rules—but I care little for the opinions of critics who fancy they are qualified to give judgment upon what they can try by nothing better than a worthless idiosyncrasy or fashion of the day.

The first Edition of my *Rural Poems* was published in 1844, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* took them as

the subject of the leading review of the month, and you gave me praise that was worth all my labour, while *The Athenæum* dismissed them with little more than the significant question whether it was worth while to write what nobody would read.

Your favourable opinion of the pieces is the more gratifying to me as those which seem to have recommended themselves to your mind, are the best in my own judgment.

I cannot say they are popular among the peasants of Dorset, though I know some of them have been said or sung by swains at harvest homes and Christmas gatherings, and maids [in] more than one house have taken my book from the drawing-room library, and tittered at a stolen reading of it in the kitchen.

I did not knowingly ground any of the pieces on former ditties, though many of them were written from incidents and places of the neighbourhood of my early life—the Vale of Blackmore, “Rob the Fiddler” was a man of flesh and blood. “The brook that runn’d by gramfer’s” washed the meadows of my grandfather’s farm at *Manston*.

“*Be’mi’ster*” is Beaminster in the Vale of Marwood. “*Shodon Fiair*” is the yearly fair holden at the village of *Shroton* under Hambledon Hill, near Blandford, where as a boy I have often increased the discordant sounds of the day by that of my penny trumpet.

“What Dick and I done” was done by two farmer’s sons in the Vale of Blackmore, and

“The wold waggon” was a true waggon, drawn by four horses that answered to the names of those described as the old waggon’s team.

I assure you your poems are great favourites with my children : I often find that they have disappeared from my study, and recover them from the dining or drawing room.

I do greatly admire the strength and fitness of

your language, and your many beautiful strokes of speech as well as gleams of high ideality. You even extorted some praise from *The Athenæum*, which I suppose is a token that nobody can, with a good face, withhold it from you.

I shall be always proud to receive a communication from you, and am—Dear sir, yours very truly,

WM. BARNES.

W. Allingham Junr. Esq.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM BARNES.]

SANDHILLS, WITLEY, GODALMING,
July 16, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES,—I think of you very often, and long to hear some news of you. We have been living here four years in a beautiful region of woods, hills and commons. Tennyson's hill, Blackdown, is opposite our windows, six miles off, and we often see him, tho' it is further than we could wish. He is close on his seventy-sixth birthday, unchanged in mind and not much changed in body by these last ten years. He walks two or three hours every day, and goes on writing—has lately done an Irish piece,¹ and honoured me by much consultation about "brogue." But the truth is, I don't much like "brogue" pieces, and have myself tried to manage Irish subjects with a minimum of that flavouring. A "brogue" is not a dialect. I suppose the word has been transferred, to express a rustic and clumsy gait in speech, from its original meaning—a rough shoe.

I hope, my dear and honoured friend, that you are well and able still to feel that Poetry is one of the realest and richest possessions of Man. You have very certainly added to the general store of that wealth.

¹ "To-morrow."

My wife, who belongs to the Old Water Colour Society, is happier here than ever before in her life, painting out of doors as much as possible. What a good lot, to feel the truest pleasure in one's work and at the same time that one is providing for the pleasure of others. She is now engaged on a series of "Surrey Cottages," for exhibition by themselves next year in London, and in this making record of many beautiful old things that are disappearing from the earth. For myself, I continue to write, in verse and prose, but with yearly increasing distaste for the existing condition of literature (so-called) and publication. I am writing twelve sonnets¹—"Flowers and Months"—some of which have appeared in *The Athenæum*. Accept a copy of the last written, and just coming out. January has the Daisy; February the Snowdrop; March, Daffodil; April, Primrose; May, Hawthorn; June, Wildrose; July, Honeysuckle; August, Meadow-sweet; September, Heather; October—? with warmest regards and good wishes,—I am ever sincerely yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

[WILLIAM BARNES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE RECTORY, WINTERBOURNE CAME,
DORCHESTER [*July* 1885].

MY DEAR Mr. ALLINGHAM,—Welcome to me was your letter and I am glad to learn that you [are] even better than simply well. You were lost not only from my sight but from my knowledge of your abode, though I had heard that you had a "Light of the House" in a gifted lady of whose happiness in her art, and the warblings of your lyre I am glad to hear.

I must congratulate you on your sample of the not very easy form of poem, the Sonnet. My daughter snapped it up for her scrap book.

¹ All are in *Flower Pieces*.

When next you see the "*vates sacer*" Tennyson, will you give him my most kindly greeting. I am glad of the honor which he has brought on Bardship.

I have been for some months under a rheumatic nerve-ache all over the body, but am thankful to be getting over it though writing is not quite painless to me.—I am, dear Mr. Allingham, yours ever truly,

WM. BARNES.

P.S.—Is Godalming on a more or less broad strip of flat meadow-land by the side of a stream?—one meaning of "ING." W. B.¹

This letter appeared in lithograph on page 342 of the *Diary*. Barnes died the year after, in 1886.

WILLIAM BLACK

At the time that William Black wrote to him, Allingham was living in Chelsea, and seeing Carlyle several times a week.

[WILLIAM BLACK to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

REFORM CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W., *July* 5 [1875].

MY DEAR SIR,—It has always been one of the few ambitions of my life to see Carlyle face-to-face: a dozen years ago I used to wander about Chelsea in the hope of meeting him somewhere about the streets. Is it making too great a demand on you—supposing you and he happened to be talking some evening about the impertinent curiosity of strangers—to suggest that you might ask him whether he would be disposed to give me a five minutes interview?

¹ Godalming lies on flat meadow-land through which the river winds.

I am not the correspondent of an American paper ; but I should like to see one of my heroes.—Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM BLACK.

A reference to the *Diary*, page 238, will show that the coveted introduction was duly brought about by Allingham, when Carlyle's enquiry of "Well, Sir—and when are you going to seriously set about writing a book?" must have not a little astonished the popular novelist.

[WILLIAM BLACK *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE,
BRIGHTON, *June 29* [1884].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I don't think I ever wrote to you to thank you—as I do now most heartily—for sending us the delightful *Blackberries*:¹ I have been away a great deal during the past few months, and my correspondence has suffered in consequence.

But I have had many an imaginary ramble with you all the same—around Bramble-Hill ; and hope to have many more ; for it is a book one can take up at any moment, sure to find some fruitful text. The introductory motto is in itself delightful.

I hope Mrs. Allingham is well, and enjoying this brilliant June weather.

We both of us hope to see you and her in Brighton some day—if you will take the trouble to make the journey: at present, however, we are living in a furnished house, as the roof was accidentally burned off our own house some two months ago.—
Yours very faithfully, WILLIAM BLACK.

¹ Volume of short poems by Allingham.

MADAME BODICHON

Madame Bodichon was a friend of many years' standing.

Of striking personality, clever, rich, generous, with enthusiasms for many good movements, especially for the higher education of women,—she had a wide circle of friends and admirers.

She was one of the Founders of Girton College, Cambridge : and was always ready to give sympathy and a helping-hand to young students of literature and art.

Madame Bodichon had a very considerable gift for painting : there are some really fine pictures by her ; but her many interests, and, perhaps, her independent means and position in society, told against her giving the time and study required to make an entirely successful artist.

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Wednesday, 5, BLANDFORD SQUARE, N.W.
[July 1862].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—It is a great shame of your London friends not to write to you, I know what it is to be away from London, and though I have much more in Africa than you at Ballyshannon I can feel for you, for I am always rejoiced when I see the *facteur* plodding up the asphodel field, and I rush down to seize the fat packet of papers, books, and letters with great delight.

Bessie Parkes gave me your letter in the carriage on Monday night as we were rolling off to the "Portfolio" party, she with her poem, very sentimental, on "Separation" (the given subject), and I with my drawing, two bulls fighting and a man separating them on the top of a hill with a yellow sunset behind.

The party was very pleasant to me because it is always pleasant to see old friends after six months absence, and the "Portfolio" was originated at 5 Blandford Square tho' now it goes on at Eaton Square, and

I and my sister Nannie always look on it as our child. Later we went to another party, very grand, Michael Chevalier, Cobden and so on, there.

Last night, Tuesday, there was a great affair at the Parkes's, and Dr. Bodichon introduced four Algerians, one a splendid Arab in his bournous, camelhair cord round his head and so on.

W. Rossetti and his sister were there in mourning for poor Mrs. D. G. R. ; they said D. G. R. was very well and going to live in a fine old house at Chelsea, built before Queen Elizabeth's time, and perhaps they might all join him. This party was very lively and Bessie Parkes as usual an excellent hostess.

This is a fair specimen of evenings. For days I have been hard at work at the old school (near eight years old) inspecting, &c. ; and then there is the Female Emigration which I am very anxious to see going. I throw in with my letter one from Maria Rye, which will give you a glimpse in that direction ; the meeting will be held to-night here.

After to-day we shall all be swallowed up in the Social Science and the *Congrès de Bienfaisance*. I have never seen any of these meetings and it will interest me much.

Interrupted by a box of lovely flowers from Combe Hurst where I know you have been : you knew my cousin Blanche and Arthur Clough ; she seems as if she would never recover that loss, and I do not wonder for he was a rare nature and I think a true poet.

I see your poems in *The Athenæum* always with pleasure, one about ever-greens is fixed in my mind specially.

I wish you could see my pictures. I have been ambitious and had a disappointment—refused at the R.A.—I sent a monster in oil. I am not disheartened at all and I love my art more than ever—in fact more in proportion to other loves than ever for I confess the

enthusiasm with which I used to leave my easel and go to teach at the school or help Bessie in her affairs is wearing off, and if it were not that at thirty-five one has acquired habits which happily cannot be broken I should not go on as I do ; I could not *begin* as I used ten years ago at any of these dusty dirty attempts to help one's poor fellow creatures, and it is quite natural that my life abroad and out of doors should make me more enterprising for boar-hunts or painting excursions, than for long sojourns in stifling rooms with miserable people. I think of the "Palace of art" and know it is my temptation—but that is enough of that.

Have you read *Les Misérables*? much that is absurd and disgusting in it but also bits of power and truth very uncommon—when Jean Valjean goes to give himself up, what a fine part!

I do not like the *Victoria Regia*¹ (which by the bye does not pay after all the fuss), but I do like your "Little Dell" very much ; I know it quite well, mine is near Hastings.

Thursday, 5th.

This letter is the longest I shall write this season probably ; but Bessie Parkes said she had promised you a letter from me, so I have made great efforts to accomplish it.

The Howitts are all gone to North Wales and I have not seen A. M. H. W.² this year, but her letters are always a greater substitute for personal intercourse than anyone else's, do you not think so?

I have heard that the spirits have deserted her, but not from herself. From her I heard that she was not well and longed for mountains. I do not wonder.

¹ A volume subscribed for at a guinea, edited by Adelaide Procter and printed by Emily Faithful at the Victoria Press. Allingham, at Miss Procter's request, contributed a poem, "The Little Dell" (it is given on page 41 of *Flower Pieces*).

² William Howitt's daughter Anna Mary, married to Mr. Alfred Alaric Watts.

London is delightful only if one has plenty of strength, and I begin already to feel, as I always do, that the air, the physical air, is so dead—no stimulus in it—while the moral and intellectual air is much too full of stimulus.

I could not live in London and I pity all who must. It is curious how much alike people get who live always here.

To-day the Social Science opens with a service at Westminster Abbey, I think I shall go at 3 P.M. and so leave off.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

B. L. S. BODICHON.

[MADAME BODICHON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 BLANDFORD SQUARE, N.W.,
August 2nd, 1863.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I was very glad to have a letter from you and to know that you like life better at Lymington than in London. I am sure I could not live here, the air is reason enough against London if there were no other, it is just to me the most oppressive depressing air I ever breathed and it is just here one wants brisk mountain air ; there is great stimulus for the mind and none for the body, and so I get in two months a longing and gasping for pure air which I thank God I can always satisfy. We are only now waiting for a wedding to be over, which is to take place from our house, and then we shall go down to that cottage in the woods of Sussex.¹

You know Ellen A—— I think ; the mistress of our school—well ! she it is who is going to be married, and as she has been eight years working with me I must see her safely into her new life : this marriage is what the world calls good because she, a

¹ Scaland's Gate, near Robertsbridge, belonging to Madame Bodichon.

penniless lass, marries a man with £2000 a year : for me, I *hope* it will be good, but he is a Roman Catholic and very *dévot* ; and already bullies her, and calls her a pagan ! because she is about where you are in belief. This marriage is a great up-rooting of one of my interests in life because it has made me give up the school ; I know no one I can trust to carry it on and so it is wiser to stop. It is the individual that makes the work and I have no faith in Schools, institutions, &c., unless there is a soul in them. It is absurd of people to say they will do good and establish this and that, the great thing is to find a good worker with good head, good heart, and sound health, and then just be contented to help them to do what they best can without any fixed plans of your own which only shackles the real worker.

[*Part of letter missing.*]

Blanche Clough is very well ; she has recovered her health completely and finds comfort and occupation in her three children.

August 3rd.

You see I have found time to write to you in the midst of London life.

I will wait as you advise and read your poem when it is all out.¹

You must read Holman Hunt's life of Mr. Egg in *The Reader*, it will interest you.

I wonder if you like *Romola*. I have not read it and feel a disinclination to begin so great a task. I do like history but not historical novels ; I would rather read Villari's "Savonarola."

I hope you *will* see Tennyson—do go and see him.
—Yours very sincerely,

BARBARA L. S. BODICHON.

¹ *Laurence Bloomfield*, then coming out in *Fraser's Magazine*,

In November of the next year, 1864, Miss Bessie Parkes writes to Allingham that "Mrs. Bodichon is working in a Parisian studio, Corot's; he being an artist on whose instruction she had greatly set her mind; and, though he had never had but three pupils in his life, he has taken *her*."

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I hope you will like my little scraps of things! ¹ if I had not got money for my pictures lately I really should hardly like to send them to you—perhaps they are worth the carriage but I don't feel quite sure, so I send you also two of the *autotypes* which I hope you will like as much as I do.

The Michael Angelo head is very fine and the other very natural and sweet.

You should get them Saturday or Sunday or Monday.—Always yours sincerely,

B. L. S. BODICHON.

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

SCALAND'S GATE,
ROBERTSBRIDGE,
HURST GREEN,
Tuesday, September 10, 1867.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Now is it not odd? I was going to write to you this very day, and your letter comes; and last night my friend Milly Edwards (not Amelia B. Edwards) was reading out loud to me "The Little Dell" and ten or twelve others out of the *Fifty poems*, and we were talking about your poems and about you for she knew them well (having bought them two years ago), and then I made up my mind as I had often done before that there was real poetry (how rare) and manly stuff in your poems, and that

¹ Several beautiful little drawings, now in Mrs. Allingham's possession.

they were sincere good things. So I took them upstairs and with them *The Ballad Book*, and this morning read at 6 A.M. until 7 A.M. "Mea Culpa," "Two Moods," "On the Longest Day" and—and I said at breakfast to myself "decidedly I will write to William Allingham to-day!" for you must know I have been very ill in Africa with the fever of the country and I have a better perception than I used to have, of the dreary moods of life—for a long time I was so weak that hope and life seemed to have gone out. But no more of that—courage and health seem to be coming back together and perhaps being ill has given me a wider sympathy. No! I shall not be in London at all this year. I mean to stay here until the woods are too damp and wet to allow me to live out of doors,—at present I am out on horseback at 8 A.M. and the rest of the day very nearly all the hours of it are spent in my little wood; I have got an old wood-cutter to cut out paths and glimpses of views, and now we are cutting a clearing to build some cottages on to let for two shillings a week each (when built), and perhaps I may build a little school if the good clergyman's family don't worry me too much (every one wanted to convert me when I looked so ill): I want to have an infant school here very much.

No! I do not think this parish is *Shooting Niagara*, that is to say I do not think it is going to the Devil so fast as it was twenty years ago, or even as it was in the reign of George IV., or may be as it was in the reign of George III., or even of William the Conqueror; of course one looks at home when you ask this general question.

I do think England is "unsatisfactory," and so is France, and so are you and so am I, and I feel *sometimes* as Carlyle does *always*—but I know well enough—"unsatisfactory" as it all is, it is—*i.e.* England and its people—better now than it was at any one time

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

SWANMORE PARSONAGE, RYDE, I.W.,
December 18th.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—You were quite right to send me the *French Revolution* : it has interested us immensely.

I hope you are not so cold, and the aspects of things not so dark as when you wrote last.

A three days visit from the French painter Daubigny did me worlds of good ; we went for one afternoon under the cliffs at Niton, don't you remember where those little antique thorns are ? he enjoyed it as only people of genius can enjoy things. I hope you will go and see his pictures in Bond Street, and there will be one in the Suffolk Street Exhibition for the French Peasants ; I think you will like them. I have two very delicious sketches which he did in the evenings—very very Daubigny, one lovely and the other quaint.

I am looking forward to my Dinner on the 17th.

I am not dull or miserable now, but I must say I shall be glad to be nearer my fellows and back again in my own house too, this big "establishment" which is not my own is such a bore to me ! I hear from Scalands that all the live things are well there, and the Robertsbridge people doing their drains all righteously.

M. Betham Edwards wants you to find her two nice intelligent hard-working lady-pupils for her osteology.

Blanche Clough has come home.

I hope you will not be altogether sick of London before I come there.—Yours truly, B. L. S. B.

[MADAME BODICHON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]5 BLANDFORD SQUARE,
18th of June [1868].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Will you tell me when you shall be disengaged, that is less of a slave, I know Mrs. Howitt is going to ask you there for a few days and I might take one day there with Anna Mary¹ to meet you if I am not off to Scalands.

D. G. Rossetti has nothing, he says, to show—all the things you saw are gone. You must insist on his telling me when he has something: I have felt it as a loss not seeing his works and one cannot afford to lose anything willingly as life goes on.

I feel as sad this fine weather as you feel in gloomiest days, I do not think a perpetual blue sky is a joyous thing. I like clouds and chasing shadows much better.—Yours truly,

B. L. S. BODICHON.

[MADAME BODICHON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]11 EAST PARADE,
HASTINGS, *November 30th*, 1869.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Since I heard a little bit of news of you from Bessie Parkes I have not even a bit of news second hand—I know you are alive because I see you have been in Fairyland and I shall soon see what you saw there because I mean to get that book, but I should like a letter from you when you are able to write to me or I should like best to see you if you were coming to London for the New Year. I will tell you my goings and comings that you may know where and when I am here and there—I wonder if that is English? but my brains are tired by having a sick country-woman here from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A.M. to

¹ Daughter of Mrs. Howitt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 P.M. who came over for doctor's advice to this supposed centre of civilization : talking common-sense to a helpless sort of sick woman and taking her to a doctor has made me half imbecile as you perceive—

Well, here I shall stay until 20th of December when I go to my brother's at Crowham Manor, Westfield, Battle, there I stay until the 1st of January when I go up to 5 Blandford Square N.W. for ever and ever.

[MADAME BODICHON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 BLANDFORD SQUARE, N.W.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I do not think there is much danger of getting utilitarian ! I may get sometimes bitter and disappointed and have moods of sadness, but not hardness and for believing less in what the poets believe, *no*, never less. At middle life I have a deeper belief than I had at twenty.

I am going (as I do almost every year) to the Isle of Wight for a day or so about the 7th of or 8th of April : I wonder if we could meet at Ellen Cantello's¹ or in her town for a long talk if we can arrange it, it would be pleasant and perhaps profitable. I do think our long acquaintance warrants your confidence.

I feel "we have short time to stay," and if I can help any friend to a happier and better life it is a blessed thing.

I have been picking wild daffodils and reading what Herrick and Wordsworth thought of them, and don't you think the power to enjoy the darling natural things and what those two said of them is a pleasure which makes one feel almost all other things such as money can buy valueless utterly ?

¹ A self-taught artist living then at Carisbrooke, in whose career Madame Bodichon and Miss Bessie Parkes were interested.

I value you as rich in such pleasures ; I call these poetical things the *real things*, the other things of life—smoke.—Yours truly, B. L. S. B.

[MADAME BODICHON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 BLANDFORD SQUARE, N.W.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Very glad to have your letter. I shall be here now for months and months, that is until Dr. Bodichon is tired of solitude and comes to England, then I shall go I suppose to Scalands.

At present if you can come to London I am always to be found at home on Monday afternoons. So, if you come, do come and see me. D. G. Rossetti told me you were coming to live in London ; he had heard so, he said.

It has interested me to see D. G. R. after all these years. I was amazed, firstly at the advance he has made in painting—his pictures are really wonderful : secondly, his face has so changed I only knew the Rossetti voice : I did not know him. I am very sorry for him. I have seen him in quite a friendly way because I like him, and you said “go and see him.”

Do you know I am getting praise for my drawings which is delicious to me ! As I love nature so much I am glad of any excuse to my conscience to devote all my remnant of life to doing bits of things as like my view of her as possible.

I will write again soon if you send a line of answer.
Yours always sincerely, B. L. S. B.

Allingham came to live in London in April 1870, and from that time the friends met frequently.

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 BLANDFORD SQUARE, N.W.,
August 28th [1874].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I have not heard that you are married but I hope nothing came to put it off and that all went well and gaily and that you are a “happy couple” now.

When you come back to put your nest together I want to bring my little bits of stick and little pieces of wool.

A little sort of bookcase or a shelf and a little cupboard and a bowl of brass (Arab) and three pictures are left out in 5 Blandford Square for you—if you are this way in a cab take them with my blessing and my love to your wife.

When I have seen your house I shall see if any of my pots will be appropriate. I hope you will like the drawings I have chosen for you from my Exhibition. If you do not I will change them.

I am up here for last night but go down to Scalands to-morrow from Yotes Court.

Shall you be wandering about for the next three weeks or staying in London?—Yours (both) affectionately,
B. L. S. BODICHON.

[MADAME BODICHON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

RAVENSBORNE, BECKENHAM,
February 7.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Thank you for lending me the *Gamekeeper*,¹ I am very glad to have seen it, every one has praised it so much. I do not like it at all. It is too full of traps and guns and all kinds of

¹ By Richard Jefferies. Although she did not care for this book, Allingham notes, *Diary*, page 370, “Barbara L. S. B. was struck with the truth of his picture, or photograph, of women in the working class”—in one of Jefferies’ articles in *Fraser*, adding—“no one else took any notice.”

ways of destroying innocent creatures. There is very little about Natural History—one walk at Scalands would give you ten times the pleasure. I hope you and Helen and your two children are quite well. My Secretary J. S. desires to be kindly remembered to you all.

B. L. S. BODICHON.

FORD MADOX BROWN

The following letters from Ford Madox Brown are interesting as showing the painter's appreciation of much that might be supposed to lie outside of his immediate scope. His friendship with Allingham was of old standing.

[FORD MADOX BROWN *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 FORTRESS TERRACE,
KENTISH TOWN [185-].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—The baby our youngest boy has been at toss-up with death for the last three days, and very unwillingly I am obliged to put you off for to-morrow evening, as it is impossible to say what may turn up before then, and the whole household is in confusion. I must hope on your next visit to be able to make up for the scant hospitality shewn you during this one.

Hughes and Munro who I believe were coming are fore-warned and I shall write to Gabriel Rossetti.

I should have informed you of this before only I was in hopes that a change for the better might have manifested itself before this.—Believe me yours sincerely,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

Friday night.

[FORD MADOX BROWN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 FORTRESS TERRACE, N.W.,
27 January 1860.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have still to thank you for a very delightful little book¹ which you kindly left for me at "The Hogarth." When I say "still" I fear it must mean a prodigious time, but this in a great measure is not my fault, for the book had lain there four or five weeks without my knowing it, and then I did not know how to address you, and put it off several times in expectation of seeing some one who knew and then forgot to ask them.

The book is really a very charming one, and though most of the best of it is known to me, yet it is very pleasant to have them all packed together.

Many beautiful things are new to me however.

"Mea Culpa" is very stunning.

Barnes is to me a grateful surprise with his "little biaby's fiace" to "nessle in the pliace wher the ruose," &c.²

Sam Ferguson is again very much to be thanked for remaining unknown and causing a new sensation to those who think it a shame not to have read what has been written.

Then *I* at least must thank you for the introduction to "The Sower's Song."³ Beautiful, grand poetry!—Excellent provender for men—and beasts too if they but knew.

Then again it is pleasant to me to find fire still flaming where one may not have been in the habit, of late, of looking for it—witness "Hohenlinden."⁴

But perhaps, no one have you served more than Shelley. That incarnation of rebellion really seems, in

¹ Allingham's Collection of Poems, *Nightingale Valley*.

² "The Ruose that deck'd her breast."

³ By Carlyle.

⁴ By Campbell.

this little book, to strut the very Tom Sayers of Poets, unless it is Tennyson who is to come the "Benicia Boy" ¹ over him. What a pity it is he could not live comfortably with his wife, but would revolutionize Islams that did not want to be revolted.

Trusting that amid all these flirtations with other men's muses, your own is not neglected, believe me, with thankfulness,—Sincerely yours,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

[FORD MADOX BROWN *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

14 GROVE TERRACE,
KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.,
Monday [1864].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Your publisher has just sent me your poem about Ireland,² for which accept my best thanks.

As far as I have time to read as yet, about seventy pages, it seems to me by far your highest flight; a work with a high aim, and begun on a real solid foundation (a rather rare quality in modern poetry), and in execution faultless.

The subject no doubt, helps towards the extreme interest of the book—and this lay around you as it seems, under your very nose, but as we see commonly this is no reason for picking it up, but rather for overlooking it.

A genuine Irish patriot, also, not of the incendiary kind wishing to consume all England and Ireland too in one general conflagration of revenge, is rather a rare character—all which makes it to be hoped that the book will be a great success and much read.

But the rising generation have done away with all use for panegyrists by the more modern plan of prais-

¹ J. C. Heenan, the American pugilist, opponent of Tom Sayers in the celebrated prize fight of 1860.

² *Laurence Bloomfield.*

ing themselves, so if I go on I shall say too much and be rococco. However, as you have lived much in the country you may bear with me so far.

Some of us wrote to you some months ago, hoping to see you here one evening, but you must have left London again by then, as I have since heard.

Hoping to see you again on your next visit to this great Metrolopus, believe me, with genuine admiration for your book,—Ever faithfully yours,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

[FORD MADOX BROWN *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

14 GROVE TERRACE,
HIGHGATE ROAD, N.W.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—A kind note, received at a time when I was completely taken up with my Exhibition, and a volume of your poems remain still unacknowledged, to my sins to be added.

The book for which I am very much obliged I wished to read before answering you and I have done so with much and varied pleasure, but with the inevitable result that having deferred writing the very first moment, I have continued putting it off till I daresay you will have forgotten what I am writing in answer of.

The *Fifty Modern Poems* contain some of your very best small pieces along with some others that seem to be of earlier date ; all showing the practised master of versification though, as I take it 'umbly.

I fear there is little chance of my spending so pleasant a day as one might off your Hampshire coast this season, but there is no knowing what providence may hold in store [for] us some day, and at any rate I shall hope to see you up in London again before long and if so at Kentish Town.—Ever faithfully yours,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

27 August 1865.

ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

To the Brownings' long sojourns in Italy we are indebted for the group of friendly letters from husband and wife.

Allingham, one of the first to recognise Browning's genius, became acquainted with him in or about 1847, probably through Leigh Hunt.

In the *Diary* there are several notes of conversations with Browning.

[ROBERT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

26 DEVONSHIRE STREET,
September 23, 1851.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Although I had been duly informed in Italy of your kindness in sending us your Poems, I saw nothing of them beyond an occasional extract in the reviews, till our return to London some weeks ago. I judged pretty accurately from the scraps what the whole feast would be: and can honestly congratulate you on the power, beauty and freshness of very many of your productions. Certainly no one of the Poets that have come forward within the last few years exhibits so much promise and performance together—and this poor opinion of mine is bettered by its entire coincidence with that of my wife. So go on courageously for everybody's sake, and God speed you!

What ought we to say,—my wife and I,—of your flowery baptism of our two selves?¹ She in virtue of her Lily-of-the-valleyship, may characteristically bow her head and say nothing—but I, the bolder blossom,—what is left me but to remind you that Mrs. Malaprop's

¹ Allingham's "Flowers and Poets," pages 22 and 23 of *Flower Pieces*.

avowal "Pardon my cameleon blushes—I am Dalia," is good precedent for one who, if not Dahlia, is Tiger-lily.

Now you know that, as the day's paper testifies, whenever people front the world in London streets in "full Bloomer costume," they have to "retreat to a cab" in quick time—suppose, therefore, that your Tiger has jumped up behind yours, as the way is, and that touching his hat gratefully he mutely signifies how entirely he is,—Dear Mr. Allingham, yours faithfully ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

FLORENCE, *July 3, 1853.*

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Your note reached us the other day ; and I'll tell you like a man—we *did* get another letter,—such a while ago !—*too* deserving of a great long answer,—so it got none, as the way is with palpable desert—when one knows too the nature of the writer—how he is sure to bear it, and write again—answering *in that*, the real unspoken words of one's heart which must reach him somehow in these rapping and telegraphing days. For we both of us felt glad and grateful to be so remembered however unworthy. One thing may excuse us—the uncertainty of our plans. "What good in speaking *now*, when a week hence we may be able to say so and so !"—but the week after week goes by, and the end is, you have just so much the more to forgive, which is probably as pleasant and easy to you as anything else.

We have been at Florence quietly in the old place after the old way, some eight months,—gone like one !

The weather was milder than ever in winter, wetter than common in spring, and is now hotter than uncommon this great summertime ; and what with rain and heat the greenness is such greenness, the color

such color!—but you can't see them—tho' you have a right, if ever man had. I wish you the sight of a million fire-flies—lizards, as your love may desire, and a scorpion or two for the truth's sake—(they get under the window sill of the room here). Then, plate-fulls of the fruit of that Japanese Pear which is a flower-tree in England and here a producer of great yellow knobs half plum, half apple, and the brilliantest Japan besides. But the best will be when we go (I take your arm in spirit you observe) to a Villa up in the hill-country next week—if the fates agree and the landlord don't ask too much—'Tis in Giotto's country, the Mugello.

I shall get my wife to tell you how well she is, and about our child—since you kindly care to know.

Now, what a thing when we are rooted, sprouting, leafy, and regular vegetables up there, to get, in the cool of the day, a letter loaded with news,—news of yourself, then of themselves, the people, that is, we care about. Won't it come? Then won't we be glad of it, true as I am yours faithfully,

R. BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Robert must make room beside him for me in a white sheet—because I too have to bear my shame and blame. We both have behaved very ill to you. Believe that in remembering and confessing this, we remember and confess *you* in all truth and friendship.

So interested I was about the house that was to blow up (and *didn't*, I think) of which you sent me a somnambulic prophecy! But nothing cures me of faith—I am deep in it just now. Send me the most incredible news you can—do—this for me in particular ;

and to both my husband and myself a long letter about yourself, your intentions in literature, and in life as far as we may hear. Next summer we do hope to see you again, when we come down out of Italy into the lands of muffins. Do you remember how bad they were? Our child talks the two languages apart now, and is as hard to interpret in one as in the other. Somebody called him a Cupid the other day, and he asked with anxiety "What for means a *tupid*?" evidently fearing the vocal relation of "*stupid*." The letters must be put up they say. Another time I will try to be more communicative.

Take our warmest wishes.—Most truly yours
always, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Address to Florence (*Poste Restante*) as usual.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PARIS, RUE DU COLISÉE 3,
June 10, 1856.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Born, bred and bigotted hater of letter writing as I confess myself,—I feel compunction, I know, whenever, by such a note as this of yours, I am reminded what I lose occasionally by that infirmity.

You wrote, for instance, a letter to us at Florence,—don't let me think how long ago ;—which was far too good to be answered in any poor way—yet any poor way would have led to the procuring me, perhaps, another and another by this time.

Don't let me be punished unduly, however, by losing more than the letter,—that little place in your good will which having got undeservedly it is but characteristic that I should retain for a like reason.

Well, why are you going to London "for a month" and beginning your month in mid-May, when we can't see you or London before three-parts-over June?

Shall we really arrive and find you gone a week? I hope not sincerely.

We count on leaving in about a fortnight, and shall be at 39, Devonshire Place.

Your kindness will be glad to hear that my wife is pretty well—after two horrible months at the outset of winter: all this fine weather does not quite rub out the mark of their teeth,—but a few weeks more, and we shall see. She is working so hard at the very end of her poem, that I won't let her add a word to mine, tho' we have delayed answering your note that she might do so. Her truest thanks and regard go with mine.

For my own things, you are a wonder of a man to say you will wait and grow acquainted with them: that they should give you the wish to do so is some praise, as I count it.

I have heard a rare cackle whenever I looked London-wards this winter, and shall probably miss something if, next time I lean over the rail of the literary pond, Goosey *Fraser*, and Gander *Blackwood* don't give me their opinion of my outward man.

Goodbye, dear Allingham,—Yours very faithfully,
R. B.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

FLORENCE, *November 8, 1858.*

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—How good of you to write, and how glad it made us: first, let me say that I wrote at once to Chapman giving you full leave to take what you like out of the books: then, using your advice, I made bold to beg William Rossetti to choose an engraver and overlook his performance: so the man who did for Frederick won't undertake(r) my wife. And now—we left Paris under good auspices and reached Mâcon easily: next morning we got to

Chambéry late and unpleasantly—having been kept many an hour at Culoz the frontier-village, a wild, beautiful place. Next morning we went to Rousseau's *les Charmettes*—finding the way there, and the house and garden, much as he left it. I found his very harpsichord with a ghost of a voice left—and made it give us "Rousseau's Dream," and the "*Che farò senza Euridice?*" which used to move him so: there's his watch too hanging on a nail over the chimneypiece, a long invalid-chair, and other remains.

We saw the surrounding country a little, and I spent the day in going about with Peni—our best sight being that of a little monkey in the Botanical Garden, who when we laughed at him, fairly mocked us, caricaturing my movements as he had a right to do.

Next day we started for Lauslebourg, at the foot of the Mt. Cenis, and reached it with great difficulty and fatigue on the part of my wife—she had tasted no food for fourteen hours—save a crust bestowed in charity by a good woman—there was no stopping on the road: when we did begin to eat, I was amazed at the profusion of victuals, and when, after dessert, a leg of mutton cold was shot down on the table, asked why was this? "A Russian Princess had left these good things yesterday, and what she could not consume, we, if a little complaisant, might, &c. &c."

Next day we crossed the mountain, I, Peni and Annunziata trudging it, and my wife closed up as well as shawls and pillows could be made to serve: there was snow on the top, but none actually on our road. We got to Suza happily; left it next morning for Turin, and Turin, again, next day for Genoa. There one breathes in full and true Italy, we always think: the following evening we took steamer for Leghorn, and reached it after a vile passage: next day brought us here, and here we only stay till the steely cold weather, sheathed in the yellowest sunshine, is

withdrawn from our throats : we shall then proceed to Rome : this beginning of absolute winter, snow and all, a good six weeks before its time, cannot be for earnest. We expect a few warm days by help of which we mean to get away.

Tom Taylor is here—spent last evening with us, and I wait his ringing while I write,—we go out picture-seeing.

Munro, the sculptor, comes daily to make a charming bust of Peni ; very like, we all think, and very pretty, his mother thinks.

Other friends come in of nights ;—so will you, one time or other.

We had a letter from Ruskin two days ago ;—rather in a depressed mood, but most pleasant and affectionate, as his use is. What a regale of news you give us in your own good and dear letter ! Rossetti's face-ache is not so well ; but he don't forget us, you say, nor does Hunt, nor Brown, nor Morris—nor Carlyle with all his glories about him.

Morris' Houses, Tapistry, and Press are greatly conceived indeed.

Let me tell you a thing. A friend of ours, Mr. Booth, an American, composes music—has written many good things : Peni besought him to put one of these in his album, and the result is your "Wishing." ("Ring-ting, I wish I were a primrose, &c.") I dare say he has set other songs of yours, and will enquire.

I will not keep my wife from talking to you any longer. Goodbye, dear Allingham ; truest thanks for all your goodness and sympathy. I can honestly give you back again this last : both of us here will look forward joyfully to our next meeting in France or elsewhere.—Ever yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

Let me add to Robert's word, my dear Mr. Allingham, first of Mr. Booth's music, that in putting the song on your verses into Penini's album, he had no idea of the poet being our friend. So it was an harmonious coincidence—and rang musically on my feelings, if I may speak of mine when I might speak of Robert's.

You were very good in bearing with my bad housekeeping in Paris, dear Mr. Allingham. I often think how you consented to be starved, for the sake of our make-believe dinners, by our wicked French cook, who had been used to cook for Barmecide and to put the money in her pocket—and then I sigh and consider in myself how, in spite of your good-nature, you must have softly moralized on a certain friend's unfortunate destiny in having married a mere rhyming woman instead of an "angel in the house" capable of looking to the chops. Now didn't you? Ah, I divine.

We are so glad now—we have Mr. Tennyson here—Frederick—who came from Pisa on purpose to see us, hearing that we were leaving Florence for Rome. We are always *so* glad to see him.

But as to Rome, I am beginning to fear for the possibility of our journey, though we hold ourselves prepared for it. We dropped here upon the summer, and five days after, the winter dropped upon *us*,—dropped cold, and bleak and white—in snow, real snow—think of that, in Italy, early in November. Now, if the warm weather does not return, I can't get out into the air, of course, and it will be a grievous disappointment, seeing that we had made up our minds and our plans so completely.

Do you know Mr. Munro, the sculptor? He

proposed making a sketch of Peni's head in clay, because the head struck him—and it came out so exquisitely, with such a pure, spiritual look, that I could not be pacified without having it in marble.

Happy I am to find myself back in Italy—it feels like being lifted up to the plane of ideal life. This, in spite of the snow. We found it hard to get here too. First the Mt. Cenis cold—and then by the sea, from Genoa to Leghorn, which tormented us for eighteen hours with a whirlwind thrown in.

Do write to us, dear Mr. Allingham, directing always, *Poste Restante*, Florence.—Affectionately yours,
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING to WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

VILLA ALBERTI, SIENA,
Wednesday [October 9, 1859].

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I *will* begin to write to you to prove that we are really alive, and, which is the same thing, full of regard for you however silent. We hear from Paris that you have written to enquire after us—and this excites us at once—though indeed you should have had the due letter from us without prick of spur, if it had not been that I have been ill: more ill than usual; and thrown out of habits of ease for some two months or more.

When able to leave Florence we came here, where my husband in his goodness has been doing double work for me in hearing Penini's lessons, more than his share. We talked of you and of the letter we meant to write, meanwhile, and so the time passed.

Now I am all but well—with no remainder to signify, beyond the necessity of a winter further south than Florence, in order to be warmer and safer. We

go to Rome again for that purpose—returning to Florence only for a short time.

Here we have enjoyed the silence and repose and the vintage time, in a lonely half-furnished villa with windows looking on a very pretty country.

This summer has been strange and wild. At first, a rapture and exaltation—all of us walking in a golden cloud!—then, bitter, struggling anxiety, in which we have walked like stedfast and noble men; but on the earth and on uneven and doubtful ways. The reaction has been trying to body and soul; but a cheerful and hopeful constancy having survived all, out of it comes a great Nation. The Emperor Napoleon will justify himself, as the people will, magnificently.

But certain parts of the world have not done well—you felt that I think, when you wrote.

I must send you a stanza dropped by an oversight out of my “Tale of Villafranca,” and regretted much by the author. Insert it *between* the sixth and seventh stanzas, if ever you read the poem again in your *Athenæum*.

“A great Deed in this world of ours?
Unheard of the pretence is.
It threatens plainly the great Powers;
Is fatal in all senses.
A just Deed in the world? Call out
The rifles! be not slack about
The National Defences!”

I confess to you that I took very much to heart Alfred Tennyson’s invocation to the Riflemen, at the beginning of the war.

Speaking of *The Athenæum* let me thank you, dear Mr. Allingham, for the pleasure it gives us to see poems of yours every now and then flashing out from between its columns. But are you doing nothing except for *The Athenæum*? Are we not soon to look for another volume from you?

The *Idylls of the King* have reached us here in the silence. More welcome than the King himself!

—unless it were the King of Piedmont, whom we are very loyal to just now. But the *Idylls*. Am I forced to admit that after the joy of receiving them, other joys fell short, rather?—That the work, as a whole, produced a feeling of disappointment?—It must be admitted, I fear. Perhaps we had been expecting too long—had made too large an idea to fit a reality. Perhaps the breathing, throbbing life around us in this Italy, where a nation is being new-born, may throw King Arthur too far off and flat. But, whatever the cause, the effect was *so*. The colour, the temperature, the very music, left me cold. Here are exquisite things, but the whole did not affect me as a whole from Tennyson's hands. I would rather have written *Maud*, for instance, than half a dozen volumes of such *Idylls*. What do *you* say?

Write and tell us of yourself. I should like you to see your friend, little Penini, to whom you were always so kind, galloping about the lanes with his curls flying, on a poney of the same colour. It is a Sardinian poney, which Robert has given him, and he is in the first rapture of possession. Beautifully the child rides. Mr. Wilde, a clever American artist who is passing the summer in this neighbourhood, has made a lovely little picture of him on horseback and presented it to me, and we mean to have it exhibited in London next year.

Penini gets on with his music, and plays a whole Sonata of Beethoven which we consider a triumph too.

Now I leave the rest of the road to my husband, desiring to reward you for your patience so far.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I wish you were here, with all my heart: I am glad, equally, that you remember us and care to hear what we do.

My wife was very ill two months ago, and I had little calling to write with only *that* to tell. Besides, Mr. Landor is wholly on my hands now—as much as if he were my child! He is in a house close by, having escaped from his amiable family. His English relatives (noble, sympathetic people) commend him to me—how strange things are!

I want you to understand from all this, that I don't keep silence from sheer laziness altogether.

How you would like Siena! I have seen this morning half a dozen finest of things in their way, by men whose names are all but unknown in England. Razzi's "Christ at the Column," and his "Eve"; Beccafumi's "Michael," and "St. Catherine." Razzi's women-faces are more lovely than Rafaele's.

Then I saw in a church a sword and helmet and shield, together with a shoulder-blade of a whale—all hung up as votive gifts by Columbus on his return from his discoveries. I wish I may see *you*, next year say, and shake your hand. Do write to us. Tell us of what you do—and what all friends do. I forget nobody's least look or word. God bless you.

R. B.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING to WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.

ROME, *May* 1860.

MY DEAR Mr. ALLINGHAM,—You complain of our silence, and certainly I have written to you from Rome this winter. We puzzled a little over your address, and *I* think that my husband did not suggest the right one.—Anyhow such words as I sent you never reached you, so that you have had *reason* to misjudge us—which might be fatal, now that injustices are "going about" in the world, under the prevalent malaria.

Now forgive us, and set us on the right shelf as your friends.

We have been in Rome all the winter and are going back to Florence in a week, to stay there till we are burnt out, when we think of getting into a Villa at Siena. Next year, unless fire and sword shall devour us, expect us in the north. Now we are waiting on the troubles of Italy—in great anxiety at this moment about Garibaldi in consequence of an alarming telegram.

Little Penini is growing into great Penini. He rides his own poney about Rome, and learns Latin of his own *abbé*, who proposes to follow us in the summer and catch up the lessons. He is taller, but looks in the face much as he did, and will beam on you, if it pleases God that we all meet, with the same smile.

But you—do write to us at Florence, Casa Guidi, Florence.

We catch sight of you in rivulets of melody shining between the leaves of *The Athenæum*, which makes room for you (as it well may!) and doesn't set its wild beasts roaring at you as it does at me, gnashing their teeth in the thickets. See how I've been treated in England this year. "This is my own, my native land"—and, moreover, and may it please Mr. Chorley,—I never did "curse" it.¹

After all, one laughs—but one is "angry and sins not" in spite of the laugh. You are so wrong, it seems to me, in England, and the consequences in the bearing towards France threaten so disastrously.

There's an "English seaman," I observe, who

¹ In Mrs. Browning's book referred to, *Poems before Congress*, the last poem is "A Curse for a Nation." "It was mistaken"—Professor Corson writes, from Ithaca, May 1911—"as directed against England on its appearance, and strongly censured as unpatriotic by *The Athenæum* and other English papers.

"In America the ardent poem fell in with the ethical fervour of the times against the evil rankling in the heart of the Republic, and helped her deliverance from it through the pending Civil War."

perceives the truth of it and speaks out. As for my poor little book I have pulled an arrow out of my flesh in writing it, and relieved myself; realizing the need of "speaking, though one dies for it."

Dear Mr. Allingham I send you a photograph of my husband, which I know you will like to have—you, who, in your kindness, have had to do with photographs! It was done in Rome this winter.

What are you doing, besides what we see in *The Athenæum*? Write and tell us of your works and ways, and I will promise for both of us to behave better to you for the future.

We have had a very tranquil winter, Rome having been made a solitude of by political fears. The end however seems to be coming, and the pope going—as far as his civil power is concerned, notwithstanding the help you send him from Ireland. It is said that the last Irish squadron in landing at Ancona astounded their allies; the "complete mail" of certain of them consisting of a cloth with a hole for the head to go through!—No other garment, literally. And for flags, rags.

So best.

Robert is writing, not political poems, but *a poem* in books, a line of which I have not seen—and also certain exquisite lyrics which I have seen. Neither he nor I have been idle this winter, nor mean to be idle this summer.

Do you hear anything of Mr. Tennyson? Do all the poets do exercise with rifles, and bet on Tom Sayers? Why, how you are all advancing in the "national defence, and in civilization, quotha!" Draw a little of this "muscular Christianity" into the field to help my Italians in Sicily or Venice, instead of spending it in dreams of French invasion which wont turn up after all.

"Garibaldi's Englishman" doesn't waste his shot so, I assure you.

108 LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Now write to us—and with my husband's love and Penini's,—believe me affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE,
June 17, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Such a Barmecide feast I invited you to from Rome—to an empty letter, without Robert's photograph.

To make up for it, I send you Penini's,—and my own thrown in; besides what I promised. Mr. Frederick Chapman being in Florence, he will take all three of us in this letter, and consign us to an English post-office. Pray like us all—love us all, shall I say;—as you always seemed to do, with kindness and indulgence as of old.

Did you observe that the official declaration of the Prussian minister, stating that the Prussian army waited for the passing of the Mincio to attack, and was arrested only by the unexpected peace, justifies Napoleon at Villafranca to the uttermost?

Now we think chiefly of our Garibaldi, who is making a beginning of the end.

We had an agreeable journey from Rome through exquisite scenery, taking an almost untrodden road through Orvieto and Chiasi, where the people at the inns were content with smiling, and took three hours in boiling a tea-kettle and bringing up a loaf.

I was more tired than I ought to have been, and so was Penini's little poney, who was fastened on behind the carriage and kept up with the horses, four or six, before. The poney had to be bled on its arrival here, and I had to lay up for a week. Now we are both pretty well, thank you.

Early in next month we go to our last year's villa in Siena, to remain there till the heat shall pass. Florence is a furnace three times heated you know, during the summer. So there we shall watch the ultimate solution in Italy. We must have fighting, it is supposed. Meanwhile Lamoricière is giving at Rome military dinners, at which the toast of "*Henri cinq*" is offered and accepted.

Write to us, dear Mr. Allingham, my husband says, sending you his best love. Don't fancy I look quite as black as in my portrait, in spite of the knocks I have had from English critics.

All the photographs were taken this month, before we left Rome—so they give the last news of us. Peni is not altered, is he?—Affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

This was the last letter received by Allingham from Mrs. Browning, who died in Florence the following year, after fifteen years of married life.

Browning then returned to England, and settled in London, although he frequently visited Italy later in life. Most of his subsequent letters to Allingham date from Warwick Crescent, where he lived with his son and his sister.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

19 WARWICK CRESCENT,
HARROW ROAD, July 30, 1862.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Two days hence I hope to leave London for Paris. I shall be away for two months and more; I "hope" for my father and sister's sake—but I feel sorry and very sorry in finding that by going I lose you. It would have been a delight indeed to take your hand, you must know.

I have a photograph for you—and will send it. I am settled here for a long while, and that makes

me procrastinate and otherwise do foolishly. There seem so many and long years before one!—Ever yours affectionately,
R. B.

[ROBERT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

19 WARWICK CRESCENT,
December 27, 1864.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—First, Mister me no Mist'ers, if you please: next,—as may be already apparent in the amenity of my style,—I am so stupidly out of sorts with a cold that I hardly like to say the truth. Here I certainly am to be found, because I can't well go anywhere else. If you can come and lunch on Thursday or Friday, I shall be glad for my own sake: you must take care of yourself. I have to go out on Thursday evening unluckily.

All Christmas wishes to Jones,¹ and thanks for his remembrance of me.—Ever yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,
April 15, 1873.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I don't need drawing, with such manifold cords of love, to follow your call, even should it be to dinner.

I have missed you sensibly this long while; and, by the same token, yonder in sight of me lies your copy of *Fifine*, the only one in the house: Saturday will help me to transpocket the same from me to you—and all the rest of the proceedings will be pure pleasure. So, expect a joyful guest in yours ever,

ROBT. BROWNING.

¹ Burne-Jones.

I suppose "the entrance" is the main entrance—front proper? You must come and meet Milsand¹ here: he is with me for a week or two.

[ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MERS, par EU, SOMME, FRANCE,
August 13, 1874.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am glad to my very soul to hear such good news about you. You only do me justice in making sure of my thorough friendliness—though you don't mention that your own exceeding benevolence to me and mine, long ago required far more return than it was ever in my power to make: and so, I am certain, it will be found in respect to your present accession of happiness: Miss Paterson will suffer me to say that you richly deserve even *that*.

I rather fancy you trip in your historical instance; you must mean to liken yourself to Cræsus, who gloried in his felicity, rather than to Gyges, who wanted the sympathy of the wrong person: but if the old story is just reducible to this—that you will speedily do me the honour and pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Allingham, the parallel will go well enough on all fours.

My sister, who is with me, desires her congratulations with a warmth that makes that phrase ashamed of itself: and Miss Egerton Smith, whom you have some knowledge of—I think, or am sure—sends her kind wishes also in the due degree.

Pray make me and my sister as familiar to your wife, in our proper character of your old friends, as

¹ M. Milsand, a charming literary friend of Browning's, from Paris, who afterwards came to see Allingham at Chelsea. The meeting referred to by Browning was a plan of Allingham's to dine with Emerson and his daughter at the South Kensington Museum, which was carried out.

time and opportunity may allow : and believe me ever,
 dear Allingham, most affectionately and gratefully
 yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

MISS BROWNING

A few letters from Miss Sarianna Browning are added. After the loss of his wife, she lived with her brother Robert in London, and then in Venice, until his death in 1890, and from that time with his son until her own death recently.

[MISS BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

151 RUE DE GRENELLE, ST. GERMAIN,
 PARIS, *April 19th*, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I have so little news to tell, either of myself or others, that I will not miss the only grace to which I can aspire, promptness of reply. You must have had an enviable holiday last year, though the lateness of the season was against you ; but there are some places that must be enjoyable in all weathers—Weimar for one. I saw that it had inspired you with song, through *The Athenæum*, and let me thank you much for the beautiful verses you sent me. I read them to a critical friend who was much struck by them.

I had letters from our Florentines a day or two ago. My sister's health is improving, a few fine warm Easter days having revived her, but still she is far below her average strength. Robert fears that any journey north this summer would be absolutely impossible ; she can bear no fatigue or excitement, and they purpose remaining two months longer in Rome, then returning to Florence to look a little after household matters, (Robert's man of business there, a banker whom he valued, being dead,) taking refuge when driven out by the heat, in the nearest cool place, and probably again wintering in Rome, after which, if God grant life and strength, a long visit to Paris and Eng-

land. My brother and the child were quite well, though the latter had had one day's illness, a sun-stroke,—caused by getting off his poney, in the campagna, to gather flowers for his mother : happily, it passed away with a little fever, but the Roman sun is very dangerous. I am provoked to say, that I have not yet read *Poems before Congress* ; a friend undertook to forward our Paris copies immediately, and they are slumbering peaceably in his desk, to my great exasperation. Before publishing the book the writer was aware of the storm it would raise, and determined to brave the howling of the tempest. I am wicked enough to suspect she rather enjoys it. As the review in *The Athenæum* was avowedly a private vengeance, I suppose the blunder to which you refer was made on purpose. The "Curse" was originally published in America by the Anti-Slavery Society, at whose request it was written, and no one could be so densely stupid as to apply it to England.

Will this long, long winter ever come to a close ? There is scarcely a leaf on the trees and this morning snow fell for a few minutes, the sun shines brightly, but is overcome by a fierce north-east wind that cuts down all before it. The protracted drought of last year has helped to injure vegetation—the potatoes especially.

My father is in excellent health, and desires his kind remembrances. If you visit Paris this summer do not forget us.—Very truly yours,

SARIANNA BROWNING.

[MISS BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

151 RUE DE GRENELLE, ST. GERMAIN,
PARIS, May 14th [1860].

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I should have replied sooner to your pleasant letter, as I find from

experience that the most propitious moment for answering an epistle is directly after you have read it, had I not thought it better to wait till I could give you the freshest news from Rome, as I took it for granted that, like myself, you were a little anxious to know what our wanderers were doing in the midst of these war-storms. This morning's post brings me long letters from both of them, and the contents may be summed up by saying, they are enjoying themselves, and the state of things, amazingly. They laugh at my fears for them, or for their property, assure me that everything is profoundly tranquil around them, and amuse themselves by laughing at the precipitation with which the English and Americans are rushing away,—telegraphing three weeks beforehand, to secure, at Naples, the chance of a strip of bare deck in a steamer. The present intention of my brother and sister is to stay at Rome till the 25th of this month, then return to Florence by Vetturino, through Siena, the shorter way, which is tranquil at present, though of course an Austrian invasion is talked of: in the summer heats, they will retreat to the mountains. I fear there is no hope of their coming to France this year. Altogether, their visit to Rome has been a very agreeable one, and their health uninterrupted, in spite of much sickness around them.

We, in Paris, go on much the same as usual, in spite of our somewhat forlorn condition, abandoned to the "lumières" of Jerome and the baby. Seriously, there is no cause for apprehension, I believe: at all events, I feel quite comfortable. Paris looks, as it always does in the spring, pre-eminently beautiful, and the noble chestnut-trees in the Tuileries are in all their glory.

Pray don't underrate the Ballyshannon stage of civilization: the population has at all events a finer taste for good poetry than the same class here, who would probably be roaring out "les bottes de Bastien":

but I must tell the minstrel in question that though his ballads may be chanted at Ballyshannon, they are appreciated elsewhere; in proof of which I may adduce the fact that when I opened the "Emigrants' Adieu," a friend present remarked that the poet's songs were especial favourites of hers, and sang themselves on her lips involuntarily; and immediately began to hum her particular pet. So you see, Paris is not without its literary pretensions also.

I hope this summer may bring you in this direction. Do not forget us should you pass through Paris.

My father desires his very kind remembrance, and believe me.—Very truly yours,

SARIANNA BROWNING.

[MISS BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DIEPPE, *September 13th* [1860].

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Your letter followed me to Dieppe, whither we had gone to take refuge from the murderous heat of Paris—at first we tried Versailles, but after staying there a month returned home more thoroughly baked than when we went away—then we came down here (just waiting meanwhile for the *feu d'artifice*, having a weakness for fireworks), and now, our pleasant sojourn being ended, we are going in a few days back to Paris, there to settle down to our usual quiet life. I hope that very soon you will be passing our way, and will not forget us. So much for our own doings: those of my brother and his wife are not altogether so satisfactory. They passed, as I believe I told you, a most agreeable winter and spring in Rome; everybody agreed with one accord that my sister had never been seen looking so well or in such spirits. They returned to Florence in June, stayed there too long,

being unable to tear themselves away from a place where they could get two bulletins of the war a day—then after the over-excitement, came the bitter disappointment of the unexpected peace, and my sister fell suddenly ill with an attack on the lungs; more seriously ill, I fear, than she is willing to confess to me. She told me that Robert sat up every night with her for a fortnight. Now, thank God, she is better, and they are gone to Siena where they have taken a villa for two months. The mountain air, I trust, will recover her.

She still thinks, and in this Robert agrees with her, that the Emperor has done immense good to Italy, and if he could follow out his own inclinations would do still more. The Tuscans have behaved with a moderation and self-restraint which one would scarcely have expected from them.

I have not much to tell you of Gustave Doré. Report says that he began life very poor, struggled bravely, and is now rich. At first he worked hard for cheap illustrated journals, children's books, and such like; then a picture of his in the Paris exhibition attracted much attention; shortly after, he was employed to illustrate an entire work, the *Contes drôlatres* of Balzac; then came his Rabelais—(I have not seen either of these works, but am told they are very fine,) afterwards his celebrated *Juif Errant*. He must be still young—he began to be known about the year 1850. Most likely the dictionary of Valpéreau contains an article on him, but I have not access to the work. By the bye, I will show you what I consider the only good portrait of my sister that I have ever seen, if you will come to see us. I have not read yet Tennyson's *Idylls*. Paris is much behind Ballyshannon, I assure you, but I was sorry to hear him swelling the war cry, which only keeps up unnecessary irritation. I don't believe Napoleon wishes to attack us. It is right for England to guard her

coast ; but my national pride has been mortified by the way in which we have been screaming out our terror in the face of Europe. I hope however, that the panic is subsiding.

My father's kind regards, and believe me.—Most truly yours,
SARIANNA BROWNING.

[MISS BROWNING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

151 RUE DE GRENELLE, ST. GERMAIN, PARIS,
September 28th (1861).

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Your letter reached me last night and I write at once as you request. No little volume ever reached me, I am sorry to say, or I should not have let it pass without a line of acknowledgment. I have little to say, for of our sad loss I can scarcely speak : my poor brother's agony of grief you can imagine without words. We feel thankful to God, in the midst of our sorrow, for her sweet and blessed end.

My brother left Italy as soon as he could arrange his affairs—he then came to us (my father and myself) and we went together to a wild, secluded spot on the sea coast of Brittany, where we spent six weeks : the bracing air and the absolute quiet calmed and soothed my poor brother ; we returned a few days ago, and he is now gone to London where he will permanently reside for the sake of the child's education. Little Pen is healthy and sunburnt and grows quite a great boy, with a wholesome love of play and horror of lessons.

If your holiday plans lead you this way, I shall be very happy to see you. We live as quietly as ever in our old quarters. I am very glad to hear you are preparing us a great poem.—With the best of good wishes believe me very truly yours,

SARIANNA BROWNING.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

In 1856 Rossetti wrote to Allingham of having met "a certain youthful Jones—one of the nicest young fellows in Dreamland." Rossetti had been much pleased by a notice of *The Germ* in the new *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, in which his wood-cut to Allingham's poem the "Maids of Elfin-Mere" was described as "the best drawing that has ever appeared in illustration of a book." It now turned out that Burne-Jones was the writer of this notice. He and Allingham met soon afterwards.

The letters that follow were written nearly ten years later.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—You never write to me—you never ask after me—you never call on me—you never think of me.

I do ask after you. I do think of you. I can't call on you and I am writing to you.

You come up to town, you go to your Du Mauriers and Tom Taylors and Salas and Yates and Sandyses, but you never come to me.

I go nowhere—I am thinking these few days a good deal about you. Will you come, or write or do something to me?

I have been seedy for a year but I am better. All well and send love.—Ever yours affectionately,

NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

41 KENSINGTON SQUARE.¹

[Received January 30, 1865.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Such a welcome letter. I had begun to look for it and grew impatient.

¹ Lady Burne-Jones has made one or two quotations from this letter in the *Memorials* of her husband, vol. i. p. 287.

We are settling fast, even looking a bit comfortable. Topsy,¹ who broadens hourly, has given us a Persian prayer-carpet which amply furnishes our room. I have a little crib which I call a library, because there I keep my tobacco and my borrowed books—this room shall be yours for quiet when you come, and here you shall lash parsondom in epigram. Then come, and stay a long time, also never go anywhere else than here, and stop always a long time. I look back on that winter week with pleasure and want it again. We have a garden—ever so long—how shall our garden grow? I am the veriest cockney and know no times, or seasons of planting; but I want a quiet summer at the back here to pay me for all my bothers. There I shall pitch a little pavilion on warm days and lie in the shade of it and drink Broglio (is it, and what was the other wine?). I must have a pavilion—it will be like encamping somewhere with my back to my neighbours (whom I HATE).

Then I have two studios and four bedrooms, nice rooms all. Then people in Kensington say “What is the Square doing, and what does the Square think of it, and how does the Square dress?” This is a comforting thought.

Pip has just gone to bed, he sends you his “portagraph” as he calls it—done nearly a year ago, but the last.

Home is very nice again—last night I had the old songs over again.

This luck also has happened to me—of all lucks the best that could have happened. Ruskin has given me the four great engravings of Albert Durer—the “Knight”—“Melancholy”—“St. Hubert” and “Adam and Eve”—all perfect impressions and so valuable that suddenly I am a person of means, and may saunter in Rotten Row if I like—also many woodcuts of the same and the great designs of the

¹ Nickname for William Morris.

"Apocalypse"—glorious to behold. With these the library (so called from the tobacco and ten or more books aforesaid) will be hung. Is this bliss or is it not bliss? I could do nothing for a day when they first arrived—all "unknown." Since then I am hateful to my friends, for if talk pauses at any time I say, "Now let us imagine a great many Albert Durers being given to one of us."

Now as to that most pleasant part of your letter touching Tennyson—I shall be glad and proud above what I can say to come—I should think it the best fortune—only wouldn't it bore him? Tell me really—I'm just old enough to know how hateful young men are, say at twenty—how we despise their opinions and loathe their conversation—and to have one in the house for days!! I leave it to you because you know him—anyhow we could come and see you—I should like it though, immensely. Tell him I'm not such a fool as when I met him four years back, and arrange for me, for I should like it so much—Georgie too?¹

This spring old Brown² exhibits all his works together—almost everything he has ever done—he has taken a great gallery in Piccadilly, having turned out an unsuccessful talking-fish.

Gabriel well—thinking about buying a lion—really and truly having found one, a bargain, at a menagerie in Ratcliffe Highway. He has also bought some more blue pots though he said he wouldn't—I don't care much for collecting blue pots: engravings now are very different—real fine impressions of very scarce old masters, do you take me?

Bread stuffs active (chiefly through Pip)—shirtings dull (especially Pip's)—money tight—this is all my news—I am at work again, rather hard. Georgie sends love—so do I.—Your affectionate, NED.

¹ Lady Burne-Jones.

² Ford Madox Brown.

a long letter this morning for Bernadine (our first) all
well and happy

~~62~~ J

41 Kensington Square.

Dear old pote.

Can't move at
present for certain imperative

reasons - come and see me.

Come for a week at once, come
on Saturday and be made

much of - send a line and

say so. You shall be

petted, ever so - we'll ever

listen to y^r. MSS. if you bring

boxes full of them. - do them.

a dear fellow.

Your yearning friend



As to a walk tomorrow
Yes - let us go and look
up Boyce who is steady
- I want to see him - times
you come here for me - we
will start at 4 for
here, but if you cannot
be lunch at $1\frac{1}{2}$ how
excellent an idea I were.
- in the evening I have to
go out so if you could
come to a meal it
would be mighty pleasant
I am up.



[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

41 KENSINGTON SQUARE
[June 1865].

DEAR OLD POTE,—Can't move at present for certain imperative reasons—come and see me.

Come for a week at once ; come on Saturday and be made much of. Send a line and say so. You shall be petted ever so.

Do, there's a dear fellow.—Your loving friend,

[Sketch here]

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1869.]

MY DEAR,—Come and stay with us. I want to see you and jaw about things—the garden is full pleasant.

Gabriel has a wombat—he has written about it to this effect :—

Oh ! How the family affections combat
Within my breast ! Each hour throws a bomb at
My burning soul—neither from owl or from bat
Can peace be gained, until I clasp my wombat.

And I am your affectionate,

NED.

Also the wife and kids send love.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

As to a walk to-morrow, yes—Let us go and look up Boyce¹ who is seedy—I want to see him. Would you come here for me ? We would start at 4 from here, but if you came to lunch at 1.30 how excellent an idea 't were.

In the evening I have to go out, so if you could come to a meal it would be mighty pleasant.—Your affectionate,

[Sketch here]

¹ G. P. Boyce, R.W.S.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I'm a fool : I was engaged for this evening after all—not till 8.30 though if I should be any good to you till then. Still I don't see how I could go to Chelsea and back any the more in that time.

Adoo—transpire as soon as you can. You are always a comfort to be with.—Affectionately yours,

[Sketch here]

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1870.]

MY DEAR,—How could I reach you or write, when I couldn't for the life of me remember your address? Georgie couldn't remember it—and I have wanted badly to see you—I wanted you on Tuesday and couldn't communicate. Luckily you wrote the address on last evening's note, or else I couldn't be writing now : to-day I'm dining out so you must put it off. How long are you going away for? I'm here all the time through—Georgie and kids at Whitby, well and happy, and I busy here and sorely wanting friends to look me up. Write and say how long you are going for.—Your affectionate

NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[September 1870.]

MY DEAR,—I can't—I should like it but I can't. Models are coming every day and work is so backward—Come and be with us on Sunday—Evening meal at 7. I want to see you so much—Life grows more and more dull and I know of nothing but talk that makes it seem right. *Vive la République!* If talk could

My Dear Allingham

I'm a fool: I was
enjoyed for this event after all
- not till 8½ hours, if I
should be any good to you
till then - still I don't
see how I could go to Chelsea
and back any the more in
that time: 12.00 -
transpire as soon as you
can - you are always a
comfort to be with.

affectionately



make that go right how it would swim. Still, *Vive* that *République*, and down with an immense quantity of things.—Ever your affectionate
NED.

In your room is no memorial of my craft—I want you to choose a thing to set up there.

[EDWARD-BURNE JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Why won't you see me—why won't you come? I've been seedy and keep to the house—come and dine to-day—do please.—Your affectionate

NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Saturday.

DEAR A.,—Could we have a bit of a walk to-morrow afternoon if you came round for me at *four*—whether people were here or not, I would have my walk.

I also want to ask your advice about a trifling affair—wherein my advice has been asked by a friend whose advice has been asked by another friend—I think it stops there.—Your affectionate

E. B. J.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR W. A.,—Come not to-morrow after all for my movements are most dubious. I don't think I could manage at any time and I should not know at what time for I shall have a day of travel and travail.—Your affectionate

E. B. J.

Saturday.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Monday.

MY DEAR,—Come this evening and dine at seven,
'cos to-morrow and Thursday and Friday I'm engaged
—do'ee come there's a dear.—Your affectionate

NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

Thursday.

Nae, nae, mon, its no at four I'll be till ye. I've
unco wark the day and there's the gudewife and twa
bit bairnies, wha's to fill their wames, puir things,
an I no wark mysell? But I'll be till ye at sax
preceesely, and no a minute langer and we'se awa
together in some bit fashion, frae

NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[POST CARD, *January 1871.*]

DEAR YOU,—To-morrow I shall come and see
you—to-day I meant to, but cannot.—Ever your
affectionate,

[Sketch here]

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1st August 1874.]

MY DEAR ALLIMAN,¹—I do congratulate you.
Nevertheless how vainly do I live depicting the
thousand woes, toils, and tribulations of love! I
persuade no one, not even myself.

You know I have every possible good wish in
my heart for your happiness.

¹ Name for Allingham given by one of Burne-Jones's children.

Dear Ym...

Tomorrow I shall come & see you
- today I meant to, but cannot
Ever yours Alfred



LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM 125

On Wednesday I am off for Spitzbergen¹—back in a fortnight, then let us see you—nay, look up Georgie before and tell her all about it that I may know.—Ever your affectionate
NED.

[EDWARD BURNE-JONES *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1874.]

DEAR ALLIMAN,—Much better—indeed quite well. Your little picture awaits you in the hall.

On Sunday I shall have to be out, but on Sunday week come and all the family will be back to welcome you.—Your affectionate
E. B. J.

LADY BURNE-JONES

We give three letters from Lady Burne-Jones, written in the earlier days of the friendship.

[LADY BURNE-JONES *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

62 GREAT RUSSELL STREET,
October 14, 1863.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—We were so glad of your letter before we left Cheshire, and trusting in its friendly assurances have delayed writing again without fear of your misunderstanding our silence. Gabriel never gave us any message from you, but it was from him Edward learnt you were in England again, and that made us want to write to you at once. When you are in Ireland you seem in your own home, and independent of your friends on this side the water; but directly you cross over we feel you belong to us in some way, and claim you accordingly.

We want you to come and see us at Christmas,—

¹ Naworth.

will you? It would be very nice to have a quiet little week together, to look forward to now, and look back upon after. Do come if you can—there is a little room here most entirely at your service: you will find us just the same as ever, only a year older, and with Philip chattering like a small magpie: but Jane and Emma are with us still, and the men come in in the evenings as of yore.

Edward is stronger this year, I think. Everyone says he looks so, and he does a great deal of work.

We have had a most unsettled summer—away a great deal, and are looking for a quiet hard-working winter, if all is well.

Write and say you will come to us during it.—
Ever yours faithfully,

GEORGIANA BURNE-JONES.

[LADY BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

RED HOUSE,¹ UPTON, KENT,
May 24, 1864.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—It seems as if I was never going to write and thank you for your book,² so, in order to make that seeming wrong, I will do it now. Both Edward and I have enjoyed it *very* much, as much as if we were Irish, I believe. It reads like the calm result of many years thinking about and watching the subject, which has fallen at last quite naturally into rhyme and metre. We enjoyed, not the subject only though, but the way it is done, and are anxious to let you know how much pleasure it has given us—so thank you again.

Write and tell us when you can come, will you, and we will be quite ready for you.

We have been down here about a week, and are enjoying it so much, with our friends and the country.

¹ William Morris's house.

² *Laurence Bloomfield*.

Phil is with us, and he shares the nursery of the Misses Morris, two beautiful children by this time.

Edward joins me in kindest remembrances, and I am, dear Mr. Allingham, very sincerely yours,

GEORGIANA BURNE-JONES.

[LADY BURNE-JONES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

41 KENSINGTON SQUARE,
September 6, 1866.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—We arrived very safely¹ and much fatigued, only a quarter of an hour late, and to-day are shaking into our ordinary places in life.

At Southampton all our travelling companions, save Mrs. W—— and her babe, deserted us, to our great joy, and Edward and Phil replaced them. I need not say that, armed as we were with two babies, no one else attempted to get into our carriage for the rest of the journey. Mrs. W—— seemed a very nice woman indeed, and was wonderfully kind to Phil, opening her travelling bag and shewing him its contents, and the like—*but*, the Rev. W—— met them at the station, and I felt that ere long she must be like him—after which——

We miss you very much, and flatter ourselves you must miss us, for you have looked after us so kindly that it must have felt like having a large family round you.

We are much dissatisfied with our library, and long for books all round a room—but then we should not have earth, air, and water to look at from our windows, as you have.

We have enjoyed our time with you very much, and shall always look back to it with pleasure—and,

¹ From Lymington, where they had been staying in rooms near Allingham for three weeks.

until we do it, look forward to a repetition of the same kind of thing.

We missed our long room last night, and could not sleep properly in our own narrower sphere : and so to-day we are shaky and dilapidated in aspect.

Surely, now we have had so many talks together, we might manage a few letters. Will you do your part, and I'll stir up Ned with a sharp pen to do his ?

We have pouring rain this afternoon, but it was fine this morning—and beautiful all the way up yesterday.

Edward and Phil send much love : Phil has been sailing his boat with much joy.—Believe me, dear Mr. Allingham, very truly yours,

GEORGIE BURNE-JONES.

THOMAS CARLYLE

We find no record of Allingham's first meeting with Carlyle, but it must have taken place in the early eighteenthies.

In a letter to his father, dated July 1849, Allingham writes of "being on my way from Carlyle's house to whom I had a letter, but he is out of town." This introduction was, doubtless, from Leigh Hunt, who had spoken to Allingham about Carlyle. Allingham left London soon afterwards, but was over again, for short visits, in the years following : in 1854 he seems to have been on terms of easy acquaintance with Carlyle.

The first four of Carlyle's letters were written, evidently, in reply to Allingham's request for advice about lines of study. He had never ceased to regret his want of a regular college course and the fact that, as Customs officer in a distant port, he was to a great extent cut off from any personal part in the literary life of the time.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHELSEA, 29 June 1850.

DEAR SIR,— Along with Camden's *Britannia* (Philemon Holland's,¹ or at lowest Bishop Gibson's version) I ought by no means to have forgotten one Book which there is on Ireland itself that deserves, tho' at a long interval behind Camden, the name of good. Sir James Ware's² Book (or two books together) I mean: *History of Irish Writers, Bishops &c.*, and *History and Antiquities of Ireland*;—all done into English by a Mr. Harris (also a diligent, learned kind of Irishman) about a hundred years ago in Dublin: you find it in two volumes folio (sometimes I think in three, but my copy had two only) but all you can get of Ware's is worth buying,—for he had a head, and took pains to do his best with it; and in fact has done more than any or than all that I have yet fallen in with, in that Irish department whether native or foreign.

Camden, as he will teach you, and as is true, is very lame on Irish ground. Much of Ware as is fallen hopelessly obsolete, I think I should vote that this is the one good Book I could yet discover to exist on Irish matters.

Ancient Histories of Ireland by Spenser (the Poet), "Campion" and two others, were printed (reprinted, with extreme incorrectness) at Dublin some forty years ago; and are to be had in two clumsy volumes:—get these two when you have opportunity:—this and the other strange glaring features of the Anglo-Irish paladins and their mutinous subjects will bob up upon you as you read.

¹ Philemon Holland was born at Chelmsford, Essex, and educated at Cambridge: he died in 1636.

² Sir James Ware was born in Dublin in 1594, and died in 1666. "His works are still consulted," writes Mr. Hugh Allingham (1911).

If you want to know how many other Books of little worth, of none and of less than none, exist on Irish History, you can get Nicholson's "Irish Historical Library" (which however is far less instructive than his "Scotch" or "English" ditto), a cheap, thin Book of a century and a half old.

I would also recommend for your Ballyshannon library Kennet's "Complete History of England," three volumes folio,—which can be had for about 25s. in good case, from the old bookshops here: only the third volume, now nearly worthless, is by Kennet (a thrice famed Bishop in his time); the rest consists of many *old* Histories of England (masses of Ireland in it too, under Queen Elizabeth, &c.); and you have a great deal of good reading, with abundant references and other helps for your money.

The Irish Counties in the *Penny Cyclopædia* (by one Ferguson of Dublin) are well done; item Captain Larcom's Ordnance Map: all the rest that I have seen on Ireland is—what shall I say?—Yours (in great haste),
T. CARLYLE.

Sir R. Kane's¹ Book (worth buying, tho' none of the best) you probably already have?

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

SCOTSBRIG, ECCLEFECHAN,
4 September 1850.

DEAR SIR,—There is not much that I can say to you on the study of General History, except what Nature herself will suggest to you, if you be, as I hope you are, intent on prosecuting it.

The books that exist on it are far from being such as one could wish them; and no man, least of all one

¹ Sir Robert Kane, Commissioner of Irish Education, &c., published "Industrial Resources of Ireland, &c."

in a retired situation, has command of what Books do exist.

Let not that discourage you : in this, as in all things, you have to endeavour honestly, with all the virtue, ingenuity and earnestness that are in you ; and it is on this latter condition, much more than on your means and appliances, that your real progress will depend.

One Book leads to another : begin with almost any Book on the subject, read it faithfully with all your faculties awake, it will gradually lead you towards better Books, and the subject growing more luminous at every step, you will see more and more where the real centre of it lies for you, and how you are to strive towards that. For every subject, and History above all others, has what we call a different "centre" for every different man ; and it is of great importance that every man should candidly listen to the monitions of his own mind in regard to what *is* really interesting and nutritive to him as an individual, and *try* all foreign monitions, with patience, with modesty yet with courage, and silently reject them if they do *not* fit with this.

Probably you have already read the fashionable Modern Historians, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon ; if not, it will behove you to read them, especially the two latter, and most especially for your present object the last : Gibbon with all his faults is a man of great talent, worth meeting upon any subject, and his Book is by far the best Bridge between the Ancient and the Modern World that has yet been constructed anywhere.

Johannes von Müller has a little Book on *Universal History*, three volumes, translated into English about thirty years ago ; this I think I could recommend you to purchase and keep about you : it is a solid work, and will serve to open the subject for you better than most others.

The same Müller's Book on Switzerland has a high

reputation, which I did not find that it quite deserved : at any rate it is not translated, and must lie over.

There is further a Rotteck's (German) *Universal History* (translated and abridged lately in America) ; of which I hear some talk : a Bossuet's *Discours* (in French) very obsolete now :—nay, there is the old English collection in fifty or sixty volumes ; this, when I have read in it, is still as worthy of its place as another. Watson's *Philip the Second* will tell you of the Dutch Revolt ; an interesting, highly readable Book. Voltaire's *Histories* you must read, though they will disappoint you.

Mentzel (unknown to me, at least, not favourably known), has a *History of Germany*, probably the eligiblist in your position. Geijer (done into German), a solid earnest man, will by and by tell you about *Sweden*, Gustavus Vasa &c. : Vertot is not worth much on these subjects. But I need not continue this list, which might be indefinitely extended.

Do you possess a *Biographie Universelle* ? If not, perhaps you had better buy this too : it costs ten or twelve guineas (fifty volumes and odd) ; will teach you a great many things ; and is by far the *best* Biographical Dictionary I have used.

One specific very simple precept is perhaps more important than any I have now room to add : Never read a Book of History *without a map*. Follow out the details of the localities (chronologies &c. &c.) : it *forces* you to pay a livelier attention ; till you have put the event into its *place* and into its *time*, in every detail, you cannot be said to have read it all. And be diligent ; and labour faithfully, *virtuously* ; and fear not !

As to German, which I now greatly approve of for you, the best plan *is* to begin directly after you have done the grammar with Goethe, Schiller &c. (avoiding Richter), and on the whole to read resolutely on, labouring towards the meaning,—if possible in some Book your *heart* is in.

Do you know Madame de Staël's *Allemagne*?
That for guide-book :—and persist and prosper!—
Yours very truly (in haste), T. CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHELSEA, 21st April 1853.

DEAR SIR,—I believe the usual Academic equipments, Latin, Greek &c., are practically attainable in Dublin, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow (in all of which places there are Professors of accredited repute);—attainable, that is, by a man sufficiently bent upon the enterprise; as indeed they are anywhere, by *such* a man, witness Warburton, who continued an Attorney's Clerk till he became "learned" to that extent; while to the opposite kind of man, as we have samples enough, they continue everywhere unattainable.

A far graver question were, whether the road to *Wisdom* does really, in present centuries, lie thro' that turnpike at all; whether the game, in such a case as yours, is anything like worth the candle! But on that we do not enter at present.

For the rest, London (tho' there is an excellent Classicist, Professor Newman,¹ in employment there) would certainly seem to me a very unfit place for preparatory study, the interruptions to study of any sort being so enormous in a monstrous chaotic capital like London: but I ought to say, my own available acquaintance with such Seminaries and their capabilities amounts, at present, to mere *zero*, my interest in them and their pursuits having been upon the decline this long while (indeed, ever since I myself got out of their distracted precincts, with life still in me); and, of course, you will consult your con-

¹ Francis Wm. Newman, younger brother of Cardinal Newman.

templated Professor himself, before entering on such a career in any place.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

W. Allingham, Esq.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

ADDISCOMBE FARM,
27 September 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose you the note for Newman; and shall sincerely wish you may get some good of it, and of the somewhat questionable enterprise¹ you have in view. On that latter head I will say no more; having already perhaps said too much.

I perceive you greatly exaggerate the advantages derivable from College Lectures in these times, and do not value at anything like its real amount the solid privilege of being economically independent, and left free to attend the “lectures” you might give *yourself* (on far better than *Academical* subjects) on such tolerable terms! No man can be *made* wise, except by his own virtuous efforts; and, in these days of Books and Libraries, all the little help he can get from others is, as it were, brought to his own door, wherever he may live.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Allingham gave up the Customs and came to London in February 1854, and at once obtained literary work on *The Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other reviews. But, by June, he had made up his mind to return to the country.

On page 73 of the *Diary* he notes that Carlyle, when taking leave of him, said, “You’d have gone from bad to worse; now you can do your day’s work, and if you have anything to say or write, do so; and if no man will have it, you can say, ‘Well, thank God, I can do without selling it.’”

¹ That of coming to London to live by literary work.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHELSEA, LONDON,
3 March 1862.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—We got the little *Ballyshannon Almanack*; and, though there is nothing said of you in print or *MS.* there, I recognize very well who wrote the pleasant and excellent Historical Introduction which might (if its laudable modesty would permit) boast itself to be perhaps the very best ever written anywhere for such a purpose.

I have read it with real entertainment and instruction on my own behoof, and with real satisfaction on yours. So clear, so brief, definite, graphic; and a fine genially human tone in it. That is the feat: to extract a little Poetry (which is *not* Fiction) from the bleak rocks and bare hillsides of the Irish Fact lying round you, squalid enough and contradictory enough! You have read well,—or fairly begun to do so,—and to think; and be silent, till you find out. Persist in that course if you are hero enough; and you will decidedly come to something.

I ought to say also that I saw, in some accidental number of a *North British Review*, a song of yours which I thought a real bit of rhythm and melody. Very good that too, when one can have it of the genuine kind. A little of that too, if you find it come: *a little*, not at all very much, and only by way of fringe or *shirt frill* to the other sort! These things are really my meaning: and I have not above ten minutes to write them down in.

I am myself still tugging at the galley-oar; one of the most tired of all enslaved creatures. I thought to have got free *last* year; but it will, at the very best, be the end of this year before I get my chain filed *through*.¹ My wife (who has been very weakly, but

¹ Carlyle was, at this time, finishing his *Frederick*.

is now improving fast as the season mends) sends her kind regards.—I remain, yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1862.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Froude's town address will not at present find him—he is in the *Isle of Wight* (I forget specially where).

You must go to Parker's (publisher of *Fraser*, West Strand); and they will tell you what to put on the Packet. Adieu.

In a bushel of hurries (and a peck of troubles).—
Yours,

T. CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, 21 *August*.

For the past eight years Allingham had lived quietly in Ireland, again in the Customs,—paying occasional visits to London, when he always saw and talked with Carlyle. He now, in 1862, planned for an exchange to the London Customs—and came to town in September; but the life at the docks was so unhealthy and depressing that he became ill: and after a short sick-leave he arranged another exchange, to the Customs at Lymington, in Hampshire, where he went early in 1863.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHELSEA, 25 *December* 1865.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I will stand to whatever I may have said about the *Ballyshannon Almanac*.

I thought, and think, the Introduction there showed a very pretty talent, and remarkable diligence in investigating, to which add patience, sagacity, sobriety in ditto, and you have the basis of all talent for History.

I did then expect from you in course of time some-

thing quite superior as the History of Ireland ; but you pulled up your tether again, took to shifting about again, and I suppose there is nothing done.

You have no idea how much a man loses by tumbling up his location, and getting into a totally new environment of his commonplace condition of existence time after time.

What chance you may have to get this increase of Pension, &c., &c. (in short, this total abolition of "tether" !) I do not know at all : but I must candidly tell you I have great doubts whether it would do you anything but mischief,—whether you are not even now better situated for working out some History of Ireland than you could anywhere else be, for the next ten or twenty years !

You will not the least believe me ; but before you have spent that length of time, perhaps you will !

I know nothing you can get by "searching libraries." One *reads* Books nowhere except in silent seclusion at home, and Books can always be bought by one in your circumstances. The great thing requisite (and that is inexorably so) will be to meditate in your own unwearied thought, month after month and year after year, the riddles, obscurities and contradictions which Books offer, and never to rest till *you* have overcome them.

By far the richest *Irish* Library (Froude has taught us) is the State Paper Office *here* : much nearer you at present than when you have gone a-roving with your tether annihilated !

In short, my dear Allingham, if the officials altogether *refuse* you, I shall be sorry for your disappointed humour, but I shall think the chance of your Irish History (which *you* could indeed do better than anybody if the Devil didn't hinder) is improved for us thereby.

By all means come and see us when you are here on holiday.

In great haste (with paper and pen extremely detestable).—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE.

I commissioned Woolner to write to you : but have found your letter again and do it myself.

In deference to Carlyle's urgency, Allingham spent much precious time in studying, and preparing to write on, Irish history. In 1870 he published in *Fraser's Magazine* a long article called "Seven Hundred Years Ago"—doubtless intended to form the opening chapters of a history of Ireland. But eventually he gave up the idea altogether : the paper is included in his *Varieties in Prose*.

Carlyle's candid opinions as to what he considered Allingham's mistaken literary tendencies do not seem to have weakened the real cordiality of their intercourse. On one occasion, indeed, Allingham noted with dismay (*Diary*, page 165) an apparent rebuff from the great man : but on speaking of the matter to Froude, by whom it was duly reported to Carlyle, the little misunderstanding was explained away in the letter that follows.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHELSEA, 1 November 1867.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Yesterday Froude came to walk with me, the first time I had seen him for several weeks (so busy is he daily at the *Record Office*), and just before parting, he began speaking of your Article on Swift, which he described as very pretty : and then asked to my amazement, "*Had I turned you away abruptly in the lobby one day, when you were coming to call on me !*"

With a shock of astonishment I answered emphatically (as was natural, and the virtual *truth*), "No, for certain, never !"

At length turning the matter over, and hearing your own positive report against me, I did, and do now, well enough recollect noticing a Human Figure

just about to enter under Mrs. Warren's guidance, just as I was hurrying upstairs too late for some appointment—to which Human Figure I answered hastily—not knowing it in the least, and taking it for one of the thousand impertinent Intrusives who with *others* of young genius, with Petitions, Begging letters, &c. &c., besiege my existence here when they can chance to get admission; “I can do nothing with *you* just now!” and pushed along as if I had managed *well*.

That is the naked truth—and I hope, even to your sensitive imagination, *exhausts* the stupid phenomenon;—meaning, farther or other—the phenomenon never had any.

Nor could have! Never can “Allingham” be turned away from this door: that day Allingham's company would have been right welcome to me as I walked up to town. Forgive my *old eyes* which no longer see clearly beyond a few yards, and with plenty of light; for it is mathematically certain there was nothing else to blame!

Last night I read the *Swift*¹ and found it all that Froude had described and more: graceful, clear, strikingly true: a great deal of honest sense and of sharp discernment in it; I should say the faithfullest and justest crayon sketch I have ever seen of Jonathan and his environment. More of the like whenever you please.

My address for a few days hence will be Belton House, Grantham; in a week or less, Chelsea again. The sooner I hear that this scrap has reached you and chased the *jack-daws* out of your chimney (*mind's* chimney) it will be the better!—Yours faithfully,

T. CARLYLE.

¹ “Moor Park and Jonathan Swift,” now included in Allingham's *Varieties in Prose*, vol. i.

[THOMAS CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, 29 July 1868.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Surely I am much obliged to the good Mrs. Fanshawe, and you must thank her sincerely for such kind and amiable purposes on my behalf; but say withal that I am got to anchor here in a Sister's¹ care, under the finest "cure" of pure air, seclusion, *scenery* beautiful to me from my earliest days, and now in a sort sacred to me—and that I must not think of stirring into any other lodging but my own, as matters are.

The Edinbro' adventure which lasted for a fortnight, seems to have proved successful, and is not unlikely to be of real advantage to me: but meanwhile I am very weakly, and full of thoughts (as is natural) which much invite me to be silent. All good be with you.—Yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

Two years after the date of the last letter, Allingham came to live near Chelsea, at first as sub-editor, then as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*; and from that time, 1870, till Carlyle's death in 1881, Allingham saw him constantly. Full notes of their intercourse and conversations are given in the *Diary* (pages 203 to 311).

The following letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle take us back some years in time.

MRS. CARLYLE

[JANE WELSH CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DR. GULLY'S, MALVERN,
Monday [August 1851].

DEAR SIR,—Your packet has reached me in safety—far from Chelsea—thank God! for London, with

¹ Mrs. Aitken. When Carlyle returned to Chelsea after this visit, he took home with him his niece, Mary. His wife had died two years previously.

its smouldering heat and wandering gaping sightseers, was become the liveliest representation conceivable for me of the Place, beginning with an *H*, that one would rather not be reminded of!

We are here till the end of the month—Mr. C. taking the water cure, and I looking at him taking it. A lady told me the other day that it was “quite delightful to hear from the *bath-man* how *sweetly* Mr. Carlyle took his baths! his *only regret* the bath-man said, being that he was not kept *longer in the pack*! So you see the cold water must be acting favourably on his faculty of patience and resignation, if on nothing else.

I think the bracelet quite beautiful, and shall take every opportunity of exhibiting it.

With thanks and good wishes that you may be preserved from conversion to the Church of Rome and all such “damnabilities.”—I remain, dear Sir,
yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

[JANE WELSH CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 CHEYNE ROW,
Monday.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—What, for your purpose is worse than having *no* acquaintance with John Mill; we did once know him intimately and he cut our acquaintance! For years and years we have “stood apart like rocks, &c. &c. &c.”—(I forget the quotation in spite of reading it anew in every young lady’s thrilling novel). So that it would no more suit *us* to send any one to *him* than it would suit *you* to be sent by *us*!

Yours very truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

[JANE WELSH CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 CHEYNE ROW,
Wednesday [1854].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—You are not taking it ill of me that I did not thank you for your poems *before reading them?* at least were I in your case *and knowing what I know*, it would be far from me to take it ill!

I have now read every line of these poems—a great praise in itself—considering the anti-poetic atmosphere I live in, and how impatient I am become, at second-hand, of the general run of Poems; and to speak quite sincerely I find all of them good reading, and some of them really beautiful and worth getting by heart. “The Dream” in particular pleases me, and one verse of it brought a gush of tears from my eyes, and if you knew what remarkably dry eyes I read with generally—nay, live with generally—you would attach some importance to this manifestation of feeling!

Even Mr. C. read “The Dream” without a word of objection and a good many of approbation. I wish you great success in your enterprise. It must be a hard fight in the beginning for anybody unless born with a popular novel in his mouth, to live by literature in London. But I do believe always to a certain imaginable extent, that “our wishes are presentiments of our powers.”

Come and tell me all about it the first Sunday morning you have leisure.—Yours truly with many thanks,
JANE CARLYLE.

[JANE WELSH CARLYLE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 CHEYNE ROW,
February 23rd [1856].

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I like your idea. It is original; and like the notes of the nightingale

"touching and strong." I shall bear it in mind for my own use. Now and then I have met with a person "*here down*" (as Mazzini calls it) whom absence did not sweep from my recollection, and to whom, in some dreamy moment, I should have liked to say, "I remember *you* ; do *you* remember *me* ?" But it never occurred to me to *do* this, tho' so extremely easy to be done ! without having gone thro' the slow preliminary to a regular friendly correspondence, and to regular friendly correspondences, indeed to *regular anything* I have a sacred horror of committing myself. This sort of impulsive irregular thing suits me exactly ; so I thank you for your letter and answer it with right good will.

What you say of Ruskin's book is excellent. "Claret and buttermilk" till one don't know which is which ! But what *could* be expected from a man who goes to sleep with, every night, a different Turner's picture on a chair opposite his bed that "he may have something beautiful to look at on first opening his eyes of a morning" (so his mother told me). . . . He is amiable and gay, and full of hope and faith in—one doesn't know exactly *what*—but of course *he* does.

Twice last summer he drove Mr. C. and me and *Nero* out to his place at Denmark Hill, and gave us a dinner like what one reads of in the *Arabian Nights*, and strawberries and cream on the lawn ; and was indulgent and considerate for even *Nero* ! I returned each time more satisfied that Mrs. Ruskin must have been hard to please. One feels always, one could manage other women's husbands so much better than they do—and so much better than one manages one's own husband !

We lived in the same house with Alfred Tennyson lately—at Lord Ashburton's in Hampshire—and he read *Maud* and other poems aloud to us, and was much made of by all the large party assembled there.

He seemed strangely excited about *Maud*—as sensitive to criticisms as if they were imputations on his honour : and all his friends are excited about *Maud* for him ! and an unknown Cambridge gentleman wrote to Mr. Carlyle to ask him to be so good as to inform him what was *his* opinion of *Maud*!!! You may imagine how Mr. C. would toss that letter into the fire, sending a savage growl after it !

Dear Mr. Allingham, be a Poet by all means, for you have a *real gift* that way ; but for God's sake beware of becoming too caring about whether your gift is *appreciated* by "the million"—of Jackasses. The nightingale don't trouble itself about *appreciation*, and sings none the worse for that.

I can't tell you how glad I was that you got back to hum-drum *work*, yielding you *visible means* and not overworking your nervous system.

I never thanked you for the book of poems you sent me : the custom of this house is to send away the books of poems that come, to the first person one can think of that "cares for that sort of thing." When I tell you that your *Day and Night Songs* were not sent away ; but on the contrary placed in my little private book-case in my own room, and still stand there, you will perceive they must have had some peculiar charm for me, either of merit or of affection, or of both together.

Mr. C. says there is nothing of the least moment in the four volume edition of his Cromwell that is not in the three volume and supplement one.

As to the Atlases he does not discommend Brewer for he never heard of it before. But he thinks *Arrow-smith's General Atlas* the best little Atlas he ever saw. Also *Walker's England* is very good, and the *Government map of Ireland* (four pieces) excellent.

And now goodbye dear Mr. Allingham—and, as a German friend¹ of mine wrote to me from America the

¹ Count Reichenbach, see *New Letters and Memorials*, ii. 68,

other day, "a serene mind to you in the new era!"—
 Very sincerely yours, JANE CARLYLE.

DR. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER

We give several letters from Dr. Carpenter, who took a prominent place among the men of science in the mid-Victorian time. He contributed various articles to *Fraser's Magazine* while Allingham was editor: they did not meet until some years later.

[W. B. CARPENTER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

56 REGENT'S PARK ROAD, N.W.,
 January 21, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your note, and by your offer of opening to me the pages of *Fraser*, to which Mr. Froude had formerly invited me to become a contributor. Having recently had many opportunities of giving expression to my views on the subject of "Human Automatism," I think that I have said enough on that subject; and should be glad, if I write anything for you, to take up some other. I find that my Article in the *last Contemporary* is exciting much attention; and, as it was written hastily, as a text for discussion, and without any view to immediate publication (having been only allowed to make its appearance at the earnest request of Mr. Knowles), I should be glad to develop some parts of my argument more fully.

What I want to show is, that the "Authority" of Christianity, as a religious system adapted to produce the most elevating influence on Man's motives and conduct, is entirely independent of the supposed "miraculous" attestation of it; and that it arises from the direct appeal made by the *teachings* of Christ,

enforced by his *life*, to our own highest nature,—“revealing us” (as I once heard Mr. Martineau say) “to ourselves.”

This is a line which (so far as I know) has not been taken by any recent writer,—Matthew Arnold and W. R. Greg having recognized it, but not explicitly adopted it. And though there are many men who could treat the subject far better than I can, yet I believe there are a good many who will read what I might write upon it, with more receptiveness than they would be disposed to accord to the writings of either a professed theologian or an avowed sceptic.

A part of my argument would be to show how much we *all* adapt the teachings of Christ to our own notions ; and gloss over and explain away what does not accord with them. This, I imagine, *Fraser* would not object to.

I am just now preparing for a two months' absence on the Continent, for the prosecution of a Scientific enquiry at Naples. If you think well of my plan, I shall be glad to excogitate it in some quiet time that I hope to have at Naples ; and may probably sketch out there the form of a series of (say) six papers—none of them long—in which my view of the subject may be presented to your readers.—I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

W. Allingham, Esq.

[W. B. CARPENTER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

56 REGENT'S PARK RD., N.W.,
January 24, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your note, and by your willingness to receive the Papers I propose to prepare for *Fraser*.

If you do not think that the two Articles I contributed to *The Contemporary* some months ago, have

precluded any further publication of my views on "Human Automatism," I should be glad to put into a suitable shape the Lecture of which I send you a Report. I always lecture without notes, as I find that I can keep up the attention of my audience much better by *speaking* to them than by *reading*. And I never aim at any higher rhetoric than that of putting forth clearly and distinctly the views I wish to impress on them. The Newspaper report of what I said is very correct on the whole. Of course I can improve it considerably ; but I had rather keep the *form* of the Address, as differentiating it from the essays I have already published.

In any case, please to return the Report to me.

You may have noticed the review of my "Mental Physiology" in *The Times* of Wednesday and Thursday ; and Mr. Hutton's Article in *The Spectator* of Saturday. He must, I think, have been present at my lectures at the London Institute. He has always opposed my doctrine of "Unconscious Cerebration" (on which, however, I did not touch in those lectures—referring only to *Automatic* Mental or Cerebral action) but he agrees with me in regard to the action of the Will.—I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

[W. B. CARPENTER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

56 REGENT'S PARK ROAD, N.W.,
December 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I have found it impossible to give to the subject as to which I wrote to you the quiet continuous thought which is needed to do it anything like justice. And until I can free myself entirely from official duties, I fear that I must give up the idea of elaborating anything on "the religion of all sensible men" (as old Sam Rogers called it) which would be

worth giving to the public. At the same time, I have an increasing conviction (much strengthened by conversations I had during my vacation in Scotland with many "sensible men," clergy as well as laics), that the time is come for a free-speaking on this subject.

In the meanwhile, however, I should like to know whether you would like to give a place to two Lectures I am about to give at the London Institution (by particular request) on the subject of "Mesmerism, Table-turning, &c. considered historically and scientifically." I am not going into a polemic against Spiritualism; but shall aim to show what the experience of the past teaches in regard to the "occult agencies" which crop up from time to time, taking their form from the spirit of the period; and what are the conditions which science requires for the demonstration of the reality of anything that contradicts universal experience.

The Lectures will be on the 7th and 14th; and if you wish to hear them before deciding, I will send you tickets.¹—Believe me, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

Wm. Allingham, Esq.

PETER W. CLAYDEN

The name of P. W. Clayden, the leader-writer and assistant editor of the *Daily News*, will be remembered by many; and especially by the congregation of the Free Christian Church, Kentish Town, where he preached for many years.

[P. W. CLAYDEN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.,
11th January 1883.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—It is very late, but let me wish you and Mrs. Allingham and your family

¹ Dr. W. B. Carpenter published articles on Mesmerism in *Fraser* for February and March 1877, and one on Spiritualism for November.

a Happy New Year. It ought to be happy in the country, with poet for husband, artist for wife, and a family of children worthy of both ; and that splendid view from the front windows, and the pleasant garden, and the fresh air, and the "thoughts that wander through eternity."

"My lattice open to the morning sun,
Call of a distant cuckoo, lyric notes
Of many a voice, leaf whispers"

does not apply to a January day even in the country ; but it reminds one of what is coming.

I thank you much for sending me *Evil May Day*. It is an admirable idea completely embodied ; and I have had the pleasure of the fullest sympathy with it in reading it, besides enjoyment of its poetical beauty. I have read also most of the smaller poems with great pleasure. There is a sonnet "Great Ancestry" I like very much ; and the little poem "Poesis Humana" I have read and read again till I almost know it. So "In a Cottage Garden"¹ expresses a thought which I have very often indulged. The Sonnet "Love after long exilement" reminds me of Sir Philip Sidney. I have always read your poems with pleasure but never with more than in this volume.

Now that Mrs. Allingham's cousin is my daughter-in-law I am proud to claim some kinship. My very kind regards to Mrs. Allingham and with thanks.—Believe me, ever yours truly,

P. W. CLAYDEN.

William Allingham, Esq.

[P. W. CLAYDEN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.,
14th June 1884.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I have been a very long time acknowledging the receipt of your delightful

¹ This poem is given in the Appendix, page 297.

volume *Blackberries*. I have had it constantly on my table ever since it came, and have constantly taken it up to read at odd moments ; and never without exclaiming how admirable many of the epigrams are. I know no book with such a variety of beauties in it, wit and wisdom, epigram and song, and what I like more than all, that true poetry which gives us glimpses of deeper realities which lie behind the shews of things—such as this (p. 16)

The highest, widest, noblest, thought of thine
Is the most true.
And is it greater than the Truth Divine?
O drop of dew
In which the glory of the sun doth shine !

I like all that chapter very much. But, in fact, it is almost impossible to select. I cannot open the book anywhere without finding things which greatly please me and more, things which confirm one's trust in the better side of life. A literary friend of some influence to whom I was speaking the other day said the same—and said he intended to say in a review he had been asked to write that the volume was almost unique in these days.

Many thanks for it ; and I shall ask you in return to accept a copy of my book "Samuel Sharpe." It is a very different kind of work ; but I think you may be interested in glancing through a story which has some elements of the heroic in it—for example Catherine Sharpe.

My wife joins me in kind regards to Mrs. Allingham and you. Your country dwelling must be glorious just now.—I am, yours very truly,

P. W. CLAYDEN.

[P. W. CLAYDEN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
25th September 1884.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I have been so overdone with work since I came back from South Wales (where we spent five weeks) that I could not answer your letter earlier.

The only way to make a Liberal paper succeed is to have it under experienced management. In 1873 it was desired to establish a Liberal paper in Reading. The Solicitor consulted me. I undertook it on condition the paper was mine.

We started *de novo*; bought machinery, &c., and I drew on him for the means. About £2,000 was spent; of which I paid nearly all back. In 1879 I sold the paper at a profit of £1,500, and it has now a circulation of 10,000 and is making the fortune of the two men—my own manager and reporter—who bought it of me. I only sold it because I found the work of going backwards and forwards was too great, with my other work, especially as I then did Sunday duty.

The main thing is therefore to find, as you say, somebody with newspaper experience to superintend such a paper. A solicitor cannot do it. He has not the experience. Nor can anybody without newspaper knowledge do it. As to *The West Surrey Times* the better plan would seem to me to be not to drop it but to revivify it. It should have some good leaders, and good reports of local matters. There should also be correspondents in the West Surrey towns. But no paper can be made to pay at once. It is sure to be several years before it does so. It is a growth. It is the Advertisements that pay, and they only come as people get to know the name of the paper, to hear it talked of, and to see it about in people's hands. This

is how *The West Sussex Gazette* has been made so successful. It has a shrewd and witty editor and he has made the paper talked about.

We were at Guildford on Saturday for a walk to Martha's Chapel and Albury and Merrow Downs—a glorious country and a glorious day.

I wish you would call and see me when you are in London. We always lunch at one-thirty and dine at six.

My wife joins me in very kind regards to Mrs. Allingham.—I am, yours very truly,

P. W. CLAYDEN.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH

Arthur Clough was one of the earliest of Allingham's friends among the poets of the time.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR SIR,—Emerson showed me one poem of yours—"The Pilot's Pretty Daughter."¹ Neither it nor your name had quitted my recollections, though I did not know where to find any other writing of yours and had faint hope of ever coming into communication with you. Let me cordially thank you now for what I hope may be only a commencement.

I shall venture to respond by sending you a poem, not without resemblance perhaps, in thought, to "the Pilot's pretty daughter."

Perhaps you will sometime let me know where I may seek for you if ever I should come into Donegal, no impossibility: I should also be glad to be told where I may meantime find your *Ambarvalia*.—Yours truly,

A. H. CLOUGH.

51 VINE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
February 20th [1849].

¹ Given in the Appendix, page 295.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR SIR,—I had begun to have some misgivings about Irish posts, which do indeed seem to have detained “the Pastoral” two or three days: so that your letter was very welcome. Not least its postscript, in which I recognise my unforgotten friend of last June. Will you some day send me “the Pilot’s pretty daughter”? I have no memory to carry away things however much they please me.

I am very glad that you did not mislike the “Bothie.” I ventured to anticipate that you would regard it as favourably as anything in *Ambarvalia*. The “Moral World” is rather scandalized with it.

I fear there is small prospect of my seeing you, face to face, for a long time to come. I have left Oxford and am to earn my bread in the classical-teacher’s line at University College, London. I go there next October; meantime I am going to be on the Continent. I go in three weeks’ time.

But some time *I mean* to come. The earliest sometime being summer after next.

I am half sorry, for my sake, to find myself older than you. I am thirty. I give you joy of your five years’ juniority.—Truly yours,

A. H. CLOUGH.

51 VINE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
March 9 [1849].

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

51 VINE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
March 20th [1849].

DEAR SIR,—When I first wrote I had some hope of coming over to Donegal before setting out on my greater journey, but it was soon cut off. However in London I hope we may meet:—at *University Hall*,

Gordon Square you will be sure to find me at any time between October 17th and July 1st, excepting in the weeks following Xmas and Easter. And this year I expect to be there, making preparations, during September. I believe, and of course hope, that I shall be able to offer, at any rate after October, a bed to a friend; and I hope you will give me the chance. In your way moreover you surely come by Liverpool (viâ Londonderry I conjecture) and if not in London I am likely enough to be in Liverpool, where I have a quiet retreat with a quiet mother and sister: and where I might have another chance of vivifying this too, too *unsolid* correspondence with you.—And viâ 51 Vine Street, Liverpool, letters are sure to reach me.

Meantime the best substitute is found in your three poems ; about which if I say nothing critical, you will, I doubt not, forgive me for preferring my own pleasure of reticent sympathy. But the two stanzas in "The Pilot's Daughter" which I looked for chiefly in this second reading were "This Element beneath my feet," and the next.

Farewell. May the Sky of Donegal be blue above
you.—Sincerely yours, A. H. CLOUGH.

When I get back from the continent, I shall hope to write and remind you of the visit to London. I leave England on the 1st April.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am very glad to hear of you—and shall be very glad if I continue to do so—though I am but a bad correspondent—especially perhaps at this time of the year which, from January that is to March, is always my worst. I suppose there is no immediate likelihood of your coming to London, but if you do, I think we could find you

a bed. We are settled in the distant regions of the further Regent's Park, not far from the Zoological Gardens, at 11 St. Mark's Crescent.

The best small Latin Dictionary is I believe Andrews' translation of Freund's *Latin and German*. Riddle's is a fair one. If there were any opportunity I would send you mine (Riddle) but it is too heavy for the post. It would be in itself desirable to study no doubt at one of the Queen's Colleges : but I do not see what you would do *after*—the great perplexity among mankind which I have seen most of, has been that of men who have just finished their reading and taken their degree at Oxford. I do not know what outlook there is for men at the Irish Colleges, but I suppose there is some. I should think you could do a good deal in the way of private study, meantime, if you once were provided with books. Have you got Latin authors? Tennyson I am told sets Virgil above Homer and thinks him for *Art* the first of poets—(he says moreover that he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy* than all Wordsworth).

Here is the whole world just breaking into agitation as the news spreads, of the *resignation of Lord John Russell*, which is a positive fact—of this afternoon ;—he says he cannot undertake to defend the Government, in this evening's debate, in its war policy.

The people you perhaps remember seeing at Coombe Hurst on the Sunday you came down there were the mother and sister of the Miss Nightingale who is at work in the hospitals at Scutari. I don't think you saw her. I believe she is getting on well ; though her family hear but rarely direct from her—she is a great friend of Milnes's.¹

I think Coventry Patmore's last volume is much better done than any I have seen of his yet.—I suppose you have got it. Arnold has republished some more poems ; with one new one on the Scandi-

¹ Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.

navian Apollo, Balder, in blank verse, in the *neo-Homeric* manner. Carlyle has written an Article in *The Westminster* on an episode in Saxon History (as you will not fail to have discovered if you see that review) : the Article on the Anglo-French Alliance is by Miss Martineau : that is all I know : that on the War in *The Quarterly* is presumed to be by Layard.—

Among books I have been reading of late is a *Memoir of Fynes Clinton*, the author of the *Fasti Hellenici*.

Carlyle is hard at work I believe. I went up to see him two months ago and since then have only second-hand intelligence of him ;—but by all accounts he is in the midst of his work.

Farewell, I will send you back your list of words by another opportunity ; I have left your letter up at my house.—Ever yours sincerely,

A. H. CLOUGH.

COUNCIL OFFICE,
January 25th [1855].

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
COUNCIL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET,
LONDON, 4 April 1855.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—There is rather a heap of work here and my fingers get stiff by the end of the day : so at present I can only write a few words to beg you to rely on my doing more hereafter.

I am glad the books have reached you. I believe as you say that reading will be the best thing for your Latin. I don't know how you will like Horace's *Odes*, but his *Epistles* I think will please you. I am not likely to want Riddle, so pray keep him till we meet again. As for the poor "Bothie," I was so disgusted with the mishap of the name,¹ that I have

¹ Which was at first printed Toper-na-Fuosich, instead of Vuolich.

never had pleasure in it since. I don't think I should republish it till I could do something else.

Here we go on meantime with our wars and rumour of wars, and I believe a growing feeling of the incapacity of our rulers—who I believe are sufficiently conscious of it themselves to be very desirous of making peace.

I went to see Carlyle the other day, but only found Mrs. C. He is working away at *Frederick*, with many execrations, but I believe very steadily.—Forgive this hasty scrap, and believe me, ever yours,

A. H. CLOUGH.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—This will find you perhaps returned from your excursion, just as I am starting on mine. I shall be away for a month.

Barbara Smith¹ is still abroad, and I believe, though rather tired of her invalid life, will stay another winter. She is however I believe much improved in health and is to spend the summer in Switzerland. My wife's aunt, Miss Julia Smith, who has been taking care of her, is expected home almost every day.

The great people here are I think mostly for peace. I confess I should be sorry to see the Russians whom I rather like and respect quite humiliated—otherwise I am for war—at anyrate so long as we don't get too victorious.

I saw Wilkinson the other day driving about to his patients. He enquired for you.

Farewell—I hope another year you will manage to extend your excursion across the St. George's Channel.
—Yours faithfully,

A. H. CLOUGH.

COUNCIL OFFICE,
30th May [1855].

¹ Afterwards Madame Bodichon.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—What are you doing and how are you getting on since I heard your experiences of the lakes, and sent a flying letter to hit you on your way to the Trossachs, perhaps at Edinburgh?

I have been to Paris for a few days. When I last stayed there, it was under the pure democracy of May-day, 1848. It looked mournful I thought and out of heart and spirits under the new Imperial regime. The Exhibition Building is in better taste and much more prettily ornamented than ours, but its want of size disappoints any one who had got used to the inside look of the Hyde Park Building.

I saw Browning here one day. You see he is going to publish two volumes. *Maud*, I think, is rather discredited by the upper critics.

Thackeray starts for New York to-day, to begin lecturing there on 1st November. There was a great dinner, Dickens in the chair, to express the good wishes of his friends—(and others)—but I have not heard any particulars—farewell.—Faithfully yours,

A. H. CLOUGH.

COUNCIL OFFICE,
13th October [1855].

We give here a portion of Allingham's answer to the last letter: it is all that has been preserved of his side of the correspondence.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.]

LANE, BALLYSHANNON,
25 October 1855.

MY DEAR CLOUGH,—I was very glad to meet your note at Edinburgh. From Coniston I walked by Yewdale, Colwith, Little Langdale, Blea Tarn, and

slept at a farmhouse under the Pikes; next day Langdale, Loughrigg Tarn (not much to see), Red Bank, Grasmere (most lovely). Walked to the village in heavy rain, overtaking a *Pedlaress* who has perambulated the lake district for twenty-five years, and has been chatted to by Wordsworth. One of her arms is crippled by rheumatism,—I wonder he omitted to versify her. Coach to Keswick, with an elaborate-speaking elderly man, a visitor at Rydal Mount. He seemed to have thought W. and his poetry tiresome.

At Grasmere I saw the medallion and the grave. Certainly the finest part of my pleasure in this most delightful little journey was connected with Wordsworth's genius and fame. Yet I am less than ever satisfied with his system of versifying incidents and referring them *scientifically*, as it were, to the deep laws of life, instead of giving, by choice or treatment, that which is essentially *representative*—which seems to me a main part of every Artist's business.

[*The rest missing.*]

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

COUNCIL OFFICE,
14th January [1856].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks; and many happy new years to you also, though I must apologize for sending the good wishes so late.

I have not yet seen *Walden* and shall be particularly glad to have it from you. I have only read an extract or two in (I think) *The Athenæum*. I saw him¹ and the site of his hut by Walden Pool, when I was at Concord. It is not *deep* in the woods, by any manner of means. Were it not real natural forest, known to have supplied the settlers with fuel, and to have been held in wood lots by the colonists (or citizens) of

¹ Thoreau.

Concord from time immemorial, one could call it a plantation.

I have only seen Browning, in extracts, as yet. "Fra Lippo" I liked; but some of the passages seemed to be in his most reckless, de-composite manner—dashing at anything and insisting that it would do.

They talk of reprinting my "Wild Oats" in America again, and I have been driven to improvise a Gaelic name without enquiry—*Tobernavohlich*: *Tobernafasach* would I think be better—at any rate as being Gaelic. I will try the Gaelic Dictionary. The title-page should in any case be the "Bothie."

So far as I know Keith Johnson's *Hand Atlas* is as good as any that can be got. Are you in your remote Ballyshannon provided with facilities for getting books? Do publishers' parcels come as far as Co. Donegal? I could send you small books without much cost by the post. But I presume you are thus far civilized.

I had a line from Emerson the other day introducing a friend—a Mr. Henry James—who is staying here and whom I rather like. I scarcely hope to hear from him ever, except upon this sort of provocation.

I owe you acknowledgement for a letter before this last, which I put away somewhere and could not find again when I should have answered it.

I watched out the old year rather sleepily at a family party; where people sang and acted charades.

I find myself recoil as yet from any Church or Chapel and even from the family prayers into which circumstances sometimes hurry one. I could almost believe it to be one's duty to take up one's parable and protest or at any rate to take oneself off. Yet I hesitate—and probably, but for the pressure of circumambient dogmatism and conformity, should not feel the impulse.

We had but a languid Xmas time—green and damp and enervating. We have now a fine sunny frost—not as yet too severe.

Rumours of peace are again prevailing. The French feeling is not favourable they say to further sacrifices, as they are pleased to call them, for English objects. One thing seems certain that the longer the war lasts, the less possible will it be to keep Turkey in any sort of independence, and it will be a very embarrassing thing to divide the Ottoman dominion with France, and a very undesirable thing to have any share at all of those territories to govern.

Do any stray soldiers return to your parts, and do any recruits come from you?—Farewell. Ever yours,
faithfully, A. H. CLOUGH.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I can't hear anything about the redundant Civil Service. I should suppose it to mean the supernumeraries—e.g. in the War Department—many of whom will have to be discharged.

I sent you a copy of Emerson, thinking it might reach you before any other. He certainly praises more than we deserve.

London has been pretty dull during the last two months, and now I think we are going away for one month.

I don't know that any one is going to publish the "Bothie" in America, though two or three people have spoken to me of probabilities.—Ever yours
truly, A. H. CLOUGH.

COUNCIL OFFICE,
September 26th [1856].

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
COUNCIL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET,
LONDON
[April 1857].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Here we sit at 5 p.m. waiting to see from our Office windows the French Emperor and Empress pass on their way from the Bricklayers Arms Station to the Great Western—They should have been here before this, but I suppose it is not on account of some refugee's pistol. People talk of the visit to the Opera on Thursday night as the great show; as the whole court will be there; and thirty boxes thrown into one space for their accommodation.

I hope your Latin is going on—the great difficulty in the ordinary teaching is to come to regard it as a living language; a sort of ante-Dantean Italian. We generally I think make the Hexameters and the periods more stately and less rapid than they really were—I myself in verse always read to myself in Italian pronunciation.

I don't know whether you will have seen by the papers that we, in the course of the last few days, have had and have lost a little boy—who was born suddenly and only lived a few hours—a great loss never-the-less.

However—the Emperor and Empress are, I believe, actually approaching. They have passed—

Thus far safe, and much cheered.—Yours ever,
A. H. CLOUGH.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I can't come to-day, being summoned elsewhere. Will you bring your "little porringer,"¹ and breakfast over here on Tuesday?

A. H. CLOUGH.

Sunday.

¹ From "We are Seven."

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

COUNCIL OFFICE,
24 April 1858.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—But that you wrote to me, I should have written to you some weeks ago. At any rate I was coming to that issue when your letter arrived and deferred it.

Are you coming over here this year? I shall be here I think till August—with the exception of four or five days in the middle of May. We have got a little girl in our household and shall not perhaps move about so easily henceforth.

In Blandford Square I hardly know whether any one is resident just now. Madame Bodichon is away in America, visiting the States with her husband—when last I heard of her, she was at New Orleans.

People seem to expect that our Tory Provisional Government will stand till the beginning of another session—say, till February, 1859. Lord John I suppose is going to head a new Liberal party—based on Manchester—and perhaps to include the Peelites: and will bide his time as a younger man than Palmerston who eventually will, it is presumed, die. Palmerston is really too much damaged to be fit for the seas of administration again, within the probable term of his life. But at present a Domestic Reform party has not much to go upon.

I have read Livingstone's *Travels*, and Froude's *History*, and am reading Gladstone on *Homer*. I think that is pretty nearly all. I have not read Kingsley's *Poems*, not feeling attracted by them, nor *Oulita a Tragedy*—Morris's poem I have not seen. I have not read any part of Buckle on *Civilisation* which is however the great literary success of the day. Nothing of the size and substance has had anything like the favourable reception which this big

volume has met with—and the author has become chief lion for the time being.

Farewell for the present.—Yours faithfully,
A. H. CLOUGH.

[ARTHUR H. CLOUGH to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

FRESHWATER BAY,
2 April 1861.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am invalided and on sick leave and shall probably be abroad through April and May.

I have written to Greg, of the Board of Customs, and receive the enclosed answer. I should have thought that the Audit Office would be a not unlikely place for you to get to. It lives at Somerset House. Your present position would of course be in your favour.

I am very glad indeed to see your handiwork announced in *Macmillan* of the 1st instant—which has not however reached this seclusion. I shall get it in a day or two, when we move to Combe Hurst, Kingston-on-Thames. I hope the longer narrative¹ is proceeding successfully.

I shall be very sorry to miss seeing you and hope that before long you will get established in London.

There is not much to say of Tennyson whom we see pretty frequently—he is in an uncomposing condition, I believe, and I hear of nothing but brief or fragmentary productions.

My wife sends her kind remembrances. The little girl treasures up the magical goose and by that spell is persuaded to send you her love.—Ever yours sincerely,
A. H. CLOUGH.

I don't know what more to do at present about your transfer—but if when I come back in June,

¹ *Laurence Bloomfield.*

there is anything to be done, I shall hope to hear from you.

After Clough's death in this year (1861) Allingham was consulted by Mrs. Clough with regard to the publication of some of her husband's MS.,—*Diary*, page 107. Later, is the following entry: "Clough—sorting old letters with kind thoughts of old friends."

MONCURE D. CONWAY

The first of the following letters from Moncure Conway must have been written soon after his arrival from America.

[MONCURE D. CONWAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

28 NOTTING HILL SQUARE,
BAYSWATER, W.,
April 7, 1865.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Your *Fifty Modern Poems* came last night and first of all reminded me that I had not acknowledged the receipt of your letter and of *The Dial* (which came in good time). Ah, how I would like to run down to Lymington! I feel as if I had been sealed up a thousand years at the bottom of your English Fog-Sea, and you were my good fisherman standing on Spring's green shore offering to unseal me if I would only get into your kindly net. But no,—here for the present I must remain. We are expecting an arrival in our little household early in May: and we are all too far away from home and family helpers to part for even a day or two until after that event. When opportunity and desire shall join hands, then I shall try and find if you are at home. This,—with much gratitude.

I have only had the opportunity to take such glimpses of this volume your generosity has placed in my hands, as I might get of dells, hills, flocks,

castles, going by railway, forty miles per hour, from here to Lymington (see how hard it is to be rid of a fancy!) But I have read enough to think that you do wrong, both in your note to me and inscription to A.F. (?Froude) in being impatient of the Poems even if they are shells you have left on the shore for larger. Certainly nothing you have written before—shall I except the “Touchstone”? your new verse to which I do not think an improvement—the old closing words I hold to be the perfect charm;—can (where was I?) compare favourably with these. You are not Heinesque, yet touched me thrice like Heine: i.e. “The Poor little Maiden,” “His Town,” “Down on the Shore.” I had to drop a tear with you at the “Æolian Harp,” remembering a little voice now passed away which always reminded me of it. The longer pieces I have not read. What I think of the volume I may some day be able to send you in an American Journal. But now I only thank you, as I would some musician who had won me to a “deep delight,” as well as sadness.

—Sadness. When a new book is laid before me I tremble as I take it up: I feel a flutter and flush: who knows but I shall find now the secret to know which my heart is gasping? Alas how often I only find my own doubts and misgivings clearer restated than ever before! Is it to be forever illusion? Are sunsets turning under knowledge to chill vapors, distant blue heights changed by nearer sight to rocky wastes and chasms, but dreary prophets of the end of fairer hopes? As poor Abraham found in his promised inheritance a tent and a wilderness, yet went on seeking the city which hath foundations, so, I suppose, the best we can do is to hope that some one Castle will not crumble when we get to it, and so press on; but I confess that to me this climbing with an ever misgiving Alpenstock is not cheerful work. Carlyle has got a word from Goethe, *Entsagen*,

with which he brains every phantom: he will not allow his hour to be browbeaten or shadowed by even the possibility that there may be no future life for the individual man. But then Carlyle never lost a child. It is not the loss of life, but the possible fading out of love, that is the torture of Doubt.

How I am running on! violating the prime law that we should give others only our health. I will stop it; asking pardon.

That Poem of yours—the “Dream of a Gate”—began very much as a song that I once heard sung by a minstrel out on the prairies, who fancied himself inspired by a spirit. His song went on, however, to bring up to the gate all the sinful and suffering ones,—a shackled slave—a weary prostitute,—and so on, who were clasped and borne through the gate, leaving chains and stains outside. I shall give some account of this in the next but one (probably) of my American Sketches in *Fraser*.

May I hear from you again? Were you to name a day when you could call on me, to walk and possibly to visit Carlyle or Browning or Froude afterward—I would like it very much.—Yours cordially,

M. D. CONWAY.

[MONCURE D. CONWAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

67 NOTTING HILL SQUARE,
February 24 [about 1869].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—In a certain place paved with good intentions I have a large estate. Thanks for the book, the pictures, and still more the unpayable things received from you.

When are you coming up? The Aubrey House Soirées are very charming.—Thine,

M. D. CONWAY.

If you need your Hampshire books, say so. I have not quite done with them.

[MONCURE D. CONWAY TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

INGLEWOOD,
BEDFORD PARK, TURNHAM GREEN,
LONDON, *May 5, 1882.*

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Our dear friend and teacher¹ is then dead,—but also in my heart risen again with aureole, as in a sacred window of my soul. Henceforth for some time I shall be consecrating myself to the sadly-sweet task which holds me by the wrist—writing out my memories of golden days with the prophet at Concord. Under the shadow of Death how every memory stands out! Each like a form, a sympathetic phantom in tears.

I shall mention particularly his reading “The Touchstone” on the day of John Brown’s execution.

I shall have something to write to America about “Emerson in England,” and any notes or memories of yours thereanent which you do not wish to reserve I would be glad to use. Nevertheless, there is no need for you to draw upon your personal kindness to me in this matter, for I have already facts enough about Emerson to employ me long.

But I know how he felt about you and wish to mention it. I am now writing a paper on Emerson for the June *Fortnightly*. I wrote the article in *The Times* and in *The Athenæum*.—Ever yours,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

AUBREY DE VERE

Allingham and de Vere were acquainted for many years. Allingham notes thus of his work—“Meditative and religious thought, refined taste, cultivated and elegant diction.”

In the *Diary*, page 293, is a short account of a conversation on poetry by Tennyson, de Vere, and Allingham—

¹ Emerson: see Appendix, page 299.

the time 1880: the following letters were written much earlier.

[AUBREY DE VERE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CURRAH CHASE, ADARE,
March 18, 1860.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks for your note, and also for the very beautiful poem you enclosed with it.¹ The latter has given me very great pleasure both from its own beauty, and as a proof that you are, not only going on writing, but going on working out an Irish view of Literature. Depend on it there are large ingots to be found in that mine. How little of the poetry that aims at illustrating Ireland escapes vulgarity! and yet there is no peasantry in the world perhaps with so much of genuine refinement about them as the Irish. No wonder, as, owing to the frequent confiscations, so many of them are a peasantry of nobles. The *essence* of all the Irish life is refined and poetical. It is only the *accidents* that are vulgar. It would be a great thing for Ireland if any one would do for her what Burns did for Scotland. I fear that Moore has in some respects injured the poetic prospects of Ireland by introducing a love for meretricious diction and a preference for the ornaments of poetry over all that belongs to its soul.

In the beautiful ballad you sent me you do not allude to what is in the south a striking characteristic of Irish emigration, viz., the loud lament of those who remain, over those who depart—a sort of *Keen*. Perhaps it does not occur in the north.

I should be very glad if you were to send me the poem you have been writing of late; and unless it should be very different from your other poems [I] should be pretty sure to find much to admire in it. I hope we may have another volume from you soon. What would you think of trying a Dublin Publisher?—I

¹ Probably "The Winding Banks of Erne."

have directed Mr. Pickering to send you my Father's other Drama *Mary Tudor*. Mr. Gladstone, I remember, told me that he thought it the best drama of our time except *Philip van Artevelde*. Stephen Spring Rice is living near this at Mount Trenchard. He is pretty well.—Very sincerely yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

[AUBREY DE VERE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CURRAH CHASE, ADARE,
April 11, 1878.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—The avocations of Holy Week must plead my excuse for having so long retained your poem,¹ which I now send back with many thanks for the great pleasure I have had in reading it. I read it the day that it arrived; but wished to have more time for looking over it before I returned it. It seems to me full of ability and vigour; and nothing can be more graphic than many of the sketches in it, such as those of young Laurence, and old Sir Ulick. If your other readers should be as much interested in it as I have been the poem will have no reason to complain. The fate of a poem in these days it seems impossible to prognosticate—yours is in some respects fortunate, as regards its subject; for it is one so closely interwoven with the structure of our Social System in Ireland, that in following it out you will have opportunities of illustrating most of the picturesque features and incidents of Irish Life. On the other hand these sorts of subjects have less interest with readers little conversant in the matters they treat than the more ordinary themes of song which come home to the sympathies of all, from their more general character. For this reason it strikes me that they

¹ *Laurence Bloomfield*.

benefit more than other poems by extreme care, and felicity of detail. Few subjects could be less promising than that which Virgil selected in his *Georgics*. That poem is notwithstanding generally preferred, I believe, to the *Æneid*, by the best judges:—but then he laboured on it with such care as regards details that he is said to have as many as fifty different modes of describing the passing of the plough through the earth. After your first sketch is completed it will be worth your while I think, from the nature of the subject, to give a more than usual amount of care and pains to the working up of particular passages to the utmost degree of perfection that they are susceptible of. Such a passage as that description of moonlight in page 26 (one of the most beautiful passages in modern poetry) is not only a thing delightful to read in itself, but is also of the greatest importance in a poem of this sort, which it brightens as a brook brightens a landscape. This kind of poem seems to me to require the utmost executive pains the author can bestow on it, in order to enliven it to readers to whom the subject is new, and ought gradually to become a sort of repertory for the various incidents of a touching character which have fallen within the Author's observation, no less than for his most carefully digested thoughts on the subject; due care being taken at the same time, by great conciseness of language, to prevent the aggregate of so many different parts, from becoming too long, as a whole.

I am afraid my political opinions on the subject can be of little value. My belief is however that in no country have the denunciations with which the Old Testament abounds against those who trample on the poor "devouring them like bread" and depriving them of the fruit of their toil, been susceptible of a larger application than in Ireland. It could not have been otherwise. For centuries the laws by which these matters connected with Land were regulated,

were made by what was merely England's garrison in Ireland, and at the same time a garrison over which England herself had lost all control. Those for whom they made laws were chiefly those whom they regarded as aliens in race and religion;—whom they feared, hated, and, as far as they could, despised.

The result of the Penal Laws was also such that no proportion existed between the numbers to which the population had reached and the skill or capital which they had been allowed to acquire. When those Penal Laws were abrogated, consequently, a mere multitudinous race of Serfs, not a real Peasantry, remained in a large part of the country. They were accustomed to the lowest conditions of existence, and the competition produced by their numbers permitted Landlords to extract from them whatever they chose. These Landlords were in many cases exactly the opposite of what real nobles should be, relatively to the land and people. Instead of being the *Virtual Representatives* of the People they were simply their oppressors—not trees rising out of the land, but rocks lying upon it with a dead weight. Under these circumstances the same laws would often produce by necessity opposite effects in Ireland and in England, where the chief works of improvement were done by the Landlord, and where the poor and the rich were men of the same race and common interests. In a book which I published about a dozen years ago I put forward some views on this subject; and if I can I will have a copy sent to you.

What I chiefly wish to see is an extension of the leasing system and, in the meantime, a security given to the Tenant for whatever he has expended in real and lasting improvements. I am also for preserving thoroughly all the real rights of property; for no class could be more worthless to the country than that of proprietors in name only, who were in reality but *Annuitants* on their own estates. Adieu—I enclose

a few trivial verbal criticisms which struck me as I read your poem.—Very sincerely yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

I enclose you three very beautiful poems by Dr. Newman¹ which you have probably not seen. You need not take the trouble of returning them. I am adding them to a volume of selections from the Poets chiefly for the young, which I got Barns and Lambert to publish, about a year ago. It is enriched with one of yours.

[AUBREY DE VERE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
July 29, 1862.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have only just recently returned from abroad. Had I been at home I certainly should not have been so long in answering your friendly note which bears so distant a date as January 13.

I am afraid you have a very scrupulous conscience if it reproaches you so much for not having written to me on receiving a copy of my last volume of verse—I assure you that I never thought an apology the least necessary. It is pleasant to send a book of poetry one has lately published to a friend, because it is a sort of friendly greeting, and because it may contain some things the perusal of which may awaken more or less of sympathy (which is much more what a poet wants than fame): but it would be very unreasonable if such a present entailed on the recipient the writing of that troublesome thing, a letter of criticism. As for this volume in particular I had abundant reason to think that it would not be in harmony with the opinions of many whose opinions I should have been glad to have conciliated: for whenever we strike

¹ Cardinal Newman.

on a political theme, even though the subject be a past one, we come to differences of opinion.

Long before I had become a Roman Catholic I had become deeply impressed with the extraordinary character of Irish History :—and it struck me that so much of virtue and of suffering in past ages was worthy at least of an Epitaph.

I have seen Coventry Patmore twice of late. He is sadly depressed by the death of his wife. Alfred Tennyson and his wife are near this, both quite well : and I hear (from others) he has been writing. Milnes has been suffering much from gout this year.

I hope you have not been idle of late, and that we shall ere long have something from your pen. Pray go on working that mine so seldom visited which you opened in your beautiful Irish idyll "The Music Master."—Yours ever sincerely,

AUBREY DE VERE.

I quite hope to see you another time at Ballyshannon, and have a second expedition with you by Lough Erne.

[AUBREY DE VERE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CURRAH CHASE, ADARE, IRELAND,
September 29, 1865.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Did I ever send you a copy of my father's Drama, *Mary Tudor*? I remember sending you a volume that contained two earlier Plays of his ;—but if you have not *Mary Tudor* I should like to send you a copy of it.

How have you been getting on? It seems a long time since I have heard of you or from you. I hope your seaside residence agrees with your health and spirits.

What number of copies of *Laurence Bloomfield* have been sold? I have very often heard it spoken of and

always in very high terms. I trust you are writing still, and that we shall soon have something more from you. One of the most remarkable turns that literary things have taken of late is the sudden popularity of Browning's poems. His publishers told me that in fifteen years he had hardly sold fifteen copies of them : and all at once they have leaped up into popularity so great that I hear the young men at the Universities run after him more than Tennyson. Can you tell me what is the real merit of "Atalanta in Calydon" !—Yours ever,

AUBREY DE VERE.

CHARLES DICKENS

We give two specimens of the courteous and pleasant manner in which Dickens conducted his literary correspondence.

From an early age Allingham was a welcome contributor to *Household Words*. Of one of the poems he sent Mr. W. H. Wills wrote, "'The Dirty Old Man'¹ has pleased excessively. Mr. Dickens bids me say he likes it exceedingly."

[CHARLES DICKENS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

OFFICE OF "HOUSEHOLD WORDS,"
16 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND,
Friday, Eighth September 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I should be very glad indeed to have your help in the next Christmas Number, which will be on exactly the same plan as the last. If you will give it a place in your thoughts, and give *them* a place upon paper, I am sure you will do something to enrich it.

I seem, I daresay, to take old Time by the extremest point of his forelock. But it will be necessary for us

¹ Now in *Flower Pieces*, p. 140.

to have the copy for that Number in the office, not later than the first of December.—Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

William Allingham, Esquire.

[CHARLES DICKENS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
Monday, Ninth November 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to retain the Poem,¹ which is mournfully true, and has moved me very much. You shall have a proof without fail.—Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

W. Allingham, Esquire.

“GEORGE ELIOT”

Allingham probably became acquainted with Mrs. Lewes through their mutual friend, Madame Bodichon.

[“GEORGE ELIOT” to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE PRIORY,
21 NORTH BANK, REGENT’S PARK,
March 26, 1874.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Sincere thanks for the gift of *Laurence Bloomfield*.

I have just finished reading it to the end, and you will not think me impertinent if I indulge my wish to tell you that its wisdom and fine sympathies have cheered me greatly.

In the far-off days of my early teens I used to enjoy Crabbe, but if my imperfect memory does him

¹ Allingham notes on this letter that the poem mentioned is “George, or the Schoolfellows,” afterwards included in his *Fifty Modern Poems*, 1865, and in later editions.

justice, your narrative of homely life is touched with a higher poetry than his.—Always sincerely yours,

M. E. LEWES.

[“GEORGE ELIOT” to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE PRIORY,
21 NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
November 30, 1875.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—The fact of your Editorship gives a pleasant persuasiveness to the invitation you have sent me. But just now I am absorbed and could not entertain one additional proof.

I had heard with joy of Baby as an expectation, but an actual Gerald¹ come of age after perils makes joy all the safer.

Pray accept and offer to your wife my warm congratulations. But I shall owe Master Gerald a grudge if he greatly hinders Mamma's pencil. He is Posterity but — *Wer machte dann die Mitwelt Spass?*—
Always yours truly, M. E. LEWES.

[“GEORGE ELIOT” to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE PRIORY,
21 NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
February 13, 1877.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I don't know how far Mrs. Allingham may be able to think of business just now, so I address you on a subject which directly concerns her, that you may communicate or reserve it according to circumstances.

Mr. Blackwood is going to include *Romola* in the cheap edition of my books (Smith & Elder having only the right to continue its publication in the one *format* which they have finally chosen), and as that

¹ Born on November 8.

edition has unhappily made for itself the precedent of "illustrations," it is needful to get for *Romola* two drawings from the story, and a vignette for the title-page, in correspondence with the other volumes.

I mentioned to Mr. Blackwood my wish that if it were possible, the desired drawings should be executed by Mrs. Allingham, and he has asked me to ascertain for him whether she can consent to undertake this minor work and also whether her professional charges would come within the publisher's economical calculations for a 3/6 book.

If Mrs. Allingham wished to avoid the subjects chosen by Mr. Leighton, I trust that it would not be impossible to find two additional scenes sufficiently pictorial.

Miss Martineau I believe made a pretty thing, exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, out of *Romola* finding little Lillo on the sunshiny pavement. But her picture was not memorable enough to make a reason against repeating the subject.

However, on all these points Mrs. Allingham is the only judge, if she chooses to trouble herself about the matter. There is no immediate hurry for the drawings as the book has to be printed.

We are full of sympathy with you under that exasperating affair of the "Echo."¹ It is certainly worse to have letters forged for one than opinions. But this latter injury happens to people every week. The other, I should have thought, might be brought under the head of libel by a sufficiently ingenious judge.—Always yours sincerely, M. E. LEWES.

The next letter is in answer to some questions from Allingham about Warwickshire dialect, in connection with

¹ A vulgar letter, purporting to be by Allingham, had appeared in the *Echo*, and proofs of it had been posted to many of Allingham's friends. Their acknowledgments to him were the first intimation he had of the stupid and annoying hoax.

his poem "Stratford on Avon: Old Master Grunsey and Goodman Dodd," on page 57 of his *Life and Phantasy*.

[“GEORGE ELIOT” to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE PRIORY,
21 NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
March 8, 1877.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Mr. Lewes feels himself innocent of dialect in general and of Midland dialect in especial. Hence I presume to take your reference on the subject as if it had been addressed to me. I was born and bred in Warwickshire, and heard the Leicestershire, North Staffordshire and Derbyshire dialects during visits made in my childhood and youth.

These last are represented (mildly) in *Adam Bede*. The Warwickshire talk is broader and has characteristics which it shares with other Mercian dialects.

Moreover dialect, like other living things, tends to become mongrel, especially in a central fertile and manufacturing region attractive of migration: and hence the midland talk presents less interesting relics of elder grammar than the more northerly dialects.

Perhaps unless a poet has a dialect ringing in his ears, so as to shape his metre and rhymes according to it at one jet, it is better to be content with a few suggestive touches, and I fear that the stupid public is not half grateful for studies in dialect beyond such suggestions.

I have made a few notes which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you in the absence of more accomplished aid.

We hope soon to hear that Mrs. Allingham is as flourishing as Baby.

Mr. Lewes is pretty well again, and for the last fortnight I have been taking his place as the household invalid,—Yours sincerely,

M. E. LEWES.

1. The vowel always a double sound, the *y* sometimes present, sometimes not: either *aäl* or *yaäl*. *Hither* not heard except in *C'moother* addressed to horses.

2. *Thou* never heard. In general the second person singular not used in W. except occasionally to young members of a family, and then always in the form of *thee* i.e. 'ee. *Can't* pronounce *Cawn't*. For the *emphatic* nominative *Yo*, like the Lancashire. For the accusative *Yer*, without any sound of the *r*.

3. Not year but 'ear: on the other hand with the usual "compensation" *head* is pronounced *yead*.

4. "A gallows little chap as e'er you see." Heres *to yer*, *Maäster*. *Saäme to yo*.

5. Never *V*.

6. The demonstrative *those* never heard among common people (unless when caught by infection from the parson &c.).

7. *Self* pron. *Sen*.

8. The *f* never heard in *of*, nor the *n* in *in*.

Perhaps, however, these imperfect indications may determine you to reject all but the faintest signs of dialect in your well-to-do farmers who have been to London.

[“GEORGE ELIOT” to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

THE HEIGHTS, WITLEY,
GODALMING,

August 26th, 1877.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I hope that this letter will not find you at the old address, but that it may be sent on to you in some delicious nook where your dear wife is by your side preparing to make us all richer with store of new sketches.

I almost fear that I am implying unbecoming claims in asking you to send me a word or two

of news about your two-fold—nay four-fold self. But you must excuse in me a presumption which is simply a feeling of spiritual kinship bred by reading in the volume you gave me before we left town.

That tremendous tramp—"Life, Death ; Life, Death"¹ makes me care the more, as age makes it the more audible to me, for those younger ones who are keeping step behind me.

It is a burthen to write notes, but let us bear it in turn. With affectionate remembrances to your wife,—Always yours truly,

M. E. LEWES.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Allingham's intimacy with Samuel Ferguson was of very long standing : they were corresponding as early as 1847.

Ferguson was Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland, which department he thoroughly organised ; and later, he was President of the Royal Irish Academy. Of his poetry Allingham had a very high opinion.

[SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DUBLIN, *9th April* 1869.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I only returned last night from a little vacation tour in Wales and the South of Ireland and find your proofs and letter of the 5th.

The best service I can render you is to put you in communication with Patrick W. Joyce, Esq., 5 Clifton Terrace, Ranelagh, who has written several very learned and philosophic papers in the Proceedings of the Academy on Irish Topographical names.

Mr. Hennessy—my right hand in the paleographic department of the Record Office,—I find unfortu-

¹ The poem, "The General Chorus," is given in the Appendix page 298.

nately laid up with inflammatory sore-throat, and unable to attend to anything at present.

For my own part I can give you very little help ; as you have gone fully to the length of my own philological tether in your text ; and I am in a condition of intellectual hebetude resulting from long continued bodily ailment. But I am better than I was, and hope ere long to be as active in mind and limb as ever.

You will want your proofs without delay. As regards Dublin the story of its hurdle ford thrown across "The Black Pool of Aithirné" to carry off the Bardic Spoils of Leinster is part of a very noble subject which I have dealt with in verse. In fact there are *quasi* derivations allying themselves to local tradition in connection with great numbers of the Irish names which I wish you could acquaint yourself with, in the numerous *Dinnsenchas*,¹ towards reading which I see you are preparing yourself.

I note half a dozen items which occur to me on a cursory glance over the query list which I return.

My wife is well, thank God, and joins me in kindest regards.—Very faithfully yours,

SAML. FERGUSON.

[SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BATH, 21st August 1874.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I give you hearty felicitations. You deserve a good wife, and I give you credit for choosing such a companion as will be worthy of that most honourable name. I pray God you may both be happy. It is a pleasure also to hear of your increasing prosperity.

I write to Ponsonby in Dublin, to forward a

¹ The *Dinnsenchas* is a twelfth-century composition on the hill lore of Ireland.

copy of the Lays, lest I should again forget your wishes on my return. We will look forward to the pleasure of seeing you and your bride in Dublin. Burchett,¹ who probably will see you first, will tell you how the "winding banks"² look in their summer clothing. He laid out his line of march on Knock-Many³ so as to take Ballyshannon by the way, partly from a desire to gratify himself in seeing what had inspired so much beauty, but chiefly I think from the pleasure he expected to give you in dividing your recollections. These are goods that increase by bestowal. Long live to make us more of them!—
Ever affectionately, yours,

SAML. FERGUSON.

William Allingham Esq.
London.

[SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

20 NORTH GREAT GEORGE'S STREET,
DUBLIN, 19 *March* 1878.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I think it will be a pleasure to you to know that I have received the honour of Knighthood, and that the distinction is given as well on literary as on official grounds.

I think I shall be able to bring out a third volume during the present year. I shall publish in Dublin, although the fate of other home-products might be a warning to me to expect little recognition. However, I am very earnestly bent on helping, as far as I can, independent Irish publishing enterprise. I see that you also have lent a helping hand to our little venture at Belfast, where M^cCaw & Coy. have

¹ Richard Burchett, Head Master of the School of Art, South Kensington.

² "The Winding Banks of Erne," by Allingham.

³ A hill in County Galway, noted in the heroic tales.

brought out the *Lyra Sacra* of the Irish very creditably. I have been for a long while as inert as a chrysalis on a wall : but, this last year, the old incitements have begun to stir again. I spent a good part of last summer in the country on an official round of duty, and got round to some of my old delight in national utterances. One of these "The Widow's Cloak" I sent to *Blackwood*, and have had the pleasure of hearing it (though cut to a very homely pattern) well commended both at home and in America. One notice which was very satisfactory to me I cut from the *Providence Journal* 26th December last. I have sent *Blackwood* an Irish ballad also ; and hope that the intrinsic beauty of the subject will make it acceptable. Certainly our old Irish literature furnishes more material for poetic treatment than any other known to me, and it will not be for want of my endeavour if it be not turned to something characteristic in English.

I have hardly left myself room to say more than that my wife unites with me in affectionate remembrances, to yourself and to Mrs. Allingham, who, we hope, is now quite recovered.—Yours dear Allingham, very faithfully,

SAML. FERGUSON.

Ferguson died in 1886 ; and, in his official capacity, his death was duly notified by the press. Allingham entered in his *Diary* (page 348) a strong and rather pathetic protest against the lack of appreciation in England of Ferguson's literary gifts—"not one word or hint," he says, "of his poetry or other writings . . . no London paper speaks of Ferguson as a man of letters."

The recent honour paid to his memory in Belfast shows that he undoubtedly holds a high place in the estimation of his own countrymen ; but it remains a question whether his work is better known in England in 1911 than it was in 1886.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

The following letters from Sir Francis Galton, the originator of the Science of Eugenics, serve to put on record the period when these topics were first brought into prominence.

[SIR FRANCIS GALTON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

42 RUTLAND GATE, S.W.,
November 28, 1872.

SIR,—I have written a paper, which might perhaps be thought suitable for *Fraser*, and it is, I think, more suitable for it, than [for] other periodicals. It is on a somewhat audacious topic but, for all that, contains not a word or allusion to indelicacy. The title is “Is Viriculture possible?”—that is, can we introduce the cultivation of improved races of men?—I begin by describing how much below the “natural typical level” of the race we are, owing to the false artificial selection due to civilization—and I then trace the probable effect of enquiry into the most gifted persons (especially including hereditary qualities) and how a sentiment of a caste might be induced among them, leading to inter-marriage. This is just a faint outline of what is treated in some detail.

If you like, I will send you the MS. on the understanding that, if not approved, you will let me have it back in a very few days and also that I may have leisure (if approved of) of correcting it *in slip*. If approved of, I should be grateful for suggestions as to emendation, addition, or omission. I should be very sorry unnecessarily to offend people, as Malthus contrived to do.—Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS GALTON.

The Editor of *Fraser*.

[SIR FRANCIS GALTON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

December 6, 1872,
42 RUTLAND GATE, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith I return the MS. in which I have attended to every one of your suggestions, the value of which I fully appreciate.

When the thing is in slip I will see how best to interpolate a sentence or two about morals and race, which I can't do well as it stands, in a hurry. One word you pencilled, I have retained, "nurture"; it seems reasonable enough to me—and more expressive than any other I can think of, in respect to influences mainly occurring in the earliest years of life.—Very faithfully yours,
FRANCIS GALTON.

[SIR FRANCIS GALTON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

42 RUTLAND GATE,
September 1, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—I send a memoir of about thirteen pages, four hundred words in a page, on a curious and new subject (twins), thinking it might be acceptable for an early number of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. William Longman assures me that you will return me the MS. if you are not inclined to publish it.

I want to read it as a paper before the Anthropological Society, in order that it may then be ultimately published with appendices and considerable additions. Should you object to this? on the understanding that it is read shortly before the appearance in *Fraser* and that no more than a short account of it (like a review notice) is allowed to appear in the newspapers. I suppose this would be to the advantage of *Fraser* rather than the reverse.

It may interest you to know the sort of circular

which procured me the information: I therefore enclose one.

I shall be in Paris for a fortnight or more, but letters will be forwarded from my house from time to time. It would suit me very well if it could appear in the November number of *Fraser*.—Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS GALTON.

The Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

[SIR FRANCIS GALTON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

42 RUTLAND GATE, S.W.,
September 15, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—I have just returned to town, and in reply to your note of the 3rd am glad to say that I quite see my way to write the memoir I wanted to write for the Anthropological Society without forestalling *Fraser*. I should write on quite a different topic, connected with twins, and during November.

It might however be convenient hereafter to print all the twin results in some compendium form—either in the *Anthropological Journal* or separately, to be sent to persons from whom I may hereafter seek information. I suppose you would not object to the article being reprinted in any of these ways, say *after* January next—thus allowing three clear months to *Fraser*. Please send me a line about this.

Since writing the paper, I have lighted upon two very curious French cases and should like to be able to add rather less than one page to my MS. This could easily be done in the proof.—Yours very faithfully,

FRANCIS GALTON.

W. Allingham, Esq.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT

We give three short letters from Richard Garnett of British Museum celebrity, who will long be remembered with gratitude by visitors to the Reading Room.

[RICHARD GARNETT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BRITISH MUSEUM,
May 21, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—A friendly and genial letter like yours can never be out of season, whether it arrive when *Primulae*¹ are still blooming upon banks or counters, according to their kind, or when the one variety is withered and the other *desinit in piscem* or has gone to wrap up shrimps.

Your kind remarks accord, in the main, with the judgment of the better class of my critics hitherto. If I am really entitled to take credit for any remarkable melody of verse, it is but another confirmation of the fact, already established by examples far more illustrious, that an ear for the music of versification and one for instrumental music are two very different things. If I am correct in interpreting the latter portion of your remark to refer to the general deficiency of *human* interest in the volume, I can but bow to the criticism and acknowledge it perfectly just.—With kind regards and best wishes, believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

W. Allingham, Esq.

[RICHARD GARNETT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BRITISH MUSEUM,
April 19, 1860.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have been tardy in acknowledging your interesting letter, but I wished

¹ Dr. Garnett's first book of verse was called *Primula*.

first to show it to Sir Percy¹ and Lady Shelley, who I knew were coming to town. They are pleased, and desire me to thank you; though both, I think, a little over-cautious in admitting obvious corrections. When I next visit Boscombe I hope to have an opportunity of consulting the original MSS. so far as extant, and to be able to see how far these confirm the corrections I subjoin for your consideration. I suspect I must have made more which I have mislaid or forgotten. Three have already been adopted into the *textus receptus*—*fuori* for *furio* in the motto to *Epipsychidion*—*twin* spheres of light for *thin* (!!) spheres, in the same poem, and *time* for *age* at the end of a line in the “Epistle to Maria Gisborne.” So far as any of mine² are well-founded, I daresay you will have anticipated them, and shall be glad to see yours if you can conveniently let me have the pleasure. I do not know Mr. Browning, and so will leave him in your hands; among my acquaintance is a clergyman named Fleay, who professes to have made many conjectural emendations of which I must endeavour to get a sight.

I think the editorship of *Nightingale Valley* became known to me through your publishers, who, you will remember, are mine also. I have kept the secret faithfully, though I should be glad to mention it sometimes, if I could have your permission. It is a very tasteful selection altogether, and I am especially glad to find you so partial to Emerson. Patmore is just now becalmed, but has been making great progress with his new poem, of which I have had the greater part read to me. For vividness of description, truth of representation, depth of feeling and subtlety of thought, some parts appear to me to surpass all he has yet done. At the same time he will encounter

¹ Son of the Poet: in his house, Boscombe, a room was set apart for Shelley Memorials.

² See Dr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*.

some serious difficulties in working at his subject, which is of a nature to call forth his faults as well as his merits. I have just had a glance at Owen Meredith's last—a very queer performance—a sort of versified novel—three hundred mortal pages of verse something in the style of Packington's Pound.

Good people give ear, while a story I tell
Of twenty black tailors was brought up in Hell, &c.

But first impressions are deceitful. Nobody writes a letter without some allusion to the two great mills—Messrs. Sayers and Heenan's and that on the Floss—so I must needs say that the first appears to me a very disgusting affair, and the second the sweetest, purest, deepest, wisest book the world has seen for a long time.—Believe me to remain, yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

[RICHARD GARNETT *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BRITISH MUSEUM,
May 5, 1887.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have just finished writing a miniature biography of Carlyle¹ for the "Great Writers" series. It is now in the printers' hands, and will appear about the beginning of August, when I shall have the pleasure of asking you to accept a copy. You will not doubt that it is written entirely in the spirit that Carlyle's best friends would desire.

I was very much tempted to have recourse to you for any traits and anecdotes of Carlyle's later life with which you might have felt inclined to favour me. I did not do so, because I thought I remembered having heard or read that you had the intention of publishing your reminiscences separately. If this is the case, I wish very much that you would put your

¹ Mr. Alexander Carlyle says that his wife liked this account of her uncle better than any other,

purpose into effect : and if it is not, that you would take the hint !

The public certainly suffered at one time from a surfeit of Carlyle literature : but there are not wanting indications now that authentic information respecting his life would be very acceptable.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

R. GARNETT.

THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN

The next two letters are from George Gilfillan, whose *Gallery of Literary Portraits* and other works gave him a prominent position in the literary world at the time, and brought him into touch with some of the chief writers.

[GEORGE GILFILLAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DUNDEE, 25th February 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—Emerson left yesterday but I will forward your note after him to Ambleside, whither he goes to-morrow on a visit to Miss Martineau and Wordsworth. I have been, as I expected, highly delighted with him. His simplicity, *bonhomie*, ease of manner, quiet depth of talk when the subject pleased him, gentleness, and gentle *humour* in private—in public his masses of essential thought, his strong intellectual faculties, the calm cherubic power he wields over his audience, the severe graces of his delivery, his high, but not stern abstraction, his indifference to praise or blame, his gleams of real insight, and the truly classical and not affected polish which glitters around the whole style and manner of the man—constitute a unique and noble whole such as I have never in the same measure met before. And then how modest he is withal ! And yet our bigots

here and elsewhere are assailing him with every species of coarse abuse, as if he were a circulating Satan. Nothing so tends to rouse me to a mood in which I would crave a rain of Hell-fire from above upon this miserable age of humbug, as when I think of such conduct. Such treatment to a harmless stranger-son of Genius, invited by Britain to come over and help it, and without the remotest thought of proselytizing a babe, *is* damnable and casts a fearful light upon the state of our times. What a want of confidence such persons discover in their own faith! But wisdom is justified of her children.

I am glad about your reception of my Hogg suggestion. I mentioned it to him the other day.—
Ever yours, G. GILFILLAN.

The suggestion made by Gilfillan was, no doubt, for Allingham to send a paper on Blake to the *Weekly Instructor*, of which James Hogg was editor.

Allingham had a warm admiration for Blake's genius, and did much to direct attention to him and his work.

[GEORGE GILFILLAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DUNDEE, 10th May 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I received yesterday your very pleasing and interesting paper on Blake, which I shall transmit forthwith to Hogg, who I have no doubt will welcome it most cordially. It is easy, rambling, spirited, and contains some touches really exquisite. I have struck out just one little clause, about the "deuce," which I knew Hogg would cut out at any rate. I shall give Hogg your address.

I was sure that Emerson would respond to you.

I had yesterday the pleasant surprise of a copy of *Festus*, third edition, from the Author, and am

revelling in it. You know, of course, that wonderful Poem.—Ever yours in haste,

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

P.S.—I was delighted with your generous conduct to Thom's¹ family. Jerrold's five guineas seemed and was paltry beside your ten shillings. The subscription has mounted now above £200.

MICHAEL HALLIDAY

Michael Halliday is perhaps chiefly remembered in connection with his friends, the members of the P.R.B. A clerk in the House of Lords, and only an amateur artist professedly, he produced several pictures which found a place on the walls of the Academy. Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes of him, "I have hardly known any one to whom the term 'a good fellow' might be more properly and fully applied. He died rather suddenly in 1869, in early middle age. . . . His pictorial art was commendable, and got diffused in one or two popular engravings."

[MICHAEL F. HALLIDAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Your letter I have sent at once to Millais; he is for a few days with Tennyson, Isle of Wight. I fully join in your regret that our acquaintance was so short, the more so as it was sufficient to make me wish a furtherance of it; this will one day I trust take place. Your poems have given me so much real pleasure that I shall even look forward to your friendship. Allow me to hope that your new poems will be very successful and that they will give a great many people as much delight as I anticipate myself from them.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MICH. F. HALLIDAY.

2 ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI,
Wednesday [November 1854].

¹ William Thom, author of "The Mitherless Bairn."

[MICHAEL F. HALLIDAY *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1854.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I should like much to show Millais' sketch which you mentioned to a friend who might possibly buy it; indeed, in more than one quarter, I should like to give it the chance of sale for you; but I find from Green that he has not got it from Mr. Monckton Milnes—or cannot, or something of that sort. I hardly liked to trouble Mr. Milnes himself without more specific authority from you, so that I shall await directions from you with the assurance at the same time that it will give me great pleasure to do all I can for you in the matter, and I might have the good luck to sell one or both for you.

I have no news for you except that a late letter from Hunt makes him out well, and about to start a second time to the Dead Sea to paint a picture, and he talks of looking forward to Spring and England together.

Millais has taken a studio and rooms at Langham Chambers just behind Langham Church, and is very busy with a picture. I too am very busy with the figures to the picture the background of which I painted with him this autumn down at Winchelsea; it is my first picture and like a first baby is the cause of plenty of anxiety and trouble to me, especially as I have taken on me to paint a dog in it whose only inducement to keep moderately quiet is in a consumption of beef and mutton which would keep any Irish labourer in a state [of] luxury.

Rossetti is a myth and seldom visible to the naked eye. I suppose we are all painting pretty hard in the day and don't know where to find each other o' nights.
—Believe me, very truly yours,

MICH. F. HALLIDAY.

[MICHAEL F. HALLIDAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1854.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Not only has Green sent me the two sketches, but I have sold the one by Millais for £22, the sum you mentioned in a former letter. He who bought it was just going to Hamboro' for a fortnight for change, being very seedy, and asked me to keep the sketch till he returned, which should be in a week, when I presume I shall get the money; so in the meantime perhaps you will let me know how to transmit it to you. He (the buyer) is a connexion of mine, one Cave, of the firm Prescott and Cave, Bankers, and if you let me know a banker in New Ross, he (Cave) will probably be able to send it (the money) direct without difficulty. The other drawing by Boyce I fear I shall not be so successful with, but I will try.

I have had a long letter from Hunt, he has been painting under great difficulties at the Dead Sea but was obliged to return without finishing. He talks of leaving Jerusalem in March, and coming by Constantinople and Italy home, reaching here in May or June; he was in excellent health.

Millais is hard at work and so we all are. I will give the former the hint about the sketch; you must not however expect it in a hurry, which if you knew the habits of the animal as well as I do, you would know.—Ever yours very truly,

MICH. F. HALLIDAY.

Monday.

[MICHAEL F. HALLIDAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have to render you many thanks for your book of Poems which by your

directions has been sent me. I congratulate you on getting it out at length and sincerely trust it will pay you well. I have begun a design illustrating one of the Poems which I hope to have an opportunity of sending you, tho' it will be but a poor return I fear, and will afford you but a small amount of the pleasure your little book has given me.

My picture is very nearly finished, and you will be glad to hear I have already sold it for a price far beyond what I had any right to expect. I should tell you by the way, that the first idea for the subject which is "The Measure for the Wedding Ring" came across me while reading your "Maryanne of the Needle,"¹ she, Maryanne, being a great favourite of mine ;

"Who'll steal some morning to her side
To take her finger's measure,"

tho' I have made my people in quite a different sphere of life and put them in a garden.

I am not sure that a direct illustration of your poem would not have been more touching tho' perhaps less attractive.

I am sorry to say that thro' sheer negligence I failed to avail myself of the opportunity that occurred of sending Boyce's drawing. If you will let me know how they are to come I will send it and the pen-and-ink design which is from "The Dream," page 25, at the same time. The purchaser of Millais' Sketch is highly delighted with his bargain.—Believe me dear Allingham, very truly yours,

MICH. F. HALLIDAY.

² ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI,
Saturday, June 23, 1855.

¹ "Venus of the Needle" ; in *Flower Pieces*, page 143.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne was American Consul in Liverpool in 1854. Allingham, writing to his sister (*Diary*, p. 70), mentions a visit to him there, which is referred to by Hawthorne in the following letter.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

LIVERPOOL, *January 27th*, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will see by the enclosed note that the gentleman whom you saw in my office, was a very ardent admirer of yours. I wish you had seen more of him ; for he is an excellent fellow. Allow me to say, too, that if I had known your poems as well then as I do now, I should have pleaded strenuously for a longer visit. When you next visit Liverpool, you will not escape us so easily.

Wishing you success in literature and life,—Very truly yours,

NATH^L HAWTHORNE.

William Allingham, Esq.

London.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

LEAMINGTON, *June 29th*, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having spent a week or two at this place, your letter did not immediately come to hand. Mr. Routledge has not yet sent the volume of poems ; but I thank you most sincerely for them, and shall read them, I am quite certain, with very great pleasure.

I (like yourself) have become weary of official duties, and intend to resign at no very distant period ;

but, in my case, there would be little hope of a re-appointment, however much I might desire it. But it is a very irksome office; and I am heartily tired of it. During the few months that I may remain in this country, I shall spend much of the time away from Liverpool; but should I be there when you come, it will delight me to see you.—
Very sincerely, and respectfully,

NATH^L. HAWTHORNE.

W. Allingham, Esq.

WILLIAM M. HENNESSY

Allingham at one time gave careful study to the subject of Irish names, hence his correspondence with W. M. Hennessy, Assistant-Deputy Record-Keeper in Dublin under Sir Samuel Ferguson.

[W. M. HENNESSY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN,
14 July 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—On my return yesterday from a hurried tour in the Irish-speaking districts of South Munster, I found your very civil note of the 4th inst., the friendly tone of which I heartily reciprocate.

I may add that I am very glad Dr. Ferguson (our mutual friend, and my chief) shewed me your list of Irish topographical names, as the circumstance has tended to bring us into personal (or rather epistolary) communication.

I am so far from discouraging attempts like that which you have ventured in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, that I shall be delighted to contribute in any way I can to the promotion of your object. I am rather cautious myself in explaining Irish names of places, although my studies and opportunities ought

to afford me facilities not generally attainable. But I am always ready to place whatever information I may possess at the service of others.

If you will therefore send me the further list to which you refer, I shall read and return it without delay.

I am sorry you do not seem to have known my edition of the *Chronicon Scotorum*, in the Rolls Series, which contains many Irish names.

You would do well to procure the *Townland Index*, published in 1861, (Printed for both Houses of Parliament). You will see there the number of places the names of which are compounded of Ard—Bally—Clon—Moy—Rath—&c.

You have been reading a good deal on topographical names, and in safe authorities. But be sure that *O'Donovan* is a safer authority than O'Curry, Stokes, Ebel, or Petrie, with regard to the name of a place. Nevertheless, I think with you that O'Donovan was wrong about Waterford; the name of which must have come rather from the Danish *vadder*, or Swedish *väder*, than German *Wetter*. See Müller's *Englisches Wörterbuch*; and Stratmann's *Middle English Dictionary*.

I notice a good many misprints, which are calculated to mislead; otherwise your Article is very creditable. But when you are again writing about Limerick, recall your expressed opinion that *Luimnech* means "the Horse's Leap." The *Dinnsenchus* has a legend to account for the name, which I have not time to relate now. It states that it was called *Luimnech* from the number of *Luaman* sailing over the river. And if you refer to your Zeuss (page 27) you will see *Luam* glossed *Celox*.

Hoping to hear from you soon.—I am, yours
very sincerely, W. M. HENNESSY.

[W. M. HENNESSY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN,
28 July 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—Referring to my recent letter, it has occurred to me that you might be glad to hear of the publication of a work on the nature of Irish Topographical names. I would therefore invite your attention to a book just issued by Mr. Joyce, who has devoted much time and study to the subject.

You might probably make it the basis of a fresh paper in one of the Magazines.

Alluding to a remark in your letter, that a good Sanskrit scholar would bring out a good deal in proper and other names, I believe with you ; but at the same time I feel bound to state that some of our Sanskritists (Max Müller for instance) are over-Sanskritizing a little. Speculation of the kind so much employed by philologists of the present day is very dangerous. Some shrewd men of the Germans are now seeing this ; and I should not wonder if a great deal that they have written will be un-written again.

If you are again devoting yourself to Irish names I would suggest that you take up the barony names, as you will find them based on sure data.—Very faithfully yours,
W. M. HENNESSY.

[W. M. HENNESSY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN,
19th June 1873.

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly throw your eye over the accompanying translation of an ancient Irish Story, and see if it is worth printing in *Fraser*? I fear it is too long for one number.

The original is contained in the *Lebar Breac*, an Irish MS. transcribed in the latter quarter of the 14th Century ; but the story was first composed in the 10th or 11th.

It professes to be a "Vision" ; but is, in fact, a rather severe satire of the school which, since the time of Rabelais, has passed under his name.

I daresay that few (if any) literary men in Europe would credit the Irish Nation with the possession of such a style of narrative as this story presents.

You will see that it is very Rabelaisitic ; and our friend Dr. Ferguson considers it perhaps the oldest specimen of what I may call "slang" narrative in these islands.

The translation is strictly literal, and therefore probably too uncouth for publication. But I have thought that herein lay the chief element of any value which the story may possess for scholars.

If it does not suit your pages, would you mind suggesting to me what course I had better adopt to bring it before the (literary) public ?

I miss your topographical essays, to my regret. Suppose we attacked the subject, beginning with counties, and descending through the widening areas of baronies and parishes ?

Dr. Ferguson is at present in Donegal, at Glen Columbkil, I believe.

Excuse this trouble, and believe me, yours very truly,
W. M. HENNESSY.

[W. M. HENNESSY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, DUBLIN,
12th July 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that you have entertained *MacConglinny's Vision*, which is really a wonderful thing.

Of course I shall prefix a short account of the *Leabhar Breac*,¹ and also point out the almost universal character of the *myth*, at least among the Indo-European races. But the *style* of the narrative is what I regard as of greatest importance. It is the most rollicking, rattling thing we have in Irish. I shall also add some explanatory notes which will enhance the interest of the tale. I have found a genuine account of the author, which I intend to include in the prefatory note.

At present I cannot accurately inform you as to the actual state of Petrie's Collection of Music ; but I will enquire and let you know.

Have you seen a work recently published by Dr. Joyce, *One Hundred Unpublished Irish Airs* ? It is very good. I have two copies of the work ; and if you are not supplied with it already, I shall send you one.

Dr. Ferguson is at present in Buxton, and will probably go to Torquay or some southern watering-place.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

W. M. HENNESSY.

P.S.—I can sing some old Irish Airs myself, which Petrie did not know. I wish I could write them down ; but I have not a scientific knowledge of music.

W. M. H.

[W. M. HENNESSY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE OF IRELAND,
FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN,
19 July 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I returned the proof yesterday to Spottiswoode & Co., with some notes. . . .

What would you think of the *Vision of Tundall*, the latest of the Mediæval Visions, if we except *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, but the foundation of Dante's

¹ The article appeared in *Fraser* for September 1873.

Inferno? The two latest Commentators on Dante, one in Italy and one in Denmark, agree in stating that *Tundall's Vision* was the basis of his work.

There is a very old Irish Copy of *Tundall* in Trinity College here, the only Irish Copy I know of. It is not near so long as *MacConglinny*.¹—Yours very truly,

W. M. HENNESSY.

W. Allingham, Esq^{re}
&c. &c.

MR. AND MRS. HOWITT

Allingham made acquaintance with William and Mary Howitt during one of his early visits to London, and received kindly entertainment from them.

There are one or two short allusions to them in the *Diary*.

[WILLIAM HOWITT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

28 UPPER AVENUE ROAD,
REGENT'S PARK,
August 20, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have just read your volume of Poems which came a few days ago, with one for Miss Bremer which we will take care to deliver the first opportunity. We are greatly pleased with the volume. It is very handsomely got up, and what is of more consequence it is one of the very best first volumes that we can recollect for years. There is an originality and strength of thought throughout that are promise of greater things to come. The greatest danger of modern poets, it seems to me, is—and in this peril I think you also stand,—that they are too contented to sing out the idea of the moment in a few musical stanzas, without putting forth those energies which are

¹ The Irish spelling is *Mac Conglinne* = The Son of the Hound of the Valley.

requisite for more prolonged and sustained efforts. For this reason I am glad to find "The Music Master" in the volume. It is a very poetical and poetically written poem, and shows that you are capable of a stretch beyond the mere lyric. Mrs. Howitt thinks the lovers would have come to an understanding, but then that would have spoiled your story. I agree that this is a defect—and one which is not uncommon in the very highest romance writer—Scott, for instance ; but spite of that, I think the poem very beautiful.

The poems which we had in the *Journal* still we think amongst the best. "The Pilot's Daughter," "The Miller," "The Fairies" and "Lady Alice," and many others will be great favourites.

Mrs. Howitt does not admire herself as "Quakeress not prim," being no Quakeress at all.

I sincerely hope that the volume will be very successful. We have not yet seen any notice of it, but have seen it in some of the lists of the periodicals of books received.

I hope you arrived safe at home and found all well. We are just setting off for a week or so at the sea side.

Wishing you all success and prosperity in which Mrs. Howitt unites,—I remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

[WILLIAM HOWITT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

28 UPPER AVENUE ROAD,
REGENT'S PARK,
November 4, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—We hope you got a *Critic* which we sent you containing a review of your poems. I see that there is one in *The Palladium*. So you see the book will creep out in time, though the critics are very chary of touching a new volume of Poems which

evidently has something in it : but until somebody tells them exactly what, these gentry cannot tell and are afraid to see.

We hope you are quite well and enjoying yourself this fine autumn independent of the world of books. We have been some weeks at Scarborough and enjoyed ourselves extremely.

We have excellent accounts of our daughter at Munich where all goes on well with her. In *The Athenæum* of Saturday week there was an account of the unveiling of the colossal "Bavaria,"¹ by her, and this week, of the opening of the "Siegesthor," or Gate of Victory.

Also this week some "Bits of Life in Munich" in the *Household Words*. So you see that she finds time to write a little, besides an assiduous use of the pencil.

We are, however, somewhat alarmed by the assembling of troops round Hesse Cassel, the result of which a short time must decide.

Mrs. Howitt sends her kind regards, and bids me say we sometimes think of you at tea on Sunday evenings.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM HOWITT.

We traced you in the *Household Words* in the "Irish Stationers," or thought we did, very plainly. We seemed to hear you speak, and noticed your peculiar turns of expression. It was a very curious and interesting article.

[MARY HOWITT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I send you the note to Mr. Mayall. You can take it or send it as you like. But I think you should lose no time as he may be

¹ The colossal figure "Bavaria," which stands in the plain outside Munich, was unveiled by Ludwig I. : the words "by her" as above, refers to the account given in *The Athenæum* of the ceremony.

busy and your days in London are but few, more's the pity !

Strange, how sorry I felt last night to think that you were leaving London. Your little visits to us have been very cheering. It is not everyone that William "takes to" as he has done to you. Well, I wish you happiness in every way and success—and I hope also that you may be a truly great poet—and that is no mean wish for you.

If at any time we can serve you in any way let us know and we will endeavour to do it.—I am dear Mr. Allingham, yours sincerely,

M. HOWITT.

William Allingham.

SIR JOSEPH HOOKER

Sir Joseph Hooker's letter was in reply to one from Allingham, drawing his attention to some trees in the Green Park which seemed to be rotting away.

[SIR JOSEPH HOOKER *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW,
March 17, 1878.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I do remember you very well, and of having had the pleasure of meeting you at the Exeter British Association if I mistake not, since the never-to-be-forgotten Isle of Wight meeting.¹

The state of the trees in the Parks is very bad, and I quite agree with you as to the necessity of something being done, but my official position *under the Office of Works*, precludes my taking any other step than quietly calling my master's attention to it ; and this I have done, with I hope a prospect of good effect.

Mr. Mitford, the Secretary to the Board, is keenly

¹ At Farringford, in 1868.

alive to the condition of the trees,—but the remedy is more easily proposed than adopted—as it consists in cutting down *thousands*, trenching acres, planting thousands, and fencing for miles ! I have gone over the Parks at the request of several First Commissioners, and the evil is of terrible magnitude, and is rapidly increasing.

In Kensington Gardens the only plan is to clear several acres at a time of every tree, and then make new plantations and fence them. This is a most expensive operation—and the public will howl, first at the cutting down, and then at the fencing, which is absolutely essential. The ground is trodden as hard as iron by generations of walkers, the soil is exhausted, and not a drop of water penetrates to the tree roots. To keep such an area as Kensington Gardens in good order, the cutting down and re-planting should be a *routine duty*. Matters were getting into the same state at Kew, and I am every year struggling to keep up the sylvan scenery of the Pleasure Grounds, by clearing spaces here and there, trenching, re-planting and fencing. Kew too is suffering from the public foot pressing the earth over the tree-roots, and rendering it impervious to air and moisture ; and if we open the Pleasure Grounds all day, as the short-sighted Public now demand, in ten years it will be in the state of Kensington Gardens.

If you could come down here some forenoon at 11.30 and take a walk with me, and return to my house to lunch at 1 o'clock, I would show you the process of destruction and reparation. Any day this week but Thursday would suit, and *please chuse your day*.

We do a good deal for the Parks at Kew ; last week only, I sent six hundred young flowering trees, mostly of rare sorts, raised here, to the Parks ; for I induced the Government to form Nurseries for the Parks here, which we stock with the duplicates of the more uncommon and ornamental trees and shrubs

which we grow for our own purposes and for exchange, and for the Indian and Colonial plantations. At one time and another the Parks have had thousands of trees from Kew, but what are they over the huge areas of the London Parks ?—Ever sincerely yours,

JOS. D. HOOKER.

Allingham accepted Sir Joseph's invitation and spent some interesting hours with him at Kew. The trees in the Green Park were subsequently attended to.

W. HOLMAN HUNT, O.M.

The following letters from Holman Hunt were written in the early days of Allingham's friendship with him. In later years they met frequently.

[W. HOLMAN HUNT *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 PROSPECT PLACE, CHEYNE WALK.

April 30th, 1851.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—It being so long since your last letter was written I doubt not that you must have almost forgotten me ; seeing that this is my first response to it, my apology is this—that it did not arrive until February (some months after date) when it was brought by Rossetti and Deverell¹ one evening, the latter of whom, seeing me put it out of hand for a more quiet opportunity, took it up, read it, and abstractedly put it in his pocket and conveyed it home, and, it appears, eventually lost it ; so that I, not knowing of the circumstance, until some time after, spent all my leisure time from my picture in searching for it, wishing to examine what you had written before

¹ "Walter Howell Deverell," writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti, May 1909, "was more a probationer than a full P.R.B. . . . He was an amiable, bright young man, uncommonly handsome." He died in 1854, at the early age of twenty-six,

I replied—as my first reading had only given me a very general notion of the matter ; however after many fruitless attempts to get it restored, being anxious to exculpate myself, I sit down to write from memory.

You took some interest in my subject ; you said, if I remember aright, that from a recent examination of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* you did not think it one of Shakespeare's best plays. This is exactly my opinion ; the plot is worked out in an improbable manner—in parts there is a shallow tone of conversation, and in others, a common kind of poetry, what might be called now “juvenile Byronic” almost. For instance, there are other lines like “Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch.”

These faults, however, when occurring in a work which is full of the genuine personality of such a man as Shakespeare, may be tolerated under any circumstances without exertion : and when considered as an objection to selecting a subject from the work in which they occur, should, it seems to me, have no weight at all, unless they taint the exact point to be illustrated—(it being important for that purpose only to consider whether the work is a standard one and the subject clear and of good intention). On these matters, however, I have no doubt that we are of one opinion, and as I have now finished the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* it would be to little profit under any circumstances to argue upon the expediency of having selected that play to illustrate ; so that unless you will not be in Town this season before the exhibition closes, it will be better not to dwell on my treatment of the subject. Because I would rather that you judged of it as it is ; as without a degree of success in the rendering of good intentions, the good intentions are of little value—and as I only know what I intended to do, and cannot yet judge of what is done, I might mislead your opinion—which I wish to have as unbiassed as possible.

Your poems I have been delighted to hear praised at all hands here among my circle of friends ; for my own part, I must say that many of them will rank with the greatest poems in the language. I hope that you are working hard, for such works as "The Railway Train," "Down on the Shore," "A Dream," "The Fairies," "Lady Alice," "The Music Master" and others, lay you under an obligation to humanity which you must not neglect. It is not easy to define what good poetry does, but it is easy to understand, and for this good it is one's duty to work, when one has the power to the extent that you have.

The large Glasshouse opens to-morrow morning ; it is a very important affair, everyone talks of it, both wise and unwise, but the interest of the exhibition itself I question, to such as ourselves—I have an idea that the collection will be much like that of a very carefully arranged sale.

Lot 1.—A bronze figure of Time with a clock under his left arm, which he is pointing at with his right hand—highly polished.

Lot 2.—A very handsome China service—

and so on : however perhaps I am mistaken—we shall see !

As my ink, even by aid of several dilutions will not serve me any longer I must conclude.—Yours most faithfully,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

[W. HOLMAN HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,
[Postmark] May 16, 1853.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am heartily ashamed at the lateness of this reply to your friendly note of two or three months back. I will not however in attempted extenuation, bore you with the details of my hindrances

to writing, but merely throw myself on your mercy, with the assurance that my offence has provided me with some serious degree of punishment, in the fear that my silence might lead you into a mistaken impression of its cause—notwithstanding that circumstances made it inevitable.

I hope to see you in London before I take my flight to the East, for it will not occur earlier than the fall of the year. Discussing the advisability of pursuing my intention would be, I fear, to little profit, while the divine authorities you and I recognize and strive to earn obedience to, are different: you know of course that I regard Christ as much more than a mere type of goodness; with this feeling alone, however, I cannot understand how any painstaking could be thought profitless, which was tending towards his glorification: whether mine are the proper means, is, I am aware, a question; but such an one as can only be solved by an experiment, and this, with the interest I feel in it, and the prospect of success which presents itself, I am persuaded to undertake in my journey.

As a personal matter I am sometimes greatly puzzled, for parting from my good friends until the early part of my youth is over, and leaving my poor father and mother, now that my brother is away, are what I cannot so easily reconcile myself to.

I grow childish, but will add that at all times, I shall be delighted to hear of your happiness and prosperity, as one of my most talented friends, whether I am in England or away.—I am my dear Allingham,
yours ever truly, W. HOLMAN HUNT.

[W. HOLMAN HUNT to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

5 PROSPECT PLACE,
CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I was delighted to receive your friendly note although it communicated a pang of

self-reproach for not having replied to your previous epistle.

I have not yet arranged my travelling plans with sufficient exactness to know the day on which I start, but I make no doubt that I shall be here on your arrival in London a week or ten days hence.

I am not certain that Art is advancing generally, but it is beyond doubt that people are becoming reconciled to P.R.B.ism, are in fact affected towards it; but I cannot think it a prejudice generally better founded than the past rage against us: in any case however we have to be thankful more or less for substantial recognition such as the Liverpool awards of the prizes to us: for the last instance of which I have to thank you for your congratulations.

Hoping to see you soon, I am, my dear Allingham,
yours ever truly, W. HOLMAN HUNT.

October 20th, 1853.

JOHN HUNTER

The reference to Carlyle and Friedrich gives an interest to the next letter.

[JOHN HUNTER *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

CRAIGCROOK,
August 16, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you, which I do most sincerely, for the trouble you have so kindly taken of copying out for me that cordial letter of Carlyle's to my dear old friend Leigh Hunt. I am half ashamed that such a hand as yours should have condescended to perform such a task for me—and yet I am proud too. I feel it to be something nearly equivalent to a friendly pressure from a hand to which I have owed some of

the pleasantest hours of my life,—and I know you would not consider it as altogether misspent time thus *referre sermones deorum*—for Carlyle, Iconoclast tho' he be, is still, like Pan, a god—"Apollo is no more";—and his grim face, when it relaxes into a smile, as it does, after his most cordial fashion, in this letter to Hunt, is one of the sweetest and most gracious things I know.

Thanks too for the glimpse you give me of the present mood of the great Hero-worshipper—say rather Hero-maker, for he often creates the very gods he worships—and out of such materials too! It appears to me, not to speak it profanely, to be a greater miracle to convert the old brute Friedrich into a thing to be worshipped—aye and to get men to fall down before it, as he has done,—than to create a world out of nothing.

Again thanking you for your great kindness, I remain, Dear Sir, very truly yours,

JOHN HUNTER.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Some of the earliest naturalistic work of Richard Jefferies appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* while Allingham was editor. The following letter shows him in another light.

[RICHARD JEFFERIES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

COATE, SWINDON, WILTS,
January 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose an article upon the railway disaster at Shipton.¹ In May last year a paper of mine suggesting an outline of a railway accident bill, was inserted in your journal. Three of the points then

¹ "The Shipton Accident" article appeared in *Fraser* in February 1875.

suggested as worthy of Parliamentary interference, were accessory to the late horrible slaughter. What I cannot understand is the tendency that now exists to ascribe these accidents to the operation of some mysterious law which demands its percentage of victims. I reside near the largest factory for the manufacture of railway material, engines, carriages, and rails &c. perhaps in the kingdom, and have had ample opportunities of seeing the entire process, and I cannot see any difficulty in so increasing the strength of tires and axles that breakage should be out of the question. At present the snapping of an axle seems a regular occurrence. I have often thought that a description of this vast workshop would be interesting.—I am, faithfully yours,

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

W. Allingham, Esq.

CHARLES KEENE

This letter from Charles Keene was written some time after a visit to Mr. Birket Foster's at Witley, Surrey, when Keene and Allingham took a country walk together.

[CHARLES KEENE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

339 KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA,
June 21st, 1888.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I thank you very much for so kindly giving me your little book of *Irish Songs*, which I shall value highly. How charming the old tunes are! I'm insatiable for Irish music. Do you know of any book in which I could find the old Party tunes and songs,—both sides? I suppose some of these beautiful melodies are used.

I have not had a holiday this year and have not heard a nightingale!

Hoping you and yours are well, I am yours
sincerely,
CHARLES S. KEENE.

In answer to an inquiry, Mrs. Birket Foster writes (April 1911)—“Charles Keene used to come nearly every year to hear the nightingales : I think he only missed once in many years. He always came down for the 15th of April and he always heard them that night.”

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY

Some kindly letters from Charles Kingsley relate to Allingham's wish to make an exchange from London to a country post in the Customs. Lymington, Hampshire, was the place that offered itself: and, through Kingsley's introductions, Allingham quickly found himself in the centre of a pleasant circle of friends.

[CHARLES KINGSLEY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

EVERSLEY,
Friday [1863].

MY DEAR SIR,—The non-appearance of your MS. is utterly my fault; I forgot to post it. You shall have it by this post. . . .

Your *Volkslieder* are very simple and right—and your writing them is a righteous and good act for which you will somehow or other be surely rewarded.

But all your puny attempts are eclipsed by that Six Mile Bridge ditty which stands alongside one of them, and which you must really let me cut off and keep, in order to send it to a redhot Orange friend of mine. It is, with one exception, the richest piece of doggrel and of lying I ever read.

Of Rye—I know the place, and know its dolefulness. But if you can get off the flat, two miles inland, you have a perfect paradise of English country, rich

woods, farms, parks, downs and hangers. But with you, I fear fever and ague.

Of Padstow—It is a place where a man might be very happy. As for its being at the world's end, you will find far more mind and active life in Cornwall than in Sussex, unless you were among the Bareacres and Steyne aristocracy. Round Padstow, if you chose, I could, I am sure, help you to introductions to pleasant people. And you may set to and work up the Arthuric myths, as you will be there close to his death-scene and close to his birthplace.

I should tell you that I have a good deal of Cornish influence, and would gladly use it to make your life there more pleasant.

And moreover the Cornish have a "passion" for writing-men, and delight in shewing them honour.

I have read Coventry Patmore's Poems, and think them of their kind excellent in form and in matter, especially that first long ballad. But there is a vein of morbid melancholy for which I am sorry.—Yours very faithfully,
C. KINGSLEY.

[CHARLES KINGSLEY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

EVERSLEY RECTORY,
WINCHFIELD, *August 7th*, 1863.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am delighted to hear from my brother Henry that you have taken up your abode at Lymington.

Remember that you are near Eversley, and that if you are ever going up to Town, you need only write to us, and stop at the Winchfield Station, to ensure a hearty welcome in a lovely spot.

Lymington (the birthplace of my father) I know intimately; and can tell you you will find it in every way delightful.

My brother said that you would, he thought, like introductions. Is it not so? If it is, I shall be most happy to be at your service, though I know few people there now.

Sam S^t Barbe the banker, and Captain Mildmay (head of the Coast Guard) who married a very old friend of mine, Lord Eversley's daughter, are the two whom I have thought of—I shall think of more.

In fine—can I do anything to make Lymington pleasant to you?—Yours faithfully,

C. KINGSLEY.

[CHARLES KINGSLEY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

EVERSLEY RECTORY,
WINCHFIELD, *August 19th*, 1863.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have written to Mrs. Harry Mildmay and to S^t Barbe the banker asking them to be civil to you. You will find *her* very sweet and charming. He is the best fellow alive.

If you want loveliness and can walk—go over to the Beaulieu River. Go also to Highcliff, go to Wilverly Lodge, Rhinefield Lodge, Burley Wood, Fritham Flats, Stoney Cross—Glorious places in which my noble father's boyhood was nursed in poetry and freedom, with horse and gun wandering the forest—and where I have wandered too, all hours of day and night.

Don't forget to come to see us. I will talk to Mac about the ballads. If "Lady Maisey" and the like are to be left out, it will be a hard case.—Yours ever,

C. KINGSLEY.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Landor's fame as a writer, and the friend of writers, was made the more impressive to young literary men by his own remarkable personality. After the date of these letters he lived mostly abroad, and died at Florence in 1864.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BATH, *July 27* [1850].

DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for a very beautiful volume of Poems, as far as I am able to judge in the first half hour after their arrival. From the Preface I may very pardonably believe you to be an Irishman, since it is dated from Ballyshannon. The country of Goldsmith, of Moore, and (of a higher genius than either) Aubrey de Vere, will, I hope, receive no small accession of glory in the name of Allingham.—Believe me, dear Sir, your very obliged,
W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[Postmark : BATH, *January 6*, 1853.]

MY DEAR SIR,—The kindness of your letter can only be equalled by the verses it contains. They are indeed extremely beautiful. Had I no personal interest in them, and no fear of vanity or suspicion of it I would entreat you to give the world so perfect a specimen of harmony.

Browning did not tell me that you were in London when I saw him there in the spring. Greatly do I regret that I had not the pleasure of meeting you there. My residence is in Bath about nine months in the year, and always in the same place, 3 Rivers

Street. I generally go to town about the end of June and return by the first of September. When you come again this way, I can offer you a bed, I have three spare ones—and you shall have a reading-room to yourself. You will find very few books—for I send to my sons in Italy all I buy in the course of the year, and I keep only a few Latin and Greek. Browning is full of information. There is much of poetry in him, and also in his wife, but both of them are too fond of striking by strangeness. What is composition but consistency and compactness? I like to see distinctly all the objects before me in their true proportions. Aubrey de Vere left his card while I was absent. Until now I never heard he was at Clifton. I believe my old friend Kenelm Digby (another deserter to the Roman Camp) is there too. He is the most learned man among them.—Ever very truly yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BATH, *June 27* [1853].

MY DEAR SIR,—Among the few people now remaining of my old acquaintance in London there is not one at all connected with its University. Within twenty days I shall be there, and I will make inquiries about it. Your knowledge of Latin and Greek will be greatly more increased by giving up a single hour a day to each, with translation, and grammars before you, than you can be well aware of before you try. But one day must be intermitted. I spent eight years at Rugby, two at Oxford, and one intervening under a private tutor (who knew less of both languages than I did, as he fairly told me) and, after all, my knowledge of them was sadly incomplete. I had acquired just enough of each to enable me to write a few bad verses. I am confident that the Greek may be

mastered within a single year. It should be begun before the Latin. The Greek grammar comprehends the Latin, and greatly more : while the Latin is but small help to the Greek.

Believe me, my dear sir, with great interest in all your undertakings, sincerely yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM HARTPOLE LECKY

There are frequent mentions of Lecky in the *Diary*. From 1870 to 1881 he and Allingham were near neighbours, and often walked or drove together with Carlyle.

[WILLIAM HARTPOLE LECKY to WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

6, ALBEMARLE STREET, *January 29, 1869.*

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks for returning my book and also for sending me *L. Bloomfield* (they both arrived this morning) which last gift was doubly kind of you after all the trouble I have given you. I was much struck with it in *Fraser* some years ago and hope as soon as my present agony of proof-sheets is overpast to renew my acquaintance. In addition to its many merits it has what seems to me (probably through my own fault) the very rare one in modern poetry of being exceedingly readable.

My Irish book was published before I was twenty-three when my mind had not yet "come of age," and I do not profess now to hold all its opinions, but I have sometimes thought that by re-writing a good deal of it and inserting some new dissertations I might make it fit for re-publication. As only thirty-four copies were sold in a year it cannot be said to have exercised any *very* profound influence upon its age.

I do not think I am quite as iconoclastic as you are but have little doubt my next book will be vehemently denounced from the most opposite quarters and on the most opposite grounds, for it does not fall in with any of [the] parties now flourishing. I have always thought however that the first condition of tolerable writing is to banish from the mind the thought of reviewers and I hope I have succeeded tolerably in doing so.

I hope you are writing something concerning Ireland. Yours very truly, W. H. LECKY.

JAMES MARSHALL

In 1859 Allingham visited Weimar, and was conducted over Goethe's house by "kind James Marshall," the Secretary to the Grand Duchess.

[JAMES MARSHALL to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WEIMAR, 5th April, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I delayed answering your friendly epistle till the books, therein announced, should come to hand, and when they did arrive, which, strange to say, was only last Saturday, I thought I might as well read them and tell you what I thought of them—all by the same opportunity; thus making one letter do the business of three; in pursuance of which economical plan—here goes!

Your letter gave me very great pleasure, reminding me, as it did, of your brief sojourn in Weimar—so brief alas! that we had just time to *fall in friendship* with each other and then to part most probably for ever. But I won't sentimentalize. We now live in the days of *Punch* and *Charivari*, when to be spooney is to be ridiculous!

The books, the one indicative of your taste,

the other of your talent, are both delightful. In *Nightingale Valley*, it is true, the singers are not all nightingales, but what of that? "Even *noisy* geese that *gabble* o'er a pool," such as Edgar Allan Poe, have a certain piquant effect in the universal choir. The specimens of Emerson, too, I think poor, in comparison with his magnificent prose-writings; and as for Carlyle's lyrics, I really as a friend, feel quite ashamed of them. Was there ever such common-place stuff!—But, who is Christina Rossetti, pray? Her idiom is a little outlandish, but that poem of hers is a perfect gem, notwithstanding. Tell me something, too, of Thomas Davis, whose "O'Brien of Arra" is at least equal, if not superior, to Scott's "Pibroch of Donnel Dhu"—or, how is it spelt?

The "Poems by W. Allingham" are really racy. The best are those descriptive of external nature, which he seems to have "mused on with a poet's eye." My favourites are "Evey," "Venus of the Needle," "The Fairies," "The Ruined Chapel," and "The Three Flowers." "The Music-Master" is overflowing with poetry, which "runs to waste" in "watering but the desert" of so meagre a story;—although I must say that the narrative, where there is narrative, flows with a grace, *naïveté* and straightforwardness, that puts me very much in mind of Chaucer, especially in his "Prioress's Tale." By the bye, before I have done, let me tell you that your preface to "*Nightingale Valley*" is the *finest poem* you have written!—But I *have* done now, in good earnest, and so, with my best thanks for your charming two-fold presents.—I remain, my dear Allingham, yours faithfully,

J. MARSHALL.

P.S.—Could not you contrive to send me your image, "*fixed by a sunbeam*?"—I almost forget your features!

J. M.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU

In James Martineau's hands the conventional gives place to pithy and original thought in thanking his friends for their birthday congratulations.

[JAMES MARTINEAU to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

35, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.,
April 24, 1885.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. ALLINGHAM,—Early or late, be assured your messages of regard and goodwill can never be anything but most welcome.

The willingness of men to treat the completion of fourscore years as a subject of congratulation, and the further willingness of the octogenarian to accept a few more, appear to me a curious and significant comment on the modern pessimist's question "Is Life worth living?"—Believe me, always, yours most cordially,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

JOHN STUART MILL

We give a short letter from John Stuart Mill.

[JOHN STUART MILL to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BLACKHEATH PARK, KENT,
March 8, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I duly received the copy of *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland*, and the pressure of occupations alone prevented me from thanking you for it. I had read all of it previously as it came out in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was much pleased with its spirit and tendency.

I hope there may be a chance that the same ability and the same principles may be employed in a prose discussion of the remedies for Irish evils.—I am Dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
J. S. MILL
 W. Allingham, Esq.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

The second of the following letters, written when Millais was about twenty-three and Allingham but a few years older—was in reply to an earnest wish expressed by Allingham that the members of the P.R.B. would stay at home and paint in their own country.

[JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

83 GOWER STREET,
Twenty-first June [1851].

MY DEAR SIR,—I am as anxious to make your acquaintance as I am disposed to believe (from your honouring me with a call) that you are desirous of knowing me.

I was sorry that I was away from home. I waited expecting you in the morning after which time I was obliged to be with the purchaser of one of my pictures.

I shall endeavour to call upon you some day next week, in the mean time though personally unknown to you, allow me to subscribe myself.—Very faithfully yours,
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

To William Allingham, Esq.

[JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

83, GOWER STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE,
November 1st [1852].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I received your letter in bed, suffering from a rheumatic cold I caught painting

out of doors. At the time I was too stupid to understand perfectly the arguments it contained, so put it aside intending when convalescent to answer you. That time has long arrived but from natural dilatoriness I have lingered until now.

I think you are mistaken in supposing for one moment that Hunt is in any way annoyed at anything you might have said when last you met him: and further that you are doing Gabriel Rossetti an injustice in concluding that he advocated Christianity merely for argument's sake.

Hunt has not returned yet from Hastings where he has been all the summer, but when he does I will speak to him as you desire, though I think to little purpose, as this wretched rainy weather has decided him upon leaving England, which he intends doing as soon as he has finished the picture he is about. I am not going with him as I wish to paint a subject I have long cherished, (quite as well painted here as anywhere else) for next year's Academy—Exhibition, I mean, in '54. My Palestine determination has long since been shaken out of me, principally by the sight of the Zoological Garden snakes from that place.

Yesterday I dined with Ruskin who is as much adverse to it as you are, and I fancy has spoken his opinion to Hunt from what he said.

I cannot speak with certainty as regards another's religious principles, but I think Hunt sincerely believes the New Testament, and I am sure if he can act up to the desired holiness he cannot go far wrong. It is an undeniable fact that the greatest good is to be seen in those that are staunch believers. Look at the unselfishness of those women who go about attending sick and dying people; we cannot but suppose that such doings are approved of by God. There is nothing in the New Testament desired of us but what must be apparently right to any educated person,

and therefore why not follow it? even though you should not believe.

For my part I will no more reason on that subject as it is entirely unfruitful. If people have a creed in which they can find happiness and consolation, I cannot see why others of a different way of thinking are to meddle with them, such proceedings always instil an animosity contrary to all doctrine.

If this is all unmake-utable to you it is from my want of ability to make it clearer. You must remember that I am a painter and not a writer.

I will send your sketch this week, and will drop you a line to say when.

Many thanks for your book of poems. I shall live in the hopes of reading another such book from you.

I had a few nights ago Scott, Nassau, and William Rossetti supping with me. I wished you lived here and could join such evenings.

I have no more room and hate crossing a letter so believe me.—Most truly yours, J. E. MILLAIS.

[JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

SOUTH COTTAGE, KINGSTON ON THAMES,
Tuesday.

[Postmark, *November 15, 1854.*]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am over head and ears in work and scarcely know how I am to fulfil my engagements, but I could not refuse what you ask, therefore send me what you would like me most to illustrate.

I have to do Tennyson, and have not even commenced. I go to visit him in the Island on Friday.

In haste.—Ever yours sincerely,

J. EVERETT MILLAIS,

Send communication to M. Halliday, Esq., 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, Strand.

Millais made a drawing on wood to Allingham's "Frost in the Holidays," which appeared with Rossetti's to "The Maids of Elfin-mere," and several other illustrations by Arthur Hughes, in Allingham's volume of *Day and Night Songs* in 1855.

[JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

1, BRYANSTON PLACE,
3rd March 1860.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I had entirely forgotten the illustration business : however I received the £3 with the same sort of pleasure that one finds an unexpected half-sovereign in an old put-aside waistcoat.

I am working so hard now that I have no time even to write, so forgive the shortness of my reply.

I hope you will find me out when in London. I am at this moment surrounded by my family—which consists of three.—Yours ever truly,

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

The next letter, coming many years after, relates to Millais' portrait of Carlyle, then in progress—but not finished until much later—Allingham never saw it. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery (and an excellent likeness in the editor's opinion).

[JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

2 PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,
8 June 1877.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Wait a little until I am more satisfied myself.

Carlyle comes again on Monday, and perhaps about the end of next week it may be visible.

I was sorry to hear from him that your wife, whose work I know, and admire, has been ill. I hope she is

better. I have gone through some such experience. Young poets and painters don't know how many thorns there are upon the Rose-bush.—Yours very sincerely,
J. E. MILLAIS.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

Allingham was introduced to Lord Houghton, then Richard Monckton Milnes, by Landor, in 1853.

[RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES *to* WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

EMBLY, *June 4, 1854.*

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I am in the country for a short holiday, or should have answered your letter before this.

I have not the money just now to buy your Millais sketch, but will willingly take charge of it and see if I can dispose of it for you, if you like to leave it with me.

I take this opportunity of expressing my respect for your most reasonable and manly conduct in your own affairs : you were fully justified in making the experiment, if you had the courage to own that it had failed.¹

Mr. Sam Smith, who is here, and with whom you were staying in the country, begs me to say he will be very glad if you can come and see him again, before you leave England.—I remain, yours very truly,

RICHD. M. MILNES.

¹ Allingham, as already mentioned, after spending several months in London in 1854, decided to give up literature as a profession, and to return to the Customs in Ireland.

[RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES to WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS, *June 7, 1861.*

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—I thank you much for your letter of the 23rd of April.

If the debate on Irish Education had not been ruthlessly smothered in the House of Commons, you must have seen your main facts and figures figuring in *The Times* in my name, and it might be, to my credit.

I don't know what arrangement you have made respecting the occupation of your holiday, but if by any chance you take it in August, I shall hope to see you in Yorkshire, for as long a time as you can give me—I am, yours very truly,

RICHD. M. MILNES.

[RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES to WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 16th.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Glad to hear of you anyhow—though you are a phenomenon just now—a man who wants a vote.

We in this House are bent on thrusting suffrages down the throats of people who don't want them : and yet I don't see how, with due regard to the principle of excluding all place-men from the Government of the country, which has assuredly worked very well—the suffrage could be given to any “*employés*.”¹

This detestable system of competition may alter the case, but I will not believe in a British “Beam-tenthum”² till I see it.

¹ As a Customs officer, Allingham had no vote until he left the service in 1870.

² *i.e.* “Officialdom.”

When is your holiday? I shall be very glad to see you again and hope that ere long you will give me a visit in the country.—I am, yours very truly,

RICHD. M. MILNES.

After Lord Houghton's death in 1885, Allingham sent these lines to *The Athenæum*—

“Adieu, dear Yorkshire Milnes, we think not now
Of coronet or laurel on thy brow;
The kindest, faithfulest of friends wert thou.”
(See *Diary*, page 343).

MISS M. R. MITFORD

The following letter was written only a short time before the death of the authoress of *Our Village*.

[MISS M. R. MITFORD to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

SWALLOWFIED, NEAR READING,
May 12th, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—The exceeding pain and difficulty with which I write, even with a servant to dip my pen in the ink, will render my thanks for your charming volume as brief as they are sincere.

There is great as well as varied beauty in this little book, and every reader will probably have his own favourite.

Perhaps you will allow me to say that mine is “The Wayside Well”—which seems to me equally excellent in the thoughts and the expression.

Allow me to wish you a long course of prosperous composition.—Ever dear Sir, faithfully yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

WILLIAM MORRIS

Allingham had a hearty liking for William Morris, whom he first knew some twenty-five years before these letters were written. There are several mentions of Morris in the *Diary*.

[WILLIAM MORRIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

HORRINGTON HOUSE, *June 6th.*
[About 1880.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have been out all the fore part of the week, so I could not come out now: else one certainly should go to St. Albans, and I should have been very pleased to have been there with you: of course we are not going to let Scott quite alone: but I don't know about attacking him in detail: I mean to say, fighting as to whether he has done such and such, or not done it: the human mind is shockingly given to lie when convenient (as witness Sir Stafford Northcote yesterday) and about such small matters the public is none the wiser, and soon gets tired of controversy concerning "you did" and "I didn't."

But I daresay you don't mean the thing to be taken up like that, and your visit to St. Albans is just the thing to help you to say that a restored building no longer looks like an ancient one, that the surface history is all gone, and with it the venerableness of the sense of lapse of time, and the pleasure of looking at a work of man that has withstood it,—and the like. I am very sorry I can't be with you, though I must say it would give me a great deal of pain to see St. Albans now, as I have seen it once or twice while it was still in

a genuine state : a strange and most poetical looking half-mile of church.—Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

P.S.—On the whole the Anti-scrape Society is doing well.

[WILLIAM MORRIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KELMSCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL,
HAMMERSMITH, *April 18th.*
[1883-4]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Thanks much for the poem¹ which is very good : one does owe a grudge to the idiot who first connected the violet with the rascal sham Cæsar of a Napoleon, and the primrose with shifty sham Statesman Ben, so that no honest man can ever (for the present) wear either in his buttonhole : however they will outlive the rascals.

As to *Justice* (not of the peace) I will send you one or two odd numbers which will give you all information.

Yes, I am a rebel and even more of a rebel than some of my coadjutors know perhaps.

Certainly in some way or other this present society, or age of shoddy, is doomed to fall : nor can I see anything ahead of it as an organization save Socialism : meantime as to the present parties I say—damn tweedledum and blast tweedledee.—Yours ever truly,
WILLIAM MORRIS.

Of the Socialist paper *Justice*, Allingham speaks in the *Diary* (p. 326) as follows : “Morris’s *Justice* I partly agree with, and partly detest. It is incendiary and atheistic, and would upset everything. . . . I want reforms, and thorough-going ones, but not by the hands of atheists and anarchists.”

¹ On Disraeli.

Allingham wrote to Morris asking him to explain some of his views on reform in more detail, and received the following letter in reply.

[WILLIAM MORRIS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KELSMCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL,
HAMMERSMITH,

November 26th [1884-5].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have started to answer yours two or three times and have failed to get on with the answer: the fact is 'tis hardly civil to a man of your attainments and, I suppose, leisure, to deal with such a serious matter in the limits of a letter, but please take what you can get till you make up your mind to look into the matter seriously with books and the rest of it to aid. *Imprimis*, I don't touch on matters theological, which I never could understand, except to say that a God who stood in the way of man making himself comfortable on the earth would be no God for me, nor doubtless for you: I am fain when I am asked my views on these points to reply like Dickens' Deputy—"Find out!"—which is more than I can do.

You have got together a funny menagerie in George, Wallace, Bradlaugh and Harrison: of course the two last curse Socialism; and George and Wallace think, or seem to, that a man wants nothing but a bit of land and his teeth and nails in order to set to work to produce. Bradlaugh's politics are in short "let Bradlaugh flourish!" About Harrison and his Positivism I daresay you know more than I do; but though he has some wholesome views against the exploitation of barbarous countries, he is no more advanced than Lord Salisbury is, or say than Lord J. Manners, a much better fellow. However I ought not to cut up rough at being coupled-up by you with such queer dogs, as heaven knows I'm queer enough.

Your own program is pretty extensive, and of course goes far beyond the ordinary democrat's ; but you see these sorts of reforms could never be brought about without a deeper change having grown up and ripened ; a change which would mean producing for livelihood and not for profit, and which would be so far from being utilitarian that it would give all people of special capacity opportunity to work hard at their special gifts without sordid trouble or anxiety. Your views about the Stock Exchange and recovery of debts show that you somewhat sympathise with this I think : but I also think I could show you that the Stock Exchange is only the ugliest manifestation of that gambling which is in fact modern commerce. For all wares now sold are not mere goods, which pass from one hand to another with remuneration for his trouble to the producer, and usefulness to the consumer ; but they are *market wares* in which the use is cumbered by a super-added exchange-value or profit, which sometimes indeed is the only value they have and utterly extinguishes their use-value. It is this profit which curses all modern Society and prevents any noble enterprise, while it *compels* us (even the peaceable Gladstone) to market-wars which bring forth "murders great and grim." Now further we Socialists contend that this state of Society is getting rotten-ripe and is changing into something else, which something else *can* be nothing save a new developement of that tendency to co-operation which has always gone on in some form or another side by side with competition : as to how this change will come about it seems to us it will be by the workers becoming conscious of the fact that they are the only organic part of Society, and the other classes are parasitical really. When they have learned this they will abolish all other classes and become themselves the *State*, and will organize themselves for getting the greatest

possible good out of nature for the benefit of the State, that is for all and each. This movement must of necessity be international (a Socialist does not recognise a possible enemy in a foreigner as such), but in all probability England will go first—will give the signal, though she is at present so backward : Germany with her 700,000 Socialists is pretty nearly ready : France, sick of her republic of stockjobbers and pirates, is nearly as far on though on different lines : Austria is ready any moment to shake off her government of Jew bankers and police spies : America is as you truly say finding out that mere radicalism is bringing her into a *cul de sac*. Everywhere the tale is the same : the profit-mongers are finding the game too vast and intricate to keep up. The old party politics are being openly jeered at, and this autumn's farce is adding its ounce of dangerous weight to the tottering load which the liberal jackass bears : I have heard the G.O.M. mentioned in crowded meetings of working men without a cheer being raised for him, over and over again within the last month : even Chamberlain is looked upon with doubt as a dark horse. You may be sure that the thing is moving, though of course I make no prophecies as to the beginning of the end. Like enough it will come with attempts at palliatives : tubs to the whale cast out first by one party then the other : every one of which we shall take without misgivings, for the better the condition of the working class grows, the more capable they will be of effecting a revolution. Starvelings can only riot. I don't know that any one of these palliatives is much better than another : good housing is the most difficult as it is I think the most crying need : you will find that a bourgeois government cannot deal with it. Legal limitation of the labour-day is good as a cry, but again how can a bourgeois government even think of that ? I think we must be content with pressing all the claims in

the lump, and console ourselves for the slowness with which things move by listening to the wails of Herbert Spencer on the advance of Socialism.

Well, I have spun a yarn about twice as long as I intended and told you next to nothing in it—please to take it as a sign of friendship even if it bores you: the fire is near your hand these cold days.—Yours ever truly,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

ALEXANDER MUNRO

Alexander Munro, whose graceful portrait busts and groups were in much request in the eighteen-fifties, “was more or less well-acquainted with all the members” of the P.R.B., writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti (May 1909), “and was particularly intimate with my brother.”

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

OXFORD,
12th September, 1854.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Your letter caught me as I was starting for this place—it has not however hurried me into writing now, for I really meant to have written this the first quiet day I might get the chance. Though I have not been idle, little has been done to your bust beyond casting it—now this first cast has to be worked up to a higher finish than the clay had, and then it will be moulded so as to give several casts—two will be prepared as soon as I can, for you, and it will then be time enough to tell you of their *immense* expense! The Rossettis think it as like as sculpture can give likeness, but they don't believe much in such possibility—and Stephens believes less, for he vows it's *not* like and that only painting *can* give a resemblance of you; which, though it savours of *shop* from *him*,

I'm myself half inclined to believe—nevertheless there are times when sculpture speaks to us with infinitely greater power than painting can—in the twilight—evening—most suggestive hours—when paintings are really flat—perhaps too “stale and unprofitable”—at such times your bust may tell more effectively than all the painted eyes of pictures—at times when Æolian Harp influences touch us.

Hughes is now at Maidstone working at your designs—we both wish we could get to you to have a row on your river—muddy though it be, it must be enjoyable in that way.

Do you remain long at New Ross? Custom House birds are migratory and perhaps your move will be nearer us, before we sally over to see you. William Rossetti is off on a wandering excursion Cornwall and Devon-wards—Gabriel is really commencing a wall as a beginning of his picture¹—at Chiswick—I should say at a friend's house—so there's a chance of his really going on without being disgusted by such casual impediments as he might encounter in a strange place.

Millais is painting at Winchelsea—a background—I don't know for what subject.

The Folio has not yet reached Hughes or me—it is on its progress however.

I hope to be in Rouen on Sunday for a week's ramble in Normandy but I return before October, and I shall then write to you. I am staying here with Dr. Acland, a college chum of Ruskin,—such a nice, *good* and very clever man. Oxford is a delightful place—none more so that I know of—and I can easily fancy the regard men, who have been students in it, ever retain for it. Cholera is here as bad as everywhere else except Ireland and the Highlands.—Goodbye, my dear Allingham, yours ever,

ALEX. MUNRO.

My sister's kind remembrances with thanks for yours.

¹ Of “Found”—but the picture was not finished for many years.

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

(TO NEW ROSS)

6, BELGRAVE PLACE,
Saturday. May, 1855.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—This would or should have been written long ago but that I was terribly busy—nor have I got out of that state yet—only no Exhibition has to be prepared for now. Your friend called as you said—have you seen him since? He did not however ask for a “Lady Constance”—perhaps to avoid the “mercantile” with a sculptor *genius*! he liked your bust—better than the photograph, he said, had led him to expect. When and how am I to send you your two casts which lie here? One really printed “William Allingham, Esq^{re}.” is in the R.A. Catalogue and well placed in the Exhibition as William Rossetti reports from yesterday’s Private view—also a marble one of Gladstone and three others of note—so you’re in good company you see—also my little group of “Love’s Walk,” also well placed, has its motto in the Catalogue—a couplet from William Allingham. There’s advertisement for which Routledge ought to stand something! this will be still more when *The Illustrated News* pictures it. Hughes drew it on wood for that purpose.

When is your volume coming out? Millais looks excellently well. I saw the proof with him on Wednesday. Hughes, however, is *the* poetic illustrator—is he not? I gave Boyce a cast of your head the other day—an admirer of course. I look for an early copy of your poems which must have its Author’s name *written* on, but you’ll be over here soon I hope. When? Tell me when you come.—Yours in haste,
ALEX. MUNRO.

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WALLINGTON, *Friday*.
[*October, 1855*]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,— . . . I left London to come to this beautiful part of Northumberland, twenty miles west of Newcastle—where too you're known by your doings—there was Dr. Whewell of Trinity here, before I came, talking of your Poems and making Lady Trevelyan believe they were the only good ones to be found—so I got the volume itself and they are all believers now. I didn't know you knew old Whewell—did you meet him in Cambridge?

How are the Illustrated Poems going off? I should say very well—don't they?

I have been so very, very busy, and have to hurry home again next week to work away. We were all so sorry you couldn't get to London, for many expected to see ye Great Poet. I hope however you'll not fail to come early next season and to stay all the longer; and remember there's a bed in Belgrave Place whenever you choose to come. I should have written saying so when you were expected, but that Rossetti told me you were to be with him. You're free I hope next visit. Write soon to yours always,

ALEX. MUNRO.

We give here a letter, the only one we have, from Allingham to Munro.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to ALEXANDER MUNRO.]

LANE, BALLYSHANNON,
6 *October, 1855*.

MY DEAR MUNRO,—The busts have arrived here, without a scratch. People think them (and so they are) a great deal too handsome; yet it is not on this

account that I feel abashed by the presence of this white ideal of myself, but because it has the look of commemorating something, and also seems to be making ever so many fine promises. To say the least, it was like drawing a bill upon Fame at twenty years' sight, to put myself into a sculptor's hands,—and what a number of such bills are dishonoured !

I bathed this morning in the sea, in a gully of a reef on which the breakers were rolling in magnificently, walls of dark water advancing till they toppled over at one end and the brilliant foam ran along the line like fire along a battery. I had left off bathing for years, and now find it a glorious addition to my enjoyments. It ought to be bracing for mind as well as body, for it often requires some resolution to make the move which abandons *terra firma* and tailors at one stride, and plunges one into the cold mysterious kingdom of fishes and drowned men. Now, too, we have chilly winds, and falling leaves (or would have, at least, if there were any trees here), and a fire is pleasant in the evenings, especially when there is a piece of blazing bog-fir in it, for a while superseding candles. I suppose we are a good deal like some of the country parts of Scotland in many things,—in dialect the resemblance is considerable, that is to say, in the district to the North East of the town ; in the opposite direction begins Irish Connaught, palpably native in tongue, dress, manners, &c.,—but without (at least in our part) the hooded cloak which beautifies the girls and dignifies the matrons of Kilkenny and Waterford. As, however, this garment quite hides the figure, it enhances the sex in general at the sacrifice of special instances of fine form.

I must prosè on thus, for I have nothing else to say. I wish I knew what all you fellows are about. I wish I could drop in on you !

Pray let me know the charges of casting, packing, &c., the two busts,—(which are now in our

house).¹ I think the head *most admirable* as a work of art ; of the likeness I suppose I am the last person to judge. Regards to your first-floor lodger.—Ever yours sincerely,
W. ALLINGHAM.

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[December 1855.]

6 BELGRAVE PLACE,
Wednesday.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Didn't our last letters cross each other ? I think however I had one of yours since, and have had many intentions, in the interval, of writing to you. I really meant to have done it last month in Paris where Rossetti and I went together and where, among many wonderful and grand remembrances, I have the great one of passing a most delightful evening with *one* known and admired by you—Browning—and E. B. B. : “they twain are *one*.” Do you like his new volumes ? I enjoyed them very much—and immensely more than *Maud*—which none—but the credulous few, Hughes and Woolner—believe to be satisfactory. Hughes you must know was married last month to his early and only love, whom he's been courting since /50. He wrote to you about that time—did he tell you ? I presume not.

How do the Poems get on or off, or whatever the right word for success ? which of course they have—and when they reach a tenth edition I shall tell you your sculpture debt. I'm glad the heads please your friends.

Do you know Wilberforce ? A clever young fellow—son of the Archdeacon and therefore nephew to the Bishop who signs himself Oxon. Well, he and Hanney are bringing out a *monthly* to be called *The Idler*, and they hope you will send some short poem

¹ One bust is now in Mrs. Allingham's possession ; another in the Dublin National Gallery.

twenty-two or twenty lines I believe—before the twenty-second instant. I met Wilberforce a little [while] ago, and he asked me to say so to you from him as an admirer who hopes some day to make your acquaintance.

I have only now returned from the Highlands—leaving the Grampians in thick snow,—very, oh very cold : and a terribly long ride—so I want sleep and will now say goodbye and hope to hear from you soon.—Yours always,

ALEX. MUNRO.

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

6 UPPER BELGRAVE PLACE, S.W.
Saturday [1857].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I lost your letter and can't recall the names to whom your photographs are to be given. They came here on the 10th January, (three weeks exactly to-day) and since then Hughes, Rossetti, and Stephens have each walked off with a copy leaving three here—one of which I mean to retain. Tell me by return to whom the others are to be given—for more than the number are in request and being disputed for, among your old friends here who look on me as the vile cause of their not getting them at once.

What are you doing besides *The Athenæum* contributions? Every one of the Art circle is as busy now as men who idle half the year generally are—to-morrow or rather Monday we have a meeting in behalf of poor Seddon's widow—to exhibit and purchase one of his best things is intended. Ruskin will be first mover. Rossetti has finished his Tennyson blocks to-day I believe. Hughes is busy with two or three pictures for the R.A. Show. Shall you be here to see them? Hoping so, I am yours ever,

ALEX. MUNRO.

[ALEXANDER MUNRO to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

6 UPPER BELGRAVE PLACE,
Friday [July 1858].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—You must believe in my affection when, in this hot weather, your letter is so speedily answered.

D. G. Rossetti has just left me after my shewing him your De GeneRate use of his initials—he is to write soon to you with the proofs of his Book of Translations which is veritably being printed by Whittingham. Now, why don't you come to London at once? Do, and come here first—till at any rate you find a better place—but here's lots of *Room*—for you must know A.H. is defunct as far as London goes, and has nothing to do with 6 Upper Belgrave Place now—after taking a house in Maidstone, more adapted of course for his green pictures and his increase of family: but he is sure to come up if only for a day if he knew *you* were in town.

Do you know “Within and Without,” a dramatic Poem by George Macdonald? Its author is now giving readings in a friend's house from Spencer, Sydney, and writers of 16th Century, which the Rossettis and some others attend and like—he is in difficulties poor fellow, and wants all the help he can get, and a wife with children under such misfortune is trying.

But come here yourself and have all the jaw on this and better subjects—and I trust you'll come here first—for a few days if not longer, and we shall all rejoice.
—Yours in this expectation, ALEX. MUNRO.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS W. NEWMAN

During the years that Allingham was editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, Francis Newman,—younger brother of the Cardinal, versatile scholar and man of letters—was a frequent contributor. His views on religious subjects excited much controversy in the eighteen-fifties.

The following letters from him are selected from a number concerning his articles and opinions on various topics of the day.

[FRANCIS W. NEWMAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WESTON SUPER MARE,
July 15, 1875.

To W. Allingham, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the year 1846, as soon as Sir Robert Peel had announced his conversion in the matter of Free Trade in Corn, Mr. John Bright called on me, (I was then living at Manchester) and told me as soon as the subscribers to the Anti Corn Law League were liberated from that task they would erect a great University in Manchester. Of course he could tell no details, but said that purses would be freely opened, and they would desire to gather counsel from all minds which took large views and had studied education professionally; and the reason of his calling on me was, to warn me, that I was one of those to whom they should look to give an elaborate and well reasoned opinion concerning the curriculum of study and other important topics.

In consequence I prepared two lectures, in part with the design of delivering them to prepare public opinion, in part to sift and clear my own mind, and analyze all the topics to the bottom. The first lecture

I finished in detail : it was on *the Political Aspect of Universities*. The second lecture was on the Curriculum. In it I designed to maintain, that the Curriculum of Oxford & Cambridge was unsuited to the wants of the present age ; that it could not be altered effectually for a very long while ; but a new University, if one were determined on, might start afresh with vast advantage, with a wholly new Curriculum ; and that hereby more quickly than in any other way the old curriculum in Oxford &c. would be altered.

Before I had finished the second lecture a Mr. Owen died, leaving property estimated at above £100,000 for establishing a *College* at Manchester. At once rich men buttoned up their pockets, and no more was heard of John Bright's Manchester University. The trustees of Owen's College asked no public advice, and conformed their college *as closely as they could* to the old routine. In twenty-five years the pressure of events or of Manchester sentiment has forced them to give more and more weight to modern studies.

In consequence my lectures, finished and unfinished, have remained in my closet to this day untouched and useless. Naturally there are allusions to Sir Robert Peel and his recent conversion, and to the want of reform in Oxford and Cambridge ; but these are easily omitted.

It now occurs to me,—the *second* lecture being in fact the subject on which I was about to write for you,—or rather containing my subject—(the moral influence of the Greek and Latin classics being a *part* of it), it occurs to me to consider whether possibly the subject of the first lecture may seem to you to have interest for *Fraser*. I could make them either separate, or parts of a whole.¹—I am, very sincerely yours,

F. W. NEWMAN.

¹ The articles appeared in *Fraser*, see Appendix, page 299.

[FRANCIS W. NEWMAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WESTON SUPER MARE,
December 27, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know what you will think of me. While you are preparing to send me translations of Virgil to write on, I am suddenly seized with combinations of thought that I fear to forget, and at once set about a new article on National Religions and their Break-up; and could not stop till I had finished.

I now send it to you, registered in Post Office. It is about the length of the MS. which you already have in your hands. If for any reason you cannot accept it for *Fraser*, I am sure you will kindly return it safe to me.¹

With best Christmas and New Year wishes.—I am, very truly yours, F. W. NEWMAN.

[FRANCIS W. NEWMAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

To W. Allingham, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I keep in mind your desire that I should write an article on that difficult and anxious subject, modern Antitheism inspired by materialistic science. I call it *anxious*, meaning that in writing one must fear to write inadequately, or otherwise unsuitably, and only do harm. My present idea is,—not to be too dry,—to couple two very different names and treatment together,—in *Rev. T. P. Kirkman's* lashing controversial attack on Mill, Spencer, Tyndall, and *Dr. James Martineau's* new volume, *Hours of Thought*; which consists rather of Essays than Sermons—I do not dream of *reviewing* it, but of contrasting its leading

¹ A list of articles by F. W. Newman, that appeared in *Fraser* during the two following years, is given in the Appendix.

idea with that of Mr. Kirkman and his antagonists. It is no easy task, and needs from me mature thought : if I get clear notions of what I want to say, I may perhaps write quickly at last.

Meanwhile I have become immersed in Etruscan, and am unwilling to work at it *with intervals* lest as in other languages (viz. Hebrew, German, Italian,) I forget and have to relearn. I *think* I shall be able not only to summarize and detail what is *certainly* knowable concerning Etruscan, but to point out the only right method towards truth (scanty as the results will be, unless much *more* is discovered) and to add interpretations of my own with adequate reasons. Professor Jarret of Cambridge is residing here. I think he is now Hebrew Professor ; he *was* Arabic Professor and has taught Sanscrit in Cambridge from pure zeal. He is a student of Tamil and Hungarian. I have given him a part of my translations, and he thinks them highly interesting, and urges my continuance. I mean to presume in a reader only a schoolboy knowledge of Latin.

If Mr. Burton's book *Etruscan Bologna* has been sent to you, and you are willing to send it for me to see,—*though I expect little from it*—perhaps that might be well.

Though orthodox Christmas is past, I may ask to wish for you and yours a happy New Year.—Very truly yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

WESTON SUPER MARE,
January 14, 1877.

[FRANCIS W. NEWMAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WESTON SUPER MARE,
May 8, 1879.

To W. Allingham, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—On seeing the announcement that you were about to give up the Editorship of *Fraser*,

my first feeling was a vague sorrow : but this presently changed into a hope that you had found some other more satisfactory work.

Perhaps I may take the liberty of saying that I have on the whole prized *Fraser* more since it has been under your management. You seem to have better succeeded in excluding inferior material, under which Mr. Froude groaned, as a necessary incumbrance. I have regretted a tendency towards justifying the slave-party, but the articles have seemed to me of remarkably uniform goodness and intrinsic value, showing a judicious editor.—I am very truly yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

[FRANCIS W. NEWMAN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

15, ARUNDEL CRESCENT,
WESTON SUPER MARE,
April 17th, 1885.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—It was very pleasant to me to get from you an unexpected letter.

I have a large correspondence, *not* from friends personally near ; but except for business or science, I write unwillingly, so very gloomy does our foreign policy and hectoring blood-recklessness make me. I think that improved material Science and Mechanic adaptations have corrupted our political, medical and academical classes into thorough immorality of various kinds. Perhaps only calamity can cure us. I expect a hurricane of Revolution to clear our infected atmosphere, but hate to say so, expecting to be thought myself to be in senile dotage. In June next I shall be eighty. But I am in high health, and in full hope for our *remoter* future, after Adversity has purged us.

Do you know that Mr. Brotherton, M.P., from 1847 onward, *tried* the policy of alluring the aristocracy to Vegetarianism by splendid Vegetarian banquets ?

All in vain. We made no progress till Vegetarianism became a *protest against luxurious feeding*—which of course appeals to the poorer and the more moral. We are *nearly all* teetotal; I never hear of a wine-drinking Vegetarian; and we now go hard against smoking. Abstinence from Fleshmeat, from Narcotics and Intoxicants in drink, I call the *Triple Cord?* or Triple Abstinence.

Hoc signo vinces.

We win by *commending* niceness in food, but *dissuading* luxury, expense and needless trouble; and niceness comes with minimum of trouble from *fruit and grain*—though we cannot at present afford to sacrifice vegetables proper. Old vegetarians *gravitate towards* Stewed Apples and Bread. I could pleasantly live on fruit and grain.

I think the Aristocracy will be humiliated politically more quickly than they will consent to forego Fleshmeat and killing beautiful birds.

I am glad to hear that you are dwelling happily in a rural area.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

F. W. NEWMAN.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Allingham first met Coventry Patmore in 1849, and for some years they were intimate friends.

We give only two of Patmore's letters here, as most of his others to Allingham have already appeared in the *Memoirs and Correspondence*, edited by Mr. Basil Champneys.

[COVENTRY PATMORE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MUSEUM, September.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—On looking again at your last I find that my hurried note from the Lakes was an imperfect answer to it.

Your quotation from Lord Herbert is interesting, not only the meter but the style, if one may guess from a single stanza, is much like *In Memoriam*. Tennyson was interested by it.

I do not think that Wordsworth has done anything like justice to his beautiful country. If I were to live there, as I have thought of doing, I should not hesitate to work a field so imperfectly exhausted by him.

"The Prelude" I think contains the best and the worst passages that Wordsworth ever penned. The lines about the Alps impress one more than anything in modern poetry—unless it is some few other passages in the same volume.

My brother leaves London for Westmoreland about the middle of this month. Mrs. Patmore and the baby are well.—Yours ever,

C. K. P.

[COVENTRY PATMORE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, *September 17, 1854.*

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many thanks for your suggestions and queries, several of which will be very useful. I could justify myself against some of your objections, I think, but not in a letter: indeed I think in some points the verses queried would justify themselves on further acquaintance.

I have only space to say that "How rude!" refers to the sarcasm playfully pretended to be seen in "*Wiltshire Butterflies*"—the girls themselves being ephemerides of that locality.

"From little signs like little stars
Whose faint impression on the sense
The very looking straight at *Mars*"

is an emendation of the planet-struck printer, who

is a sentimental little boy, no doubt a Chartist and a reader of Nichols' Astronomy book.

I had written *mars*—i.e. destroys. This is not the only capital crime against sense, with which, through the emphasis of the boy's character, I appear to be chargeable.

Tennyson (who comforts me by an assurance that I "have begun an immortal poem") objects to the "Epigrams"—but not before I had begun to object to them myself. So I shall put them out: thereby greatly increasing the simplicity of the form. I put them in as breaks, to prevent the idea of continuity or close relation between *The Idyls* and "accompaniments," but, on seeing the Poem in print, they do not seem to be necessary for this purpose.

I shall be "out" in October, I believe.

We are all excellently well, thanks to three or four months of Hendon and Hampstead: but as we have failed to let the house in The Grove, I am afraid we shall be obliged to go back soon.

This will be a bore, for it will force me to break the good resolution I made never again to write for the Reviews, unless it should be one careful and conscientious essay or so once a year in the *Edinburgh*.—
Yours faithfully, COVENTRY PATMORE.

William Allingham, Esq.,
New Ross.

GEORGE PETRIE

Allingham had a warm regard for George Petrie, whose name needs no introduction to the student of antiquities.

Petrie's special interest was in the round towers and other ancient buildings in Ireland. He also was an accomplished musician, and spent much time and trouble in collecting old

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Irish airs and traditional songs for publication—a work which seems to have been undertaken more as a labour of love than with any expectation of universal recognition.

[GEORGE PETRIE *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DUBLIN, 67 RATHMINES ROAD,
11th February 1854.

MY DEAR *FRIEND*,—for so I trust you will permit me to address you—I now send the note of introduction to Mr. MacCracken¹ according to your desire. It is short, but, as I believe, will be sufficient for your purpose.

I shall not conceal from you that the announcement of your determination “to push your fortune in London” gave me a start! But, whatever, from an anxious desire for your happiness, I might be induced to express if this most important movement were only meditated, I shall not say anything discouraging now that it is firmly resolved on. On the contrary I am willing to indulge the belief that you may be right, and you shall certainly have my most anxious wishes that it may prove so. On this matter, then, I shall only add an expression—selfish I confess—of regret that I shall not be likely in future to have the pleasure of seeing you so often as I hoped to have, and that I must be content to preserve in my remembrance the too few happy evenings which I had the pleasure of enjoying in your society.

Upon the whole we here have got through this *desperately* severe winter tolerably. My eldest daughter had a bad attack of bronchitis, which required her to go from home for change of air for a month, and I and the rest have been frequently knocked up with severe colds. The girls desire me to send you their best regards and most anxious wishes for your success.

After a long delay caused by a rupture with the

¹ Mr. MacCracken was one of the first patrons of the P.R.B.

printer, the Irish Music is again moving on, and I trust that in future it will proceed with much greater rapidity, and I am sure that the succeeding parts will have a far greater amount of typographical beauty. The work is now in the hands of Gill, the University printer. We expect to have a large part out in about two months. I was gratified by your saying that the first part is admired by musical people. It certainly ought to give pleasure to all those who have any sense of the beauty of our National Music—but these I fear are a very, very limited number, and to those whose admiration of music is only of the common conventional kind, it can have but little interest or attraction.—Believe me ever, my dear friend, most sincerely yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

Wm. Allingham, Esq.

[GEORGE PETRIE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

67 RATHMINES ROAD,
11th March 1855.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I thank you very warmly for your very kind letter. Illness and anxieties prevented me from doing so sooner. I have had my eldest daughter dangerously ill for some time; but she is now, as I trust, progressing towards recovery, though it must still be some time before she will be able to walk. She has had a very narrow escape, and two of her sisters have been also ill.

I was so much pleased with your doctoring of the "Nobleman's Wedding" that I determined to break through my rule to exclude all verses of recent manufacture, and behold I now send you a proof of it in type,—which I wish you would look over, and let me have it back as soon as you can.

I impudently made, for your consideration, a change in the first line, and this solely to have a

word for the start or introductory note of the melody. You will perceive that *all* the other stanzas have such a word except the second. I confess however, that, though I wish for a change, I do not like this one. Think it over a little.

I am now obliged to go into town on business, and so you must take this wretched scrawl as a letter, for I can only add that all my daughters desire to be kindly remembered to you—and that I myself remain, most warmly and truly, yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

W. Allingham Esq.

[GEORGE PETRIE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

DUBLIN, 67 RATHMINES ROAD,
2nd February 1857.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—You will excuse my thus addressing you, for I have a horror of using the “Sir” or “Mr.” when writing to a *friend*. I have to request your pardon for not sooner replying to your notes. The truth is that, like yourself, I have been confined to the fireside for the past week by a cold, or influenza, so severe that I have been wholly unable to write, and scarcely able to read. To-day, however, I feel better, and I avail myself of this return to vitality, without delay to write to you.

I need perhaps scarcely tell you that I have read—and more than once—your little poem¹ with *very* great pleasure. In truth it has charmed me as a beautiful old Irish melody heard for the first time would charm; for it is marked throughout with the same sort of antique simplicity, depth of feeling, and rhythmical perfections of cadence. If I saw anything in it to object to, I would not, as I am sure

¹ “Abbey Asaroe,” in *Irish Songs*, page 45.

you are aware, hesitate to object; and as proof of this willingness to be critical, if I could, I will acquaint you that I was for a while disposed to cavil at the words "broken down" in the second line of the first stanza. They appeared to me to convey too strongly an idea of the dilapidated state of the Abbey—in short, that only the foundations of the walls, and not the "gray walls" themselves, remained. But I soon felt it to be a worthless hyper-criticism.

In reply to your queries I have to tell you that, feeling very anxious that you should have the best information at least upon some of them, if not all, I sent them to my friend Dr. O'Donovan, and I have now the pleasure to send you his remarks, and with these I entirely concur. The term "Boortree" was I confess new to me; but on a reference to Skinner's *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae*, I found the word thus explained: "*Bore-tree, Sambucus, sic dicta credo quia intus cava est, et detrusâ pulpâ facîle perforabilis.*" This reference will at least serve to give you the correct spelling of the word.¹

The abbot of Assaroe was *certainly not* a mitred one, and so you will have to change that term "Mitred Abbot's prayers" in your last stanza. And I fear you must also alter the commencement of the line "To God and to Saint Bernard." What would you think of this—"To God and to Bernârd the saint"? You will probably laugh at my suggestion, and if it will have that pleasant effect upon you it will not be wholly worthless. At all events you will forgive my impertinence.

And now about the "Praties"—well—the girls think them very good, but I fear they are somewhat prejudiced, and would uphold that opinion, even if they were ever so little deserving of commendation. At all events we have been eating them with satisfaction for the last three days, and even I, a captious

¹ Bore-tree, or bourtree, "is the common name of the elder in Scotland."

epicure in those earth-apples, have contrived to get down two of them daily, which is more than I have been able to do, except on a rare occasion, for a long time. The fact I think is that they do not fully uphold the ancient glory of Tirconnell, while I am sure that we are as fully grateful to the donor as we could be if they were the best that were ever grown in that renowned kingdom.

Now to return to the poem : you remark that the incident—of the old man—is, as you think, very characteristic of Ireland : and so think I. It is one that has occurred to me in my solitary ramblings among our ancient abbeys more than once. And curious and interesting facts illustrating the “ups and downs” of life I have learned in this way. Facts so antagonistic to the silly pride of ancestry—when not founded on the hereditary transmission of talents and virtues—are, perhaps, in no country so abundantly found as in our own unfortunate Ireland.

I too am delighted at Mr. Kenyon’s bequests to the poets,¹ and I hope it may have an influencing effect upon the minds of others to make similar bequests in a judicious way.

I have not yet seen the sketch of the [word illegible] Tower in *The Illustrated London News*, but I have heard a great deal about it. That such a tower should exist in India would not surprise me,—but I feel with you that the sketch was very probably made by a man “holding a theory at the same time with his pencil.” I have found several examples of this sort of double vision before.

I regretted much that I lost the pleasure of seeing you, by being from home, when you passed through Dublin. I had a delightful three weeks ramble in Scotland. I had dear—very dear—friends with me, and uninterruptedly dry and sunny weather : and

¹ To Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

so the recollections of this tour will be a source of happiness to me while life lasts.

Scotland is indeed a glorious country ; superior in picturesque beauty and grandeur of scenery to any other portion of the empire, and, as I think, superior in the general intelligence and cultivation of its people. There is as I believe no portion of the empire so rapidly improving—and this I chiefly attribute to its religious system, though in its way that is a spiritual tyranny. But Rome will assault it in vain, though she may batter to pieces, as I fear she will, our established church.

But I have come towards the end of my sheet, and have only space to present to you the kind remembrances of my daughters, and my own affectionate regards.—Ever, my dear Allingham, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE PETRIE.

William Allingham, Junior.

Some years after the last letter, in 1865, Petrie wrote to his old friend, Sir Samuel Ferguson, "I long to see my dear Allingham again and have a talk with him"; they probably did meet, as Allingham passed through Dublin soon afterwards.

When he heard of Petrie's death, Allingham noted—

GEORGE PETRIE.

January 18, 1866.

A sweetness

And completeness

In your life.

I am sad, yet not miserable.

Allingham wrote a short account of Petrie and his work, which appeared in *Fraser*, and is now included in his *Varieties in Prose*.

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

The following letter is from Briton Riviere, a much valued friend of the Allinghams. Frequent intercourse between the families took the place of many letters.

[BRITON RIVIERE to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

FLAXLEY, 82 FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.,
May 8, 1888.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have carefully read your original poem of the "Lion and the Wave."¹ The only objections that I will venture to make are
1—To retain the word "growl" instead of "yell."
2—To keep "bounded back."

This seems to me to express more happily than "sprang away" the movement that a lion would be likely to make under the circumstances.

No doubt the death of the lion is a perfectly fair "poetic" climax: but it may be natural, as I have heard of a large dog dying from fright caused by the discharge of musketry while the animal was shut up in a stable hard by.

Milly and I were much pleased to meet Helen yesterday at the New Gallery.—Yours very truly,

BRITON RIVIERE.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Allingham and Rossetti were intimate friends for some years, and much correspondence passed between them.

Rossetti's letters—Allingham's unfortunately were not preserved—have already been published, edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. One short letter of Rossetti's that was overlooked is,

¹ In *Life and Phantasy*, page 149.

therefore, all that we can give here. It is taken from one of Allingham's MS. books, and against it he notes "copy of an old letter from D. G. R. to me,—torn and in parts almost illegible." The remarks in brackets are by Allingham.

[DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

"Saturday Evening
[About 1856].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am sorry to find that you had called last night while I was away, and am finding this evening that our to-day's efforts at meeting would have been an *experimentum crucis*, or without cleverness that we should have crossed each other. I shall not be at ease till I put you in a good light and find out by your expression whether you have quite pardoned that sorry breach of promise in the matter of the "railway wrapper" (jocular way of naming a pictorial cover which D. G. R. had promised, and did at last design for *Day and Night Songs*). The fact is, I had counted to the last on saving my lazy bacon, on the supposition that the *Songs* would be advertised for some time before their appearance,—when all at once advertisement and publication came together. Thanks for the gift of a copy which the absence of conflagration (i.e. his unfinished design in red, blue and yellow,—afterwards finished or nearly, but never used. I have it¹) makes like coals of fire on my head. I had one (word obliterated) its contents (word obliterated) increased enjoyment every time I turn them over, which I do often when alone and when friends come in. A zealous reader and propagator—Arthur Hughes—[was] with me at Kentish Town and was disappointed at not seeing you. I will get him, Hannay, and any one else attainable to come on *Tuesday evening* if you will be here, about

¹ A reproduction of this design of Rossetti's for the cover of *Day and Night Songs* was given in the *Diary*.

eight or nine—the first evening I have to spare. Pray come if possible and believe me ever yours sincerely,
D. G. ROSSETTI.

By the bye, I learn by a letter from Belfast that *you* have lived to be the Man who has seen MacCracken.

JOHN RUSKIN

We give several short letters from Ruskin, whom Allingham met in the early days of his friendship with the members of the P.R.B. There are one or two references to Ruskin in the *Diary*.

[JOHN RUSKIN *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
25th May 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know if you are liable to the weakness which I find occasionally manifested by many of my very good friends—to my great comfort and consolation as I suffer grievously from it myself—of delaying the letters one most wishes to write to some “quiet” moment which never comes : but so it is that your little volume of Poems has lain with a reproachful air in my shelf of poetry—projecting a little over the top of Tennyson in a scowling manner like a cornice—till I am verily ashamed to look at its edge—or to touch it—and dare not take the pleasure of reading a word of it—all on account of my woful procrastination.

But the fact is, I got the Poems just as I was leaving for the continent, by no means then able for any examination of them, and when I came back I had hardly time, for some months, for poetry or anything else, but daily business.

I can only say I like the Poems much—and am sincerely obliged to you for sending me them. They seem to me to show real power—though of course you must do much more than these before you will have the right to rest in work done.

Meantime with best thanks and best wishes, believe me, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[Postmark, *February 1860.*]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Thank you for nice long chat, and for telling me what you think.

I quite agree with you that neither Lowell nor Longfellow wrote finished—or even good poetry. Both of them are hard workers—to whom versemaking is a recreation—nevertheless I believe the “Psalm of Life” to have had more beneficial influence on this generation of English than any other modern composition whatever, except Hood’s “Song of the Shirt.”

I delight in “Hiawatha,” and in bits of the “Golden Legend.”

From Lowell I have myself received more help than from any other writer whatsoever. I have not learned so much—but I have got help and heart from single lines, at critical times.

For real utility, I think his shrewd sense and stern moral purpose worth all Keats and Shelley put together. I don’t compare him with Keats, but I go to him for *other articles*—which I can’t get from Keats—namely Conscience—Cheerfulness and Faith.

You might as well criticize one of Keats’ idle rhymes in his letters, as “Excelsior.”—Ever, in haste, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

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Ruskin—to whom Allingham had written despondingly—thinking him in want of money, had offered to give or lend some : a kindness which was appreciated but declined by Allingham.

[JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[About 1863.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Thanks for not being angry with me.

I'll look at the *Fraser* poem,¹ but I answer your note at once lest anything should hinder me—though I can't enter on the question of the right way to pay poets and painters :—except only thus far, that I once thought regular pay the best, for all *meditative* work—and by examining the facts of old bargains—and making some practical experiments—have had to change my mind.

I trust your present discouragement will pass away when you get out of the vile air and scenes of London. I can't live—think—eat—or sleep among them myself.

I'm sure my face isn't worth seeing. What should you or anybody want to see it for ?—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

[JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[Postmark,
LONDON July 13, 1864.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I am in a sulky fit just now, and hate alike talking and writing.

I'm in a state of puzzled collapse, and not fit to see anyone. I have not seen Browning for a year ! So you may fancy I can't talk, but try me again please—for, from what I saw of your knowledge and feelings in those verses in *Fraser*, there is no one I shall like more to talk to, when I find words again.—Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ "Laurence Bloomfield," which appeared in *Fraser* in 1863, as before mentioned.

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Allingham became editor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1874, and asked Ruskin to contribute something.

[JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1874-5.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Thanks for your letter and Lake Signatures and for *Fraser*.

But I never write in magazines now. I more and more perceive all such work to be wasted. You people who can write should write solemnly and separately what you have to say, and keep it together for your own and whom it may concern in due time.—Ever heartily yours and Mrs. Allingham's, J. RUSKIN.

[JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
7th August 1875.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I've never thanked you for your kind letter and clear map. Of course I'll come joyfully when next in London, sending line beforehand.

Tell me when there's anything in *Fraser* that you would like me to see.

With best compliments to that wonderful wife of yours (she'll be in September *Fors* again),—always faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

JAMES SPEDDING

Allingham had a friendly regard for James Spedding, the devoted student of Bacon's works, whose *Life and Letters* he published.

[JAMES SPEDDING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

80 WESTBOURNE TERRACE,
LONDON, W.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—When I received your note of April 30 I did not feel as if I had anything to say

about anything that was likely to suit you. But it was suggested to me yesterday that Ellen Terry's *Portia* deserves some notice less fugitive than the common newspaper criticisms : in which I quite agree : and as I wrote a paper in *Fraser* nearly ten years ago on her sister's *Viola*, (August 1865) I should like to say something about this new performance—a performance so singular in its excellence that it ought to be pointed out as a model for actors to imitate and for critics to admire. I should not have a great deal to say, because I should have so little to censure. But if it would suit your arrangements to print a short article on the subject in your next number,—let me know the conditions of time and space which you will require and I will try to supply a fit one.—Yours truly,

JAMES SPEDDING.

18 May 1875.

[JAMES SPEDDING to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

80 WESTBOURNE TERRACE,
LONDON, W.

DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have seen Ellen Terry in her new part,¹ which does not make much difference in what I had to say. As a piece of acting it is quite perfect, and as a proof of genius it is even more striking than the other, for it is more than an interpretation of the character. It is an absolute creation. The author supplies the situation, which is awkward, and the words, which are commonplace. But the character is the work of her own imagination, and the feeling which she puts into the words raises them into poetry and the conception into high art. I don't believe that Lord Lytton had any idea of it.

But it will not be necessary to dwell upon this, for it seems to be felt and appreciated. I have written

¹ Of Clara Douglas, in *Money*.

as much about the *Merchant of Venice* as will fill three pages of *Fraser*; which includes most of what I wanted to say about Portia.

But I want to add a protest against the popular misconception that Shylock was meant to be regarded as the hero of the play, in whom the interest centres; in which case, I should have to admit that it is badly designed and constructed. I suppose two or three pages more will contain what I have to say about this. Will this suit you? And how soon would you wish to have the MS. ?—Yours truly, JAMES SPEDDING.

5 June 1875.

FREDERIC G. STEPHENS

The friendship between Allingham and Stephens dated from Allingham's early acquaintance with the P.R.B.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes (May 1910), "Frederic George Stephens was one of the seven members of the P.R.B., installed about the same time—say October 1848—as my brother and myself. . . . In October 1860 or 1861, he got appointed Art Critic to *The Athenæum*, and was eventually Art Editor there. He acted thus up to the end of 1900.

"*The Athenæum* was not declaredly an adherent of the Præ-raphaelite School of Art: but, certainly for many years, Stephens' criticisms favoured the artists of that school."

[FREDERIC G. STEPHENS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

June 24th, 1855.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I have to acknowledge the receipt from your publisher of a copy of the new set of your Poems, which is the more to be grateful for, because altho' I have the first series of *Day and Night Songs*, and many of them by heart, yet not having the larger edition (Chapman & Hall) many of the others are comparative strangers to me.

Those "Æolian Harps" are great pets of mine, and I catch myself reciting and thinking of them in and out of season—I introduced them and "The Serenade" to a lady who wants me to ask you for permission to set the latter to music (not for publication). Do you object?

A Fellow must grumble of course, so I want to enquire why you say "*falling* dew" in the beautiful song "In the Dusk"? If I thought you likely to take up with a conventional phrase and be satisfied with it, I should not ask if you know the revised theory of dew-formation, which is really far more poetical than the old no-notion about it, assimilating it into a drizzle of rain, not only in itself, but because it contains the greatest characteristic of a *natural* pheno (etc)—*perfect* individuality and separateness. If you do not know it, you will find it worth while looking up.

I make sure that you are coming up to Town so that I may tell you of my pleasure in reading the book better than is possible on a sheet of paper. I am besides particularly desirous of seeing you in order to insist on the fulfilment of a promise you made me, to write a Boating Song, adapted to "Rowing Proper": a thing much desired. I can give or get you all sorts of facilities for studying the subject from the life.

Accept my best thanks, until I can make them personally.—I am, my dear Allingham, very truly yours,

FREDERIC G. STEPHENS.

P.S.—What a jewel that little wood-cut by A. H. to "The Fairies" is! It is worth all his others.¹

F. G. S.

97 LUPUS STREET, PIMLICO,
LONDON.

W. Allingham, Esq.,
Ballyshannon, Ireland.

Arthur Hughes's illustrations in the *Day and Night Songs*.

[FREDERIC G. STEPHENS to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

September 24, 1856.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—How are you getting on in Ireland? and why Oh Faithless Poet! have you not sent the verses you promised me? Firstly, those addressed to a certain "Stephen" *à propos* of Browning, and secondly verses sent to me and since, at your request, returned. I really can't stand this kind of thing, so, my friend, return them with all speed.

I have been out of London for a few weeks, principally in a beast of a town called "Hull." Gladly I came back, and can heartily join in that portion of the Beggar's Litany which says "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, Good Lord Deliver us!" I was staying with some of the kindest of friends or I really believe I should have drowned myself in a Land-drain. What a hateful thing a Land-drain is! It crawls slowly along from nowhere, to end in a river which is as great a dawdler as itself, then they loiter out to sea together, staining it with the red earth; this is what the drains of Holderness do with the Humber, as they sneak away together.

Everybody gone out of the way here. Halliday and Hunt staying with Millais at Perth, and other friends equally dispersed. W. Rossetti has been for a tour in France, returned a week or so ago.

By the way you remember *The Idler*? Well, I bought No. 5 on a river-steamer for 1d. It is by far the best number too, so Wilberforce's transfer of the publication has not kept it alive, for this was of course part of the remainder sold off.

I went, while at Hull, to Beverley to see the Minster there, which is one of the most beautiful Gothic works I ever saw, in a most perfect condition, full of wonderful carving in the way of bosses and shrines. They have a curious custom there of ringing

the Minster Bell from a tower every evening at 7, a short peal for every day there is past of the current month.

Let me hear from you soon and be sure to send the Poems.

Command me, as heretofore, if I can do anything in London for you.—And believe me, my dear Allingham, truly yours, FREDERIC G. STEPHENS.

97 LUPUS STREET, PIMLICO.

WHITLEY STOKES

Whitley Stokes, the Celtic scholar, son of Dr. Stokes of Dublin, practised law for some years in London, during which time the first four of his letters to Allingham were written. Later, he went to India. In 1879 he was President of the India Law Commission, and draftsman of the present civil and criminal codes. He and Allingham were always cordial friends.

[WHITLEY STOKES *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

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MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I shall be delighted to breakfast with you on Monday at 10.

My eldest sister has been forming a plan for inveigling you into making some songs, translation from the Irish, &c., to be published by some swell London music publisher (Chappell, I think by name) as words to some of the airs newly arranged in Petrie's ¹ collection. I will bring you her note on Monday.

Burton ² the painter has just arrived from Germany. I wish you would give him a copy of your poems about which I wrote to him some months ago—I know

¹ See *George Petrie, LL.D.*, on an earlier page.

² Afterwards Sir Frederick Burton, for some years Director of the National Gallery.

he would appreciate both them and the compliment.—
Ever yours, WHITLEY STOKES.

W. Allingham, Esq.

Have you seen *The Saturday* this morning? Therein are a glorification of your friend D. G. R. and a Laplandic ballad that I think you will like. W. S.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

3 NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.,
March 5th, 1857.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, . . . In answer to your question whether I have been travelling in the ballad-land lately—I say regretfully, no—nor, if business comes in as it has been coming lately, do I think I shall ever get another passport for a tour there among the *schöne Wesen*, its inhabitants. However in summertime, when I go over to Ireland, I hope to be able to make some prose translations, and forward them for you and the nightingales of Ballyshannon (who will surely have come to us then) to chant melodiously and metrically.

Of course I saw and delighted in “Abbey Assaroe”¹—not *Easaroe* an thou lovest me. With regard to your proposed *corrigenda* I hope you won’t think the following observations impertinent. They are offered I assure you with sincere deference—I should like “The boortree and the” &c to stand: boortree is good and local; and “rough” coming so near “ancient” and “lightsome,” seems to me an adjective too much. If “mitred abbot” be really inaccurate, I should adopt the *corrigendum* in that line; and I appreciate the slyness of the allusion which you indicate. I deny utterly that any English-speaking people, gentle or simple, say Bernàrd—Bèrnard, sir, everywhere except in France and perhaps Germany.

¹ Eas Aodha ruaidh = the waterfall of Aodh the red.

So pray let the line stand as printed. I cannot sufficiently extol the manliness and freshness and healthiness of "Among the Heather"—it made me feel indeed, as if I were there, in the cool wind, and with mountains and rocks and furze-blossom about me once again. In the metrical point of view nothing can be better than the swing of it ; and the rhymes in the fourth line of each stanza please my ear greatly. Don't you think that the last line would be bettered by omitting the w in "will" ? Read "Love 'll warm me" &c—the two w's, in the adjacent monosyllables interfere, I think, with the flow of the line ; and you have Tennyson's authority (in the "Queen of the May") for the change I venture to suggest.

I am sorry to say I don't know any one in T.C.D.¹ now who cares about "Art and Poetry and all that" ! Indeed I don't think I ever did. I hardly know Ingram, and the other men whom I knew when I was an undergraduate have all gone forth into the world. John Gwynne, the Warden of St. Columba's near Dundrum, Dublin, is the best of the men with whom I was acquainted.

Ormsby is well and lazy as usual. He wrote a capital paper on "Alchemy" in the *Fraser* for last January, which I suppose you've seen—and he has written two in *The Saturday* on "Early Ballads" and "Small Prophets and Quick Returns." He is writing a third now—to be called "Felons and Felonworship." His address is 7 King's Bench Walk, Temple. You will very likely find Woodward² in Dublin.—Ever yours,

WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—I enclose a translation from the Wallachian (or Rouman) which I made some months ago. I don't know whether you will think it worth versifying.

¹ Trinity College, Dublin.

² Woodward—an architect and friend of Ruskin's. Built Museum at Oxford, also Museum, Trinity College, Dublin.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Many hearty thanks for your thoughtful kindness in directing the publisher to send me *Nightingale Valley*—which duly came three or four days ago and into which I have been dipping my beak at odd times. It is charmingly got out. . . .

What on earth do you mean by a “chrisom” wand (page 34)?—“Chrisom” is Mrs. Quickly’s version of *christom*—the cloth just put over newly baptized children.

I know not what to say about “*selt*” in the Lyke-wake dirge. But you may take my word for it that Brand blundered when he said there was an Anglo Saxon *fleet*=water. There is no such word: *fleot*, which comes nearest, means *rivulus, sinus*.

What an admirable thing that “Northern Star” is (page 51); do you think it’s by a woman? This was quite new to me—also M. Milnes’ song and Barham’s poem, 89: and Browning’s “May and Death”—delicious in metre: and your own “Down on the Shore” which is excellent.

Who did that terrible poem, “Mea Culpa”?¹ I have just been re-re-re-reading Emerson’s “Humble Bee”—which would be absolutely perfect if “all without is martyrdom” were omitted: this is a bit of Yankee exaggeration. But what a sin it was that Emerson gave up verse for his incondite prose! O Thomas Carlyle you have brought shadow as well as light into the world—as all *Φωσφόροι* necessarily do.

Altogether your little book has given and will give me a great deal of pleasure and I repeat the expression of my gratitude for it.—Ever faithfully yours,

WHITLEY STOKES.

Correct page 160, Alph the sacred river, not Alpha [in “Kubla Khan”].

3 NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN’S INN,
December 20, 1859

¹ It is by Allingham.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

3 NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN,

Monday.

[Postmark *March 2, 1861.*]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—For the first time one of your letters caused me disappointment. I thought it was about to announce your advent (of which Rossetti had been speaking a fortnight ago), and you write as if you were fixed in Ballyshannon for months at least. I did not read Monahan C. J.'s charge, but I know the man and am willing to adopt your criticism, except in so far as you question his law. I feel no pity for any of the parties concerned except the children of Mrs. Forbes. It is a loathsome case. I am ashamed of my fellow citizens for their mad enthusiasm in favour of a brilliant *hetaira*.

Rossetti is (or was a fortnight ago) fat and flourishing. He has got a commission for his "Drover" and has a huge easel on which he told us was the canvas of his "Nativity" for the Welsh cathedral. He is working at his Pre-Dantean poetry and also at a volume of his own. Ormsby is as jolly as ever—if possible a little idler than when you were here last. Paul surprised us all last Saturday night by walking in fresh from the Hebrides (correctly *Ēbudes*), where he has been distilling the bogs into lamp-oil, or at least persuading his employer of his ability to do so. No news from Hannay except that he is utterly disgusted at finding that the Edinburgh Whigs can take more tumblers than the regular tap.

I rejoice to hear of your steady progress with your poem which I suppose has something to do with Patrick. Still you must continue to sing to us now and then from among the leaves of *The Athenæum*. I am utterly given over to law at present. Have you heard from the

Brownings ? There is a rumour of a revised and I trust somewhat clarified *Sordello*.—Ever yours,

W. STOKES.

The next letter was written more than twenty-five years later, when Whitley Stokes had returned to England to live. Their mutual friend, Sir Samuel Ferguson, had died three months before, in August 1886.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

13 November 1886.

15 GRENVILLE PLACE, S.W.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—We are still here and shall be delighted to see you at lunch or dinner (whichever is most convenient to you), when next you come to London. Our pleasure will be enhanced if you bring Mrs. Allingham with you. You will find my hair white, and my daughter (who, you will perhaps remember, repeated in 1871, on the road at Howth, your “Up the airy mountain”), grown-up. But my nineteen years of exile under an Indian sun have not chilled my heart, and I rejoice to see old friends like you, and Ormsby, Kebbel, Munby, and Burton and S. H. O’Grady and Burne-Jones.

As to Samuel Ferguson, I confess to feeling sorely disappointed that *you* (who are now the only living Irish poet) have not written an essay on his genius. My sister’s attempts in *The Academy* and *Blackwood*, though well meant, are very inadequate. A woman could not well deal with what has always seemed to me the finest of his poems, *The Welshmen of Tyrawley*. What Æschylean vigour there is in that verse (which he afterwards unfortunately watered down) :—

“But in the manly mind,
And in loins with vengeance lined,
That your needles could never find,
Though they ran
Through my heartstrings,
Sing the vengeance,” &c.

And she left unmentioned his two best translations—"The Timoleague Abbey" and the "*Ceann Dubh Dilis*" (the latter I remember H. S. Maine reading in Calcutta with keen delight).

I should greatly like to see your "Banshee."¹ They had *fir síde* and *mná síde* in Old Ireland; but I have never met in MSS. with the present notion of a female spirit attached to a great family who bewails the death of its members. But this may of course be ancient.—Ever yours,

WHITLEY STOKES.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

18 November 1886.

15 GRENVILLE PLACE, S.W.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I met Mr. Knowles only once, but then I sat next to him at dinner, a Royal Society feed, where there were no ladies, and *discoarsed* him greatly. He struck me as a courteous gentleman, wholly incapable of the rudeness of intentionally neglecting to reply to a letter from a man like you. The fault is doubtless with his subordinates, who failed to bring your letter to his notice on his return. If I were you I should write again—sending him a copy of your former letter, or the substance thereof.

As to your noble and touching "Banshee," I have no criticism such as you desire. The only remarks that I venture to make are merely technical, and, therefore, probably worthless.

First of all the title. I would write Ban-shee with a *hyphen*, to prevent people reading it as a *trochee* with the accent on Ban. It is rightly an *iambus* (Ban-shée) in your stanzas III and V.

¹ Banshee, more correctly *ben-side*. Dr. Norman Moore adds that, as the *d* is aspirated, it would be more correct to write *firsídhe* and *mnásídhe* (=men fairies and women fairies).

Stanza II, line 4, *behold it*—seems dragged in to make a rhyme (and not a very good one) with *folded*.

IV, 4. *Tigherna*. No Englishman, except C. Plummer of Oxford, and now, I fear, but few Irishmen, know what this word means. Local colour is bought too dearly at the price of obscurity.

V, 4. "marks the downfall first." This is ambiguous: "first marks the downfall? marks the first downfall? marks before his death the downfall?"

VI, 2. Here the *cæsura* falls in the middle of a compound, (salt-sea).

VII, 1. "Fish-tooth, goldflowered." These seem to me somewhat unsuitable names for an Irish chief's sword, but perhaps you have some authority for them. The Celts used the ivory of the narwhal for adorning the hilts—but "goldflowered" would apply to Indian, not Irish, weapons.

Forgive the freedom of an old friend who, like Iago, is nothing if not critical. I admire the poem so much that I long to see it (what I suppose to be) perfect.

When you fix the day for coming here—let me know at least twenty-four hours beforehand, so that I may not miss you. I spend most of my time either in the Inner Temple Library or in the Students' Room, British Museum.—Ever yours,

WH. STOKES.

[WHITLEY STOKES to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

25 November 1886.

15 GRENVILLE PLACE, S.W.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I believe that I express not only my own desire, but that of all who love poetry, Ferguson, and Ireland, when I say that I hope Mr. Knowles will consent to publish, not an *In Memoriam* article (which I too should deprecate), but a well

weighed estimate of Ferguson's work in verse, combined with some recognition of the mass of heroic, pathetic, and picturesque material which Old Irish literature possesses in an abundance of which even the cultured Englishman has no suspicion.

As to the "Ban-shee," the critical venom secreted in my glands has been entirely exhausted by my former bite. In short, I have nothing now to say except to pray you to print the ballad as soon as possible, so that other mortals may share in my pleasure.—Yours very faithfully,

WHITLEY STOKES.

The "Ban-shee" is included in Allingham's *Irish Songs and Poems*, page 145 : but the proposed "estimate" of Ferguson did not, it seems, take form.

LORD TENNYSON

Although Allingham knew Tennyson for nearly forty years, very few letters passed between them. Full notes of his conversations with Tennyson appear in the *Diary*.

[TENNYSON to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

March 27, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—I got your note some days ago and this morning came the "two publications." Some of them I see are my old friends and favourites—slightly altered. With the new ones I have not yet had time to make acquaintance.

I trust that your perilous-seeming experiment of living by literary labour will turn out well. All is not rash that seems so ; and you were certainly thrown away at Ballyshannon.—Yours truly in haste

A. TENNYSON.

[TENNYSON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]FARRINGFORD, I.W.,
February 17, 1855.

DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—My thanks for your “Happy New Year” though it is yet so unhappily cold that I can scarcely hold the pen in my hand as some of those poor officers say who write from the Crimea. One has no right to complain when one reflects on them in their thin tents. . . .

Could I hope to describe my part of the world as picturesquely as you have done yours I might be tempted to paint the corner of this “nookshotten¹ isle” for you: then it is so well-known and so cockney that perhaps it would scarce be worth while.

With respect to your request I cannot grant it by myself, Moxon having a share of my profits, but I do not at all suppose that he would start any objection. I have known him do so indeed, but only when extracts are very long. I cannot say that I like much your choice of poems, three at least out of the seven are to my mind totally worthless.—Believe me dear sir, yours
A. TENNYSON.

Have you seen Patmore’s new Poem? It promises (I think) very well. I am glad that you too promise us something more.

[TENNYSON *to* WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

October 21, 1856.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I daresay you have cursed me in your heart for not sending your book before now.

I have been away travelling for more than two

¹ Nook-shotten, an old word meaning “having” or “abounding in, nooks.”

months in Wales and did not receive your book till long after you had sent it.

My opinion of your poem is that Georgy Levison is very good and graphic—the man I mean. The poem seems in parts too fine, in the style of the last century, and some of the worst parts of Wordsworth, a style which he inherited and could not quite shake off.

For instance your Corinthian bush¹ means currants—why not say “currant bush” at once. Wordsworth has “the fragrant beverage drawn from China’s heat” for tea. This sort of avoidance of plain speaking is the more ungrateful to me in your poem because other parts of it are quite unadorned and justly simple. Georgy himself as I said is well-drawn and remains, a picture upon the memory, and will remain I hope to do you honour in men’s eyes.

The other poems I have had scarce time to look at since my return, but I may tell you that my little boy, four years old, repeats your “Robin” with great unction.—Yours ever, in all haste, but very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

Mind, I like your Poem and therefore I say about it what I have said. It is *worth* correction.

I said I had not read the others ; I meant so as to give them their due consideration.

“Mea culpa” I admire much.

My wife’s kind regards to you.

The edition in which “George Levison” appeared is now out of print. Allingham worked on the poem after receiving Tennyson’s criticism—and it is now included in his *Life and Phantasy* under the name of “George ; or the Schoolfellows.”

¹ Currants, having been imported from Corinth, were, in the early eighteen hundreds, known as “Corinths,” the word being afterwards corrupted into “currants.”

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Thackeray's genial letters to the young poet carry the impress of his delightful personality. Allingham had been introduced to him by Leigh Hunt.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

[1850.]

MY DEAR MR. ALLINGHAM,—Months after date let me discharge the debt I owe you and thank you for poems. I began a letter to you in September after reading the book, and waited and waited intending to criticize at large and speak of what I liked and doubted—but I doubted of one or two sentences of the criticism too, and the letter never went and the months rushed after each other. I've only finished *Pendennis* two days, and have been asleep almost ever since.

I recognised you in *Household Words* the other day—with the Tennysonian cadence (who doesn't catch it who reads him?) and the thoughts, observations and calmness your own. He has just been here much excited about his court dress and sword (he says his legs are very good but we know what the Psalms say on that subject) and as much pleased and innocent about it as a girl or a page. Everybody speaks well of his new wife and of his affectionateness to her. . . . You have still time enough to heal old wounds and get new ones. I have passed my critical period I think and don't expect again to have my sleep disturbed by thoughts of any female.

This is not talking about your book.¹ Well, I like it very much, that is all I can say, because the book

¹ *The Music Master.*

seems to me true. I like its grey calm tones and solitary sweetness. I like a young fellow saddened by a great shock and bearing it with a manly gentle heart. I read it (in my own copy as well) at one of your chiefs', S. Spring Rice,¹ who spoke in high terms not only of the Pote but of the Officer, which is always good for a young man to hear.

You're lucky to have a trade and to live out of this turmoil. It's pleasant enough for a man until he's successful : and then things go hard——

I tore off half a page here relating to my own literary woes, and egotistical complaints which are best put in the fire. I hope dear old Leigh Hunt won't take the loss of the laurels to heart after bidding for them so naively as he did in those pleasant memoirs.

Do you see *The Leader*² which his son Thornton writes ? Thornton seems a fine fellow to me : wrong, very often, but looking after truth sacredly. But you mustn't have the paper at Ballyshannon, it would frighten people there : it does often shock even here : where we are not easily shocked and easily tired.

After making a great noise myself I begin to wonder why we have made so much to-do about the Cardinal.³ Why shouldn't he come and set up a winking Virgin in the Strand ? The claims of the Bishop of Oxford (who is delightful company) are not much less preposterous : and Dr. Pusey says "quite right, it's not Popery the parsons have to fear but universal Protestantism."—Is it coming ?—it must, to get rid of these Papists—the old sixteenth century Protestantism can fight them : they've the best of that battle.

I wish I weren't born in the time when the other is to take place, being of a lazy epicurean nature and

¹ The Hon. Stephen Spring Rice.

² Thornton Hunt had started the *Leader*, a weekly review, with G. H. Lewes as co-editor.

³ Cardinal Wiseman.

woundily averse to fighting ; but if it comes it must : and we must take up the cudgels on our side like the Paddies at Birkenhead the other day. Ah me ! Can't we be left aisy ?

If I write you a stupid letter it is because I am tired and unwell : because I hate paying my debts : because I must pay you now if I've any honesty left. Shall I confess ?—There's a letter of yours, I found it on returning from abroad, lying on my table below : and I've not dared to open the seal : it's like a dun : it's like Conscience upbraiding me. Well, to-morrow I'll have the courage to open it—I may now : and now Good night, and believe me.—Sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Saturday. (the next morning that is) I have just read your note. I don't think it would answer—from your distance from London ; but if you'll send me any first chop bits I will send them to Mr. Lemon¹ and try.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

KENSINGTON,
Friday [August 1852].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Were you ever thanked for the salmon which you sent more than two moons ago ? Did I write ? I think I didn't. The fish came on the very day I was going abroad with my children, and,—and was in that state in which George I. liked fish, and into which men and fish and nations inevitably fall. But the kindness smells sweet still and I am quite as much obliged to you now as if I had eaten the salmon unto satiety, and thank you for thinking of me.

I reached home yesterday after a journey to Vienna, Tyrol, Munich, &c ; and if I had not fifty letters on

¹ Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch* in the eighteen-fifties and sixties.

other people's affairs to write, I think I would like to send you some manuscript : but I must do the other letters and shake you by the hand, and am yours very truly, dear Allingham, W. M. THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, BROMPTON.
[Postmark *October 9, 1855.*]

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—There's always some excuse for not writing—too much business—too much laziness—now it's melancholy. Don't you know it's infernally painful sitting down and taking farewell of friends ?¹

Thank you heartily for remembering me, and for your good wishes. When you come up for your Summer-holiday to London I wonder whether I shall be back again ? Ah 'tis I will be the happy man to shake you by the hand then.—Goodbye and believe me, always yours, W. M. THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.,
January 4, 1860.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—Your note arrived when I was at Paris.

In reply I beg, Sir, to refer you to the yellow cover of *The Virginians* : on which two gentlemen are represented in an attitude² which I trust will always be maintained between you and—Yours,

W. M. T.

¹ Thackeray was on the point of starting on his second trip to America.

² Shaking hands.

THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

Although the letters from Woolner come at the end of our book he was, as the date of the first letter will show, a very early friend of Allingham's. It was Woolner who introduced Allingham to the members of the P.R.B. We give one letter from him to Woolner.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

November 8, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—

I can hardly sympathize with you in your wish for the bustle of London, for my feelings are almost wholly in accordance with the calmness of a country life; and I feel certain that the glibness and ease of thought and expression acquired in much intercourse with men is no compensation for what is lost thereby; I agree with Carlyle that "Silence and Secrecy are the elements in which great things fashion themselves together."

Most of the P.R.B.s have been at Sevenoaks painting backgrounds to their next year's pictures: Hunt has succeeded in a remarkable manner with his, he has given the effect of a large rough forest on a small space better than ever I remember to have seen it done before.¹

I was glad to hear from W. Rossetti that you liked his review on your poems; he bids fair to be one of our best in the reviewing line, he takes more pains to discover the author's intention, and less to display his own learning than most journalists. I suppose you

¹ Holman Hunt painted, in Knole Park, the background of his picture "Valentine rescuing Silvia from Proteus."

are satisfied with the success of your volume, for altho' it has not created so much noise as was expected, it has produced as deep an impression as the most sanguine could have anticipated: I heard Tennyson praise it in the highest style possible.

I was very much pleased with your verses on Browning's "Christmas Eve," they seem to me to contain almost as much as could or should be judiciously said on the subject. . . .

I am not in a very decided condition regarding my American project, much unfavourable information has tended to shake my resolution; one thing in particular I do not like, they will tolerate no naked figures; this you know is almost a deathblow to sculpture, which depends for beauty so much on the beauty of physical form. I have not determined on remaining here but shall leave it for circumstances to decide.

I hope you are working hard at poetry. I have no right to expect it but I should be glad to hear from you at your leisure.—Believe me, yours sincerely,
T. WOOLNER.

[WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.]

BALLYSHANNON,
8th January 1851.

DEAR WOOLNER,—I wish you a Happy New Year. I don't think I have heard a word from any of the P.R.B.s since your note, which I was very glad to have. So pray send me another after a shorter interval and I promise to do likewise with you, an't please you.

I should like to know has Rossetti's Blake MS., which I sent some time ago by private hand, reached him safely? Also, have the copies of my volume intended for America been left at Chapman & Hall's by William Rossetti?

Talking of America, I noticed the other day in a conversation with a dead person reported by a New York paper, the following questions and answers,

"Are you acquainted with Edgar A. Poe, the poet?"

"Yes."

"What is his position?"

"The third rank of the second sphere." (I think this was the answer.)

Whether this is equivalent or not to being in Good Society in the other world we have no means of judging; but more may be revealed since the "dull cold ear of death" is now proved, it seems, to be a poetic fiction.

Have you read the two volumes of Poe's *Remains*? Are there any remarkable novelties there? Scarcely a second "Raven," I fear; that bird is a black phoenix—more than a "black swan."

Another American book I have a curiosity about is Washington Allston's *Remains*, lately published, Prose and Verse. Have you looked at it?

It is a misery to me here to have no bookseller's counter over which to chat a little with a new book and thereafter be content to bid it good morning for ever, or, if desirable, cultivate a further acquaintance. As I am placed, I must often *marry* a book—buy it—to find out whether it is worth having.

You said something about the success of my volume. It has succeeded in striking a good many of the mountain tops, and they smile upon me, but the ground, the public, is dark. I expect however to get above the horizon in time. I am genuine, though not great, and my turn will come if people once begin to guess that there is some meaning in everything I say. Some intended, at least.

The opposing advices one receives are droll.

"Keep to lyrics," says one (Patmore); "Hold by the Tale," says another (Clough); my own feeling is with the former at present.

I was going to write to you the other day and to send you a little summer sketch called "Evey,"¹ but my attention was drawn away and since then being rather at a loss for something to send to *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, I sent it. Here you have it, however, though but a week or two before the profane vulgar.

I hope you don't think me egotistical when I talk a good deal about number one? I talk on as if you were here on a solitary visit with me. I wish you were—if you could manage to be amused climbing rough hills and watching waves.

Don't you think a Venus might rise to you out of our Atlantic foam and become (through your love) steadied into eternal whiteness? I don't mean Venuses of the sort that, in bathing season, charm gentlemen who study the nude, or as good as nude, along our primitive shores, where there is but one bathing-box and that an innovation of the hotel-keeper's—(I meant no pun, but I see it is there).

Will you oblige me in the following?

I wish you to send me (of course with the owner's leave and under promise that they shall be carefully returned) as many of the cuttings of Read's Minor Poems as you can. Perhaps I shall have an opportunity of making him better known in England than he is. His peculiar delicacies of expression ought not to be under a bushel. He himself too seems to be as mystified about the value of his gatherings as the boy Aladdin coming up out of the cave with his pockets full of vary-coloured fruit.

Pray remember me kindly to all friends. Write soon and tell me all the news.—Sincerely yours,

W. ALLINGHAM, Jun.

¹ Now in Allingham's *Flower Pieces*, page 63.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

101 STANHOPE STREET,
MORNINGTON CRESCENT,
June 9, 1852.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—As to the visit to Ireland concerning which you have made such frequent and kind mention, I can say for my own part there is not the faintest probability of a consummation, as I leave England the middle of next month for Australia. I am induced to this through the various hopeful reports from public and private sources as a way of obtaining the power—the time, to carry out such views of Art as I have chosen to make.

It is simply sacrificing some years of my life to acquire undisputed control over the rest : a resolution which no wise man could blame, and even if he did, it would not concern me overmuch.

Of course you have seen and read much of what has been perpetrated in jaw and scribbling upon the P.R.B. pictures ; they produced their usual fermentation in artistic and other minds, tho' on the whole, in a more genial spirit than heretofore : they are beginning to cut off the dragon's heads ; I long to see some St. George (Ruskin is hardly that I fear) thrust his good lance into the very vitals of the beast.

I trust that you will hear Rothschildian accounts from me when I am at the "Diggins" : we shall be a rather strong fraternity altogether—Mr. Howitt and two of his sons will be of our party, and Horne, author of "Orion,"¹ Bernhard Smith and Bateman of whom you have heard me make mention—so that we shall not be in want of society at all, a great point when you are 18,000 miles away from home.

The nerve and robust health the labor will give a

¹ Of the names given only Bernhard Smith and Bateman sailed with Woolner, on July 24th, 1852, in the ship *Windsor*.

fellow is glorious to think of; besides to get clear away from modern civilization is no small boon.

I shall be glad to hear from you before my starting if you can make time, for it will be a long while before I see anything or perhaps hear anything of you and your goings-on and whereabouts after that.

I have no nice gossip to send you for I hear none, the life around is or seems so dull that my thoughts stray off to the lower world and indulge themselves with ghosts of spades, pick-axes, tents, gridirons, scales, insurances, sales, sunny air and downright hard work.—
Yours ever truly, THOMAS WOOLNER.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

WALLINGTON,
September 12 [1856].

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—You see I am not in London now, but staying at the house of Sir Walter Trevelyan for a few days *en route* for Edinburgh where I stay also a few days.

Your letter came just as I was leaving and so I could not manage to send Cromwell¹ off at once; but his is the kind of stuff that will keep; and you may depend on my sending it when I return to town.

Thanks for the Hone contribution. I know of very little news to tell; the chief event to me is having done a medallion of Robert Browning, which, all who have seen it say is a perfect likeness—this is public opinion, mind, not mine; I think I cannot get it any more like than it is.

Robert desired me to give you his very kind regards when I wrote: I generally forget this kind of messages but in this instance thought it too interesting to you to let me forget it.

¹ The mask of Cromwell's face, said to have been cast for one of the Medicis: but this story seems to be of doubtful veracity.

Gabriel goes on swimmingly—just received a commission for a £400 picture, besides no end of applications for his water-colours—this is as it should be. William has recently returned from a tour over Normandy and a little other wandering. Hunt is at work upon his Christ picture at present I believe, and works at the designs for Tennyson's illustrated edition in the evenings. . . .

Patmore is naturally disgusted at the neglect critics treat his book with ; he received a most flaming letter of praise from Carlyle, who said all he could say of a poem almost.

Carlyle also wrote to Browning to confess how wrong he had been all his life to try and dissuade him from poetry—says he sees it is his right vocation &c, which to some extent pleases Browning—tho' of course he knows all about it without Thomas' verdict.

I hope you are working away in that most lovely of lines ; I heard you brought some beautiful things to London when you were here ; you would not show them to me tho' I asked several times : I suppose you fancied I was unable to appreciate them.

I have postponed my country trip till all the golden light has passed and now have only wet walks and slate-colored sky—eugh.—Yours ever,

THOMAS WOOLNER.

When you write, best address old place, Rutland Street.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

27 RUTLAND STREET,
HAMPSTEAD HEATH,
December 10, 1856.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—On coming home to dinner this evening your letter smote me from the

T

table to think that I had not sent your Cromwell mask : the fact is it has been packed ready for sending the last month, but having mislaid your last letter I did not know where to send it—and tho' the letter is somewhere in the house I have been too busy to undertake a general rummage for purpose of finding it : the box shall be sent forthwith.

The Brownings are at Florence and I have heard nothing of them since they left London. I have read *Aurora Leigh* and am vastly pleased with it : think it [a] very far superior thing to any other of her works. The history of Marian Earle which it contains is wonderful for vivid rendering and deep sympathy. I rejoice to hear the great Robert praised, for he deserves the best that can be bestowed. . . .

I was very glad to find that Patmore spoke so well of you in his article in *The Edinburgh*. I dare say you have seen it. I think he was rather too one-sided in many of the notices. . . .

I am glad you have had such nice weather, we in London have had some decent, but a great deal detestable. I will not defile my page by describing the dirty yellow fog.

I shall be highly delighted when I hear that you are going to give the world a few more of your poems : I do not wonder at your tardiness for you are one of the few who have not been too well treated.

I have no news of moment to tell. Poor Hunt has lately lost his father, but is I believe hard at work now on his Christ picture.

Gabriel is at Bath for a short time on a visit. He flourishes and holds his head above the crowd—lots and lots of commissions.

Brown the brick has a commission to paint that picture of "Work" which possibly you saw begun, £400 the price. The thorough brick is in good spirits of course—considers himself over the bar at

last and on broad water—there is no doubt of how he will manage his ship, being a good captain.

W. Rossetti is well and as usual working hard. Munro is ditto and as usual moving about a great deal and working hard besides.

I am working hard at bust of Tennyson, do not expect to get it finished for more than a month—days are annoyingly short.

Shall be delighted to hear from you when you have a spare five minutes—can think of nothing else.—Yours very truly,

THOMAS WOOLNER.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

29 WELBECK STREET, W.
February 9, 1867.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—I could not as I expected find time to send you a letter from Rome and was unable to send to anyone save my wife, and had to write to her when I was so tired I could scarcely do anything but sleep.

But tho' I did not write I bore you in mind, and when I went to visit the grave of Shelley I gathered a violet from it to send you ; but now the poor shrivelled little thing seems a mockery and makes me almost ashamed to send it ; but it will serve to show you my will was good to write tho' my opportunity was nil. It was a lovely bright morning, and tho' January the flowers were so gay, the grass so cheerful, and the tall cypresses looked so stately and sentinel-like that you felt it would be no great mischance to lie snugly there among the English dead. I went also to the grave of Keats and there were no flowers growing upon it ; but there was a ragged, weedy, half-wild look which in the warm balmy sun-

shine made it someway seem appropriate to the shade of the lovely young poet. I lingered round it and felt as if I were leaving a dearly loved friend when I had to go.

I cannot attempt to explain or give an account of the art of Italy ; it would take three volumes of large proportions to tell you all my opinions, and would take many months to condense those opinions into the bounds of a letter : I must reserve chat on this and many other subjects till I have my long-wished-for walk with you in the New Forest ; and I hope this year will be more fortunate to me in this respect than years and seasons have been heretofore.

When you have a few minutes tell me how you are going on, and what you are working at.

I saw Carlyle at Mentone and was delighted to find the dear old fellow in good spirits ;¹ and Lady Ashburton was rejoiced in having the mighty man to pet and honour and make cozily comfortable. He was deeply grieved at the terrible loss of poor Hunt and said it contained *all* the elements of a tragic event.

I saw Gladstone at Florence and he was leaving that day for England ; he seemed to have produced a strong impression upon the Italians.

Hunt was plunging deep down into work hoping to keep the hard fixed sorrow at a kind of bay, but I think the dear old boy cannot manage it very well, for he looks broken and miserable.

Rome is the most interesting town I was ever in save and except London, which I consider the most interesting town that has ever existed on the earth, but if I were given £1000 a year to dwell there I would refuse to do so—therefore a philosopher like you will conclude there are some objections in the place. . . .
Ever yours,

THOMAS WOOLNER.

¹ Carlyle had lost his wife the year before, in April 1866.

LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM 293

The letter that follows was in answer to a request for an introduction to old John Linnell, near to whom Allingham and his family were spending the summer.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

29 WELBECK STREET, W.,
July 16th, 1878.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM,—The dear old giant Linnell is very approachable if not knocked up with his one failing, age! The grand cute old Lion treats a humble admirer in the most hospitable fashion;—gives you clear brown beer brewed himself: excellent bread grown on his own land, and butter superb from his own dairy, in fact treats you as an antique patriarch treated his friends. This is luncheon, not dinner. What can I do to advance your wishes? I have got all my hay in safely.—Ever yours,

T. WOOLNER.

[THOMAS WOOLNER to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.]

July 21, 1878.

DEAR A.—You had best enclose my note to Linnell asking for an appointment, for I believe he never professes to see anyone unless by appointment, and such a distance would not be nice for nothing.

If you see his son William you will find him an exceedingly good and sincere fellow, tho' I merely mention him as having seen him most.

My wife goes down to Cranesden on the 25th to begin to furnish the cottage!

This is the beginning of the fulfilment of what my whole life has dreamed of and sighed for—a cottage deep in trees! Fame, Glory, Wealth; all that most pant for, have seemed to me twaddle compared to simple Cottage life amid the sounds of birds and moving leaves and scents of flowers.—Ever yours,

T. W.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

VOLUME I
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE YEAR 1700
CONTAINING
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APPENDIX

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER

I.

O'ER western tides the fair Spring day
Sent back a smile as it withdrew,
And all the harbour, glittering gay,
Return'd a blithe adieu ;
Great clouds above the hills and sea
Kept brilliant watch, and air was free
For last lark first-born star to greet,—
When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
Among the slopes and crags I meet
The Pilot's pretty Daughter.

II.

Round her gentle, happy face,
Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,
Danced with careless ocean grace
Locks of auburn hair :
As lightly blew the veering wind,
They touch'd her cheeks, or waved behind,
Unbound, unbraided, and unloop'd ;
Or when to tie her shoe she stoop'd
Below her chin the half-curles droop'd,
And veil'd the Pilot's Daughter.

III.

Rising, she toss'd them gaily back,
With gesture infantine and brief,
To fall around as smooth a neck
As any wild-rose leaf.
Her Sunday frock of lilac shade
(That choicest tint) was neatly made,
And not too long to hide from view
The stout but noway clumsy shoe,
And stocking's trimly-fitting blue
That graced the Pilot's Daughter.

IV.

With look half timid and half droll,
 And then with slightly downcast eyes,
 And something of a blush that stole,
 Or something from the skies
 Deepening the warmth upon her cheek,
 She turn'd when I began to speak ;
 The firm young step a sculptor's choice ;
 How clear the cadence of her voice !
 Health bade her virgin soul rejoice,—
 The Pilot's lovely Daughter !

V.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)
 To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
 Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh
 Spangled with herring-scale ;
 By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
 And dawn upon the glimmering sea,
 With weary, cheery pull to shore,
 To gain my cottage-home once more,
 And clasp, before I reach the door,
 My love, the Pilot's Daughter !

VI.

This element beside my feet
 Allures, a tepid wine of gold ;
 One touch, one taste, dispels the cheat,
 'Tis salt and nipping cold :
 A fisher's hut, the scene perforce
 Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse,
 Coarse as the curtains that beseem
 (Festoons of net) the smoky beam,
 Would never lodge my favourite dream,
 Though fair my Pilot's Daughter.

VII.

To the large riches of the earth,
 Endowing men in their despite,
 The *Poor*, by privilege of birth,
 Stand in the closest right,

Yet not alone the palm grows dull
 With clayey delve and watery pull :
 And this for me,—or hourly pain ;
 But could I sink and call it gain ?
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
 To wed a Pilot's Daughter.

VIII.

Lift *her*, perhaps ?—but ah ! I said,
 Much wiser leave such thoughts alone.
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,
 Be mine, yet all thy own ;
 Join'd in my free contented love
 With companies of stars above,
 Who from their throne of airy steep
 Do kiss these ripples as they creep
 Across the boundless darkening deep,—
 Low voiceful wave ! hush soon to sleep
 The Pilot's gentle Daughter !

From *Irish Songs*, page 32.

IN A GARDEN

BETWIXT our apple-boughs, how clear
 The violet western hills appear,
 As calmly ends another day
 Of Earth's long history,—from the ray
 She with slow majestic motion
 Wheeling continent and ocean
 Into her own dim shade, wherethrough
 The Outer Heavens come into view,
 Deep beyond deep.

In thought conceive

This rolling Globe whereon we live
 (For in the mind, and there alone
 A picture of the world is shown),
 How huge it is, how full of things,
 As round the royal SUN it swings,
 In one of many subject rings—
 Carrying our cottage with the rest,
 Its rose-lawn and its martin's nest.
 But, number every grain of sand
 Wherever salt wave touches land ;
 Number in single drops the sea ;
 Number the leaves on every tree ;

Number Earth's living creatures, all
 That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl;
 Of sands, drops, leaves, and lives, the count
 Add up into one vast amount;
 And then, for every separate one
 Of all those, let a flaming SUN
 Whirl in the boundless skies, with each
 Its massy planets, to outreach
 All sight, all thought: for all we see,
 Encircled with Infinity,
 Is but an island.

Look aloft,
 The stars are gathering. Cool and soft
 The twilight in our garden-croft
 Purples the crimson-folded rose,
 (O tell me how so sweet it grows)
 Makes gleam like stars the cluster'd white;
 And Beauty too is infinite.

From *Flower Pieces*, page 31.

THE GENERAL CHORUS

We all keep step to the marching chorus,
 Rising from millions of men around.
 Millions have march'd to the same before us,
 Millions come on, with a sea-like sound.
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 Such is the song of human breath.

What is this multitudinous chorus,
 Wild, monotonous, low, and loud?
 Earth we tread on, Heaven that's o'er us?
 I in the midst of the moving crowd?
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 What is the burden of human breath?

On with the rest, your footsteps timing!
 Mystical music flows in the song,
 (Blent with it?—Born from it?) loftily chiming,
 Tenderly soothing, it bears you along.
Life, Death; Life, Death;
 Strange is the chant of human breath!

From *Life and Phantasy*, page 156.

In reply to a question regarding the "Orlando" picture, Mr. Arthur Hughes writes, Sept. 16, 1911, "I painted with much care a background *for* an 'Orlando and Rosalind,' but wiped out the figures before they were completed and substituted modern lovers, and called the picture 'The Long Engagement.' It belongs to Birmingham, and is lent, and now at, the Manchester Show."

The "Manchester Show" of works by "Madox Brown and his Contemporaries" was opened by Mr. Arthur Hughes on September 13.

Since going to press, Allingham's reply to Conway's letter of May 5, 1882, has come to hand. We give a few lines from it here.

SANDHILLS, WITLEY, GODALMING,
May 10, 1882.

MY DEAR CONWAY,—I ought to have answered at once your friendly letter, but many things have been twitching my sleeve.

To have known and loved Emerson is enough to make us count a man fortunate in life. No grief in such a departure, but it leaves the world lonelier and us readier to go when our day comes. . . . Always sincerely yours, W. ALLINGHAM.

The following articles by F. W. Newman, on the subjects mentioned in his letters to Allingham, appeared in *Fraser* at the dates given.

"Vegetarianism"	February 1875
"National Universities"	September 1875
"University Curriculum"	October 1875
"Weakness of Roman Empire"	January 1876
"Etruscan Translation"	July 1876
"Future of Romish Church"	September 1876
"Etruscan Interpretation"	March 1877
"Modern Automatism"	May 1877
"Disestablishment and Disendowment"	August 1877
"Jewish Proselytism"	June 1878

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